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SEALMEN PUSHING BACK THE SHIP BY MAIN STRENGTH TO PREVENT HER BEING NIPPED.

ADVENTURES ON THE ICE-FLOES.

By P. T. McGRATH.

NEWFOUNDLAND is the greatest fishing country in the world. Two-thirds of its people are engaged in the business of harvesting the ocean's wealth. But this involves a dreadful annual waste of human life. The seaboard is exposed to nature's fiercest rages, and the perils of the region are varied and stupendous. The annual roster of the victims in this never-

ending warfare runs into hundreds; there are more widows and orphans in the island than in any other country. One-tenth of its yearly revenue goes for asylums, orphanages, hospitals and "poor" relief (with a fine chivalry, the word "pauper" is tabooed), and the distressed are "God's people" the whole coast over.

Among all the branches of this maritime



HURRYING BACK TO THE SHIP IN FEAR OF A FOG.

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A CAPTURED PET.

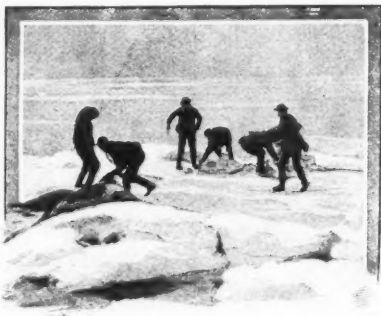
industry, the most dangerous is the seal-hunt. None other faces such appalling risks as the sealman, or sees the grim Reaper in such ghastly guise. Though you search the world, among all the employments which tempt men abroad upon the ocean you will find no counterpart of the pathos in the drama of bread-winning that this conquest of the frozen plains involves. Apart from the mischances which attach to the ships that carry the men among the seal-herds, there are the perils which encompass the men when they venture forth on the vast gleaming fields of ice where they pursue their prey.

This seal-fishery, or seal-hunt, takes place in March and April each year, among the floes which cover the ocean off Labrador and northern Newfoundland. The

winter's final fury is then spending itself, fierce blizzards sweep the north Atlantic, the icy masses are sent crashing against one another, or rafted into chaotic heaps, and no situation could be worse than that of the ships and crews enmeshed therein. The inset of the currents usually carries the floes against the shore, and the coast-folk can venture out on foot or in boats to stalk the wary seals, though the main fishery is now conducted by steamers in the outer waters. The steam fleet consists of twenty ships, specially built of oak and greenheart, neither attractive nor speedy, but unequalled for ice navigation.

They carry about four thousand men, each ship being literally packed with human beings, for the idea is to kill a load of seals as rapidly as possible and then return. There are but scant living-room, no sanitation and wretched fare aboard these crafts, and a man cannot possibly earn more than sixty dollars for the cruise, which under most favorable circumstances means a month's work—a week preparing, a fortnight in the voyage and a week "settling up" after the return. The ships are not allowed to kill seals after April 30th, so that the unlucky are usually out eight weeks.

The Newfoundland seals are hunted for their skin and fat. They do not possess the furry covering of their Alaskan congener. The skin is used to make patent-leather and "kid" gloves; the fat is converted into oil as a base for high-class soaps, or, with the stearin removed, becomes a substitute for olive oil. The seals



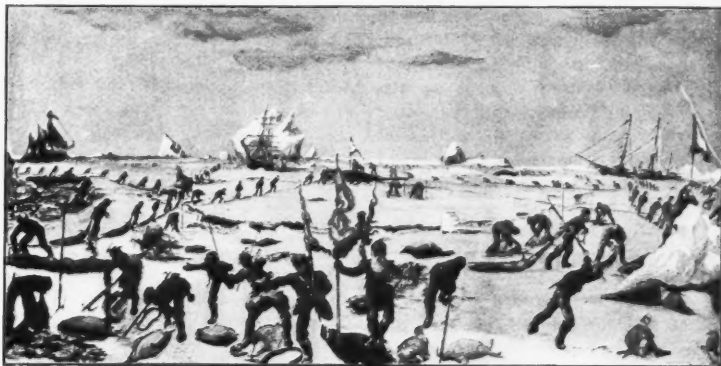
SKINNING SEALS.

mount the ice-floes off Labrador in February, to deposit their young. These weigh but a few pounds at first, but grow so rapidly that within a fortnight they scale forty-five to fifty pounds. They are then fit to kill, but to prevent the slaughter of immature ones the steamers are held in port until March 10th. The young seals, known as "whitecoats," are the most valuable and the easiest got. They lie helpless on the floes and are killed by a blow on the head with an iron-shod pole called a gaff. The parents are more difficult to handle, and often give battle, having to be despatched with a bullet.

It takes mature experience and profound sagacity to strike the "whelping ice"

accounted for fourteen thousand. As the victims are slain they are gathered into a number of heaps, each on a separate "pan," or islet of ice, and the ship's flag is displayed above every pan, so that as she comes along in the wake of her men she takes those seals aboard, the crew falling back to her at sundown.

But a fog often closes over the floes, and hundreds of men from different ships are isolated by it, cut off from their vessels and rendered incapable of movement because of the dangers they may stray into in this blinding mist. In 1900, nearly a thousand men were adrift for two days and nights owing to fog, scantily clad, poorly rationed, and having to burn their



From an old drawing.

KILLING THE SEALS.

whereon the young are bedded, in a mighty expanse of floating crystal covering the ocean for thousands of miles. The extent of the arctic floe driven south each year is at least three or four times as large as New York state.

The killing of seals is a ruthless outbreak of the human passion for slaughter. The thousands of men rush onto the ice with clubs and knives, and as the "whitecoats" are stunned with the former they are disemboweled with the latter. An idea of the ease and extent of this butchery can be obtained from the fact that the crew of one steamer, two hundred and seventy men, totaled more than nineteen thousand in a day, and the crew of another

clubs and ropes to keep warm and eat seal carcasses to avoid starving. Fortunately, the weather kept mild, without snow-storms or severe frosts, and a dire disaster was averted.

When blinding snow-storms arise while the men are away on the ice, the peril is extreme. They go lightly clad, and carry little or no food, that they may all the more easily traverse the floes; and they aim, in leaving the ship at daylight, to return by nightfall. When such a danger threatens, they make for the nearest ship, and sometimes a single steamer shelters seven hundred men.

The disaster to the crew of the "Greenland," in the season of 1898, by which



SEALMEN STARTING AT DAYBREAK.

forty-eight men lost their lives and sixty-five were frostbitten, exceeded in harrowing interest any other connected with the industry. In all its appalling details of privation and suffering, this exemplified the terrible hardships which are incurred by the sealmen and the hazardous character of the enterprise itself. When a catastrophe involving large loss of life occurs ashore, the victims are usually hurled into eternity without a moment's notice, but in this instance they suffered unspeakable tortments from exposure and hunger before they perished on the pitiless ice-floe.

The "Greenland" had one hundred and eighty men out on the ice, when a blizzard arose, driving her seaward and leaving these unfortunates helpless, many of them looking their last upon the ship that represented home and friends and safety to them. The plight of those on board was nothing compared with the awful position of the castaways exposed to the piercing gale and bitter arctic frost. They had no food, no shelter, no extra clothing—nothing to help them in battling against the terrible fate which they knew beset them. They maintained some order at first, collected fragments of ice to improvise shelters, and sought the lee of hummocks or small bergs. Some tried to keep warm by circling about, but the effort, after their hard day's work,

was too great. Weak and dispirited, they gave up and huddled together for warmth. Others wandered off in search of the ship, only to fall benumbed and perish as they lay. A few went crazy, and others fell into seal blowholes and were drowned.

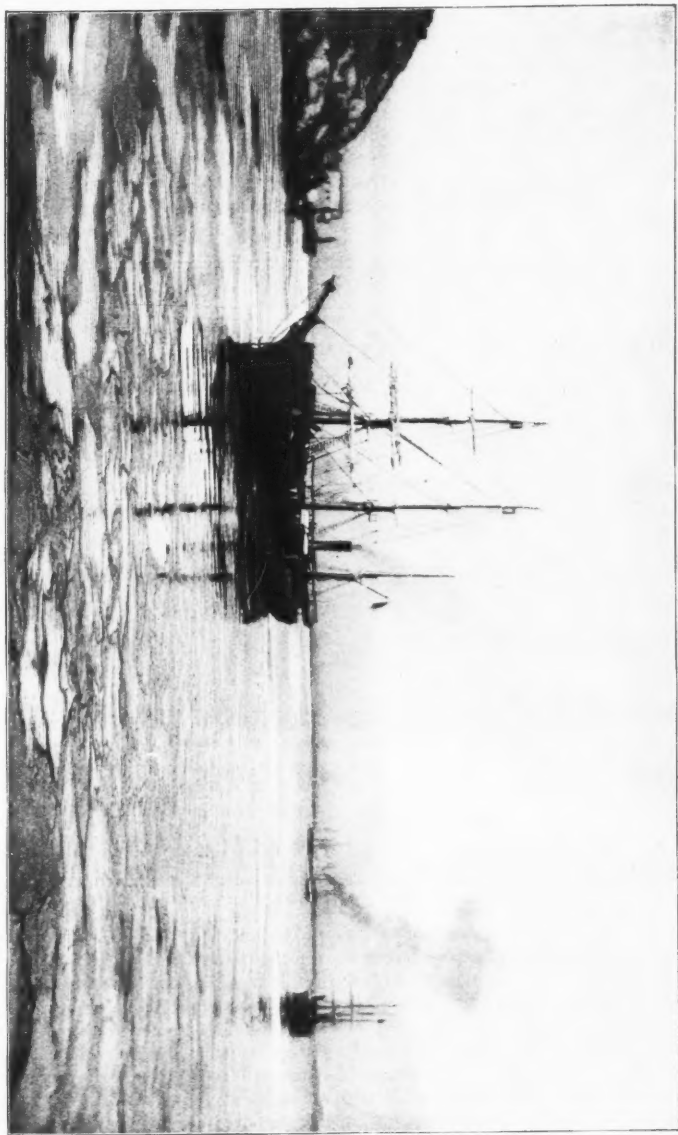
As the night wore on, the shrieks of the frostbitten, the moans of the dying and the ravings of the insane added to the

horror. The pitiless storm lashed them all through the night and the next day. The salt spray cut like whips and the snowy particles struck to the skin and made the clothing clinging wet. The living stripped the dead of their outer garb to protect themselves. The stronger helped their weaker comrades, and if a man lay down he was kicked till he staggered upright again, all knowing that inaction meant the coming of the stupor which locks the lids with the everlasting sleep.

When the gale abated, the ship steamed back into the floe, where, dead and dying, the starved and frostbitten sealmen lay. The survivors were gathered in as rapidly as could be, and the ship then bore up for home, her waist piled with the dead, and sixty suffering, frostbitten seamen berthed below in foul-smelling, ill-lighted quarters.



HAULING SEALS.



SEALING-STEAMERS LEAVING ST. JOHNS.

A recent shipwreck recalls another famous ice-floe horror, the loss of the schooner "Huntsman," in 1872, off Battle Harbor, Labrador. She and the "Rescue," a sister ship, both seal-hunting, got gripped in the ice in a storm, and were swept south by the current. Shortly after dark on Sunday evening, April 9th, she struck Bird Rock, an outlying islet, and was flung over on her beam-ends by the ice and waves. The waves, sweeping over her, jerked out her spars and flung a mass of struggling wretches into the surf, where the jagged

tween the writhing fragments, and the hapless occupants sank or scrambled onto a tossing pan. For two days the gale raged, and at its close there was not a vestige of the little flotilla to be seen. Two more days were spent by the schooner in cruising about, and part of one boat was sighted, and upon its being overhauled two starving and frostbitten sealmen were found beneath it, who died soon after being rescued. They were the only ones of the whole number ever heard from.

The St. Mary's Bay disaster occurred in



HOISTING SEALS ABOARD SHIP IN ICE-FLOE.

chunks of ice battered the life out of them. Others climbed over the weather bulwark to the floe, only to be caught and crushed to death by this as it rafted up against her side. Within an hour forty-two out of the sixty-two men she carried were dead.

The very next year, 1873, the schooner "Deerhound" lost twenty-four men out of fifty-six. They had been sent off in boats among the "open," or scattered, ice to cruise in the watery lanes and thus conduct the hunt impossible on foot. A storm arose and the boats were crushed be-

1875, and stout and stalwart men to-day, who figured in it as boys, have never forgotten the dreadful experience. The ice drove in during March and brought with it a derelict French schooner, the "Violette," from St. Pierre, which had become enmeshed in the floe. Her crew had got ashore, and the coastfolk swarmed off to her to strip her of her fittings. An off-shore gale struck them as they went. Many returned, but the ice opened and cut off forty-five from succor. They made toward the brig as a means of shelter, but many



SEALING-STEAMERS FROZEN IN ICE-FLOE.

never reached her. Blinded by the whirling snow in the darkness and the cold, they toiled on only to fall as their strength gave out, and perish by the way. Thirty died on the chilling floes; some were frozen, many smothered, others drowned. Fifteen reached the ship, and drifted about on her for fourteen days before being rescued by a vessel off the Banks. During that time, their only food consisted of "flap-jacks" made out of half a barrel of flour which they scraped up in the hold.

Some years the fleet escapes without dis-

aster, but other years witness a whole series of mishaps. In 1897, within a week of sailing, news was received that the "Wolf," one of the finest of the ships, had been crushed in the floes and sunk, her two hundred and seventy-five men making their way over the ice to the shore, with their season's fruits thus snatched from them at the very outset. The ships are built to withstand ordinary pressure, but sometimes conditions are encountered that human agency cannot contend against.

Before the shock of the "Wolf's" mishap had passed, the steamer "Newfoundland" arrived, with half a catch, leaking badly. She had barely escaped foundering in a fearful gale. She reported the "Hope" with a broken shaft, the "Vanguard" with her bows stove, the "Ranger" nipped and leaking badly, and the "Walrus" also damaged by the grinding floes. The next day the tale of disaster was augmented when the "Labrador" followed her into port, bringing the crew of the "Windsor," which ship had had her stokeholds stove in and was in a sinking condition when her crew were taken off, while the "Ice-land" had rammed a berg in a fog and narrowly escaped going to the bottom with her one hundred and ninety-five men.



SEAL-SHIP IN THE FLOE.



"PRESSING" OUT THE SHIP TO PREVENT HER GETTING NIPPED.

Almost every spring, a succession of easterly winds will drive the "whelping ice" against the shore. The coastfolk hail its advent joyfully, as it means a rich if risky harvest for them. Every man who can walk, all the boys over twelve years old, and oftentimes the women too, hurry forth on the floes to glean the spoil that lies there. They start at midnight, so as to be among the herds at daybreak, and as soon as the light permits the slaughter begins. While the floes are "jammed"

against the coast, the settlers know neither rest nor sleep, for every "tow" of seals they bring to land means a few hard dollars, and while the harvest may continue for a fortnight it may, on the other hand, last only a day.

The stronger the landward breezes have been, the tighter the ice is packed against the shore. This closes the blowholes and islets, and the seals, to mount and leave the pans with ease, must go farther out, among the looser ice. Thither the hunters follow, and when the shift of wind comes this ice is the first driven to sea, for the inner sections, being so closely packed, are not as readily moved. The men are usually so absorbed in their work that they give no thought to the veering breeze.

But by and by it freshens, and they awake to their danger. It then becomes a wild scramble for life. Dropping everything, they hurry for the shore. Wide lanes of water cut them off from safety, the pack is opening and its separate fragments are dispersing over the face of the ocean. If there is an extensive unbroken area, they may reach it and get near enough to land to be rescued by boats; but if the pans are smaller, there is little hope for



SEALMEN ADRIFT ON A PAN.

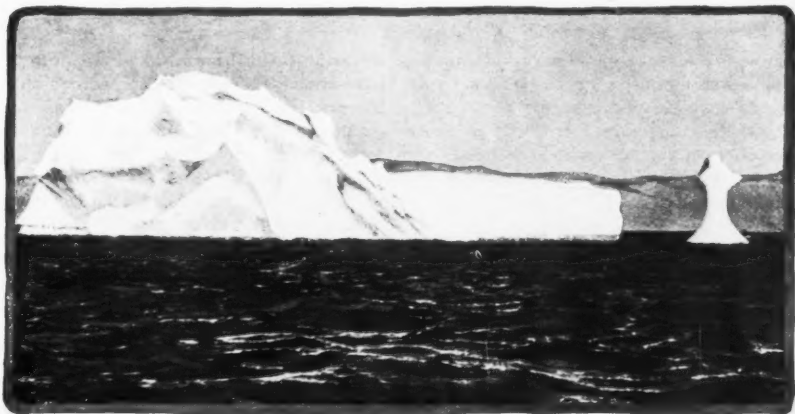


AT BAY.

ing a line composed of their ropes, by means of which he will drag across to him that pan with its living freight. This operation will be repeated by man after man until they get to the "standing" ice and so reach the shore.

them. Sometimes a group will gather on a pan, propel it as near a floe as possible with their gaffs, and then one man will strip, plunge into the water and swim to the floe, tow-

telegrams to St. Johns for tugs, and a call for volunteer schooners from the bights and inlets which breast the wide Atlantic. Heroic efforts toward rescue were made, but all in vain. Men from every hamlet within even remote reach of the scene were recklessly risking their lives to reach the doomed ones, but none could traverse the floes and lanes which barred the passage. For two days the keen-eyed mariners watched the big floes with their long telescopes; for two nights the twinkling of fires amid the wintry darkness told that the driftaways were burning their gaffs, ropes and seal carcasses to keep alive. Then the wild fury of a blizzard swept the bay, and blotted out the whole grim tab-



AN ICEBERG.

One of the most harrowing of all these catastrophes was the Trinity Bay disaster in 1891. The ice had closed along the shore and the coastfolk sallied out for seals. Suddenly, the wind changed and hundreds were driven seaward before a sharp breeze, incapable of helping themselves. Then the alarm spread and the rush for safety began. Some landed near their homes, others many miles away. Scores were driven right across the estuary, forty miles beyond, and effected a lodgment there; but thirty-six fishermen of English Harbor were swept toward the ocean, trapped among the outer floes and doomed beyond salvation. Then there were hurrying and signaling along the shore, the firing of alarm-guns and the lighting of beacons,

leau of this fateful struggle for existence.

Transcending all, however, in thrilling intensity, was the horror off the Funks, in 1862. These are a group of barren islets forty miles from the mainland, in the midst of the seal-herding area. One trader equipped a crew of fifteen men, which he placed there in November, to remain until April and hunt the seals as they came. The men built a hut and lived comfortably the winter



SEALMEN IN BOAT AMONG THE FLOES ("DEERHOUND" INCIDENT).



CANADIAN CRUISERS FAST IN THE ICE.

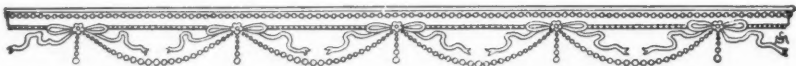
through, and on February 17, 1862, seals were espied in the offing. All hands started away over the floes, except James Reid, aged seventeen, who was cook for the party. The wind changed, the ice broke up, and as the gale increased the hapless wretches perished one by one, in sight of the lonely watcher on the rocks. He saw them hurrying shoreward, saw the great waves beat up the pans and engulf the men or crush them between the grinding fragments, and saw the last survivor get so near the shore that Reid threw him a rope, but he was sucked under before he could knot it around his waist.

Slowly the horror of it framed itself in Reid's mind. All were gone and he was left alone, unknowing of what the future had in store for him. Six long weeks elapsed before he was rescued. The seals came in thousands, crooning and gambolling around him. Blizzards and tempests raged, and he heard the calls of his dead companions. He cowered in the hut by night, and by day watched in vain from the summit of the rock for the gleam of a welcome sail. The party had erected a flagstaff there, and from it he displayed a distress signal. Later his mind became deranged, and when the sealer "Coquette," on March 30th, sighted his flag and sent a boat ashore, he fled from the rescuers,

believing them the wraiths of his unfortunate friends. They had to surround and capture him, and as the debarking was dangerous they tied a rope about him and sent him off through the surf. The line slipped down on his legs and he was dragged into the boat feet foremost. It was months before he recovered from his dreadful experience, and so far-reaching was the effect of this disaster that there has never been a renewal of the experiment from that day to this.

Every Newfoundland fisherboy has to face the perils of the rescuer at an age when lads in other lands are at school, and it is this hardy upbringing which makes a brave man of him, for the rescuers face the same risk of death as those to whose aid they go.

In Newfoundland these sealing horrors are epochal events, and people as frequently use such phrases as "the spring of the 'Greenland,' " or "the 'Huntsman' year," as they do the regular names of particular seasons. And these tales of daring and heroism, of adventure and escape, of disaster and death, are told at every fireside, while the wintry gales lash the rugged seaboard, and the little hamlets are clad with snow, and the ice-pack sweeps south with its freight of seals to tempt newer generations to repeat these scurvy episodes of the northern seas.



THE APPARELING OF A PRETTY WOMAN.

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW.

IF any one fancies that the appareling of a pretty woman is a light and frivolous topic, let him delve deeper into the subject and he will discover that it involves the commerce of nations, the laws of supply and demand, labor and capital.

The pretty woman is the greatest stimulus of this world's efforts, for her increasing "Give, give," rings through the earth. Not only the land but the sea must yield for her its treasures; the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the insects, and even the wayside blossoms, must contribute to her adornment.

The appareling of a pretty woman! The proper setting for this jewel of the ages! It has been the theme of poets; and one writer has gone a step farther than any of them and levied tribute on the boundless universe for the "loveliest lady this side of heaven":—

"The stars should be your pearls upon a string,

The world a ruby for your finger-ring,
And you should have the sun and moon to wear;

If I were king."

There is always extant more or less talk about the era of simplicity in dress, and earnest desires to return to it are frequently expressed.

Such an era never has existed in the world's history since woman's brain evolved sufficiently to grasp the power of her beauty. That was the first idea which

suggested itself to her developing intellect, and she has demanded ever since all the adjuncts to enhance her supreme possession.

What George Moore claims for the seventeenth century, is true of each preceding and each succeeding age. The pretty woman is the ideal of them all. He gives a charming prose-picture of that era. "See the ladies in high-peaked bodices, their little ankles showing amid the snow of



their petticoats. You can almost hear their light, false voices in the summer of leaves where Loves are garlanded even as roses. Masks and arrows are everywhere, all the machinery of light and gracious days."

Contrast this picture with one of Gibson's celebrated drawings, in which he presents his feminine type of the twentieth century, on the golf-links or running up the sands from a swim in the sea. Gibson has limned her, Walt Whitman has sung her:—

"She is tanned in the face by shining suns and blowing winds.
Her flesh has the old divine suppleness and strength.
She knows how to swim, row, ride, wrestle, shoot, run, strike, retreat, advance, resist, defend herself.
She is ultimate in her own right—she is calm, clear, well possessed of herself."

For the very reasons Whitman enumerates, the range of a woman's wardrobe has increased enormously during the last fifty years, for to the original satins, chiffons, brocades and laces, there must now be added all manner of outdoor costumes suitable for the woman who is becoming as much enamored of open-air sports as man has ever been.

It is a long list which comprises all the articles requisite to the well-appointed feminine wardrobe, and is becoming longer every day. There must be house-gowns and street-gowns of many descriptions: morning-gowns, severely simple, supremely neat; calling-gowns, elaborate and elegant; tea-gowns, dreamy creations of chiffon, ribbons and lace, exquisitely and intensely feminine; dinner-gowns, reception-gowns, opera- and theater-gowns, and ball-gowns—all dreams of artistic beauty. A bewildering array, truly!—but far from completing the tale.

The pretty woman who preserves her beauty by all manner of outdoor exercises, insists on appearing intelligently and becomingly clothed for each sport, consequently she must possess a riding-habit, faultless in cut; equally perfect golf- and tennis-suits; a fencing-costume, a swimming-suit, an



automobile coat and hat, a walking-suit, and costume suitable for any other amusement in which it may please her to engage; to all of which must be added rain-coats, overshoes, and umbrellas and parasols.

Every costume, of course, demands its appropriate shoes, gloves, hat and wrap.

As a consequence, it is perhaps unnecessary to state that the accessories of a toilette are often far more expensive than the gown itself; but it is, after all, the details which give character and add enormously to the distinction of appearance.

Not the least item of expense in a pretty woman's apparel is the lingerie, so dear to the feminine heart. Incrusted with embroidery and rippling with lace, it would seem in the line of direct descent from the foam of the sea beloved of Aphrodite.

The dictum of a French writer who made an especial study of the art of dress, has proved more comforting to women than the consolations of religion or the affection of friends. He stated that any woman who chooses to devote the necessary time and attention to the study of her best points, and the style of dress which shall most fitly accentuate them, may be considered a beauty. All women, according to him, possess the potentialities of loveliness; but many of them lack the artistic feeling which should guide them in the selection of lines and styles.

True as this is, a lack of taste seems not only incomprehensible but inexcusable, when one considers a woman's wide range of choice. For her, the patient silkworm spins all day long; for her, armies of men are digging jewels from the bowels of the earth—dull things enough, but there are lapidaries waiting to cut and polish them so that they shall gleam and sparkle in a way to please her eye. For her, the

ostrich hatches its eggs; birds of bright plumage must perish by the thousands and quantities of beasts are slain for the sake

of the glossy coats she covets. Mill-wheels are whirring to turn out for her the fabrics she delights in, and flowers must bloom out





of their season at the dictates of her whim.

"Myrtilla to-night wears Jacqueminot roses.
Correspondingly light my pocket-book closes."

Woman has been very loyal to the treasures which were dear to her awakening consciousness away back in the remote ages when the world was a baby among the planets. She retains, in all its pristine freshness, her old passion for the sparkle of gems, the soft pelt of furs, the sheen of feathers. Recently, she has reverted so

completely to her barbaric tastes that she has established a fashion for uncut stones.

Never before in any era have jewels been so universally and profusely worn as at the present day. A particular fad of the hour is the wearing of gems en suite. One woman of great social distinction has appeared lately wearing a quantity of sapphires unrelieved by even the white contrasting luster of an occasional diamond. Another has worn only opals—rings, necklace, brooches, et cetera, unaccompanied by any other stone—only

"Fall's pensive opal, doomed to bear
A heart of fire bedreamed in haze."

There is no sign of any lessening of the number of rings with which women cover their fingers. Indeed, more have been crowded on, to such an extent that it was hinted in Paris last spring that gloves were to be discarded because of the difficulty in getting them on over the gem-incrusted fingers. As it is, many women find it necessary to purchase their gloves a size or so too large.

Women who give the cachet to a fashion, insist upon their rings, now mainly of large single stones, being set in the lightest of gold claws, as they claim that the jewels thus appear to much greater advantage.

Another apparently ephemeral fad to which women have persistently clung is the adoption of the long, swinging chains of gold, and the ropes of jewels or beads. Bernhardt set the fashion for these in "Theodora," and it was immediately and enthusiastically taken up by the entire feminine world; but the favor in which these chains are held has not served as a taboo on the high, tight jewel collars, beloved of Queen Alexandra. They are as much in

favor as ever, especially with ladies who are beginning to realize that youth belongs to yesterday.

Women have always been especially fond of the sparkle of jewels in the hair. Just now they are devoted to the queenly and splendid tiara, jeweled combs of various designs and the flat wreaths of enamel and gems. As for ornaments for the corsage, they are too numerous to particularize. They represent flowers and beasts and birds and insects and conventional designs of all descriptions—everything, in fact, that may be seen in the heavens above or on the earth beneath. One magnificent corsage ornament which was put on exhibition by a great firm is an exquisite copy in precious stones of the famous "Lawson" pink. The petals are composed of pink tourmalines and diamonds, while the green stem and leaves are of dermatoids, cunningly arranged. Oh, those Roman ladies who "breathed of Capuan odors and shone with Capuan gold" never began to possess the jewels which are comprised in the collection of the mondaine of to-day!

When the first frost hardens the ground and the first snowflakes begin to fly, then the pretty woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of fur. And she hastens to avail herself of one of the greatest enhancers of her beauty. She nestles in them luxuriously, aware that few things are so becoming as that soft, rich fluff about her face which throws her loveliness into such exquisite relief.

Of course, she is vaguely aware that thousands of lives have been sacrificed to provide her with sealskins and sables and ermines; but she is apt to be extremely indifferent on this score and to take a philosophical view of the matter. She feels that the animals have merely served the end for



which they were created, and if they have been butchered to make her Roman holiday, why, it was a fitting end for them. So she dons without thought or care her brocaded opera-cloak with its wide collar and broad border of white fox, or her seal and sable coaching-coat, or her baby-lamb jacket. No, there are some pretty women who refuse to wear baby lamb. And there are a few who refuse to have their furstoles and scarfs decorated with the stuffed heads of animals. It is a repulsive fashion, and savor too strongly of Diana returning from the chase, with her trophies slung across her shoulders, to be strictly pleasing.

In the regard of women, lace holds an equal place with furs and jewels, and some ladies of rank, or of great wealth, possess wonderful and almost priceless collections. Women are well aware that nothing gives so distinguished a touch to any toilette as rare old lace. It is, in a way, the very hall-mark of distinction.

By the patient fingers of foreign women, principally of the peasant class, are those patterns wrought, patterns as delicate and exquisite as frost-work on the window-panes or cobwebs on rose-bushes; and all

to adorn their sister who toils not, neither does she spin—that lily of the field, the pretty woman.

One of the most cherished weapons in the whole arsenal of beauty is the fan, and it is as dear to the heart of woman to-day as it was far back in the dim mists of antiquity.

The fan is really almost as old as the art of coquetry with which it is so closely associated. The origin is somewhat obscure, although there is a Chinese legend to the effect that ages ago one of the royal princesses was assisting at a coronation or some equally important affair of state.

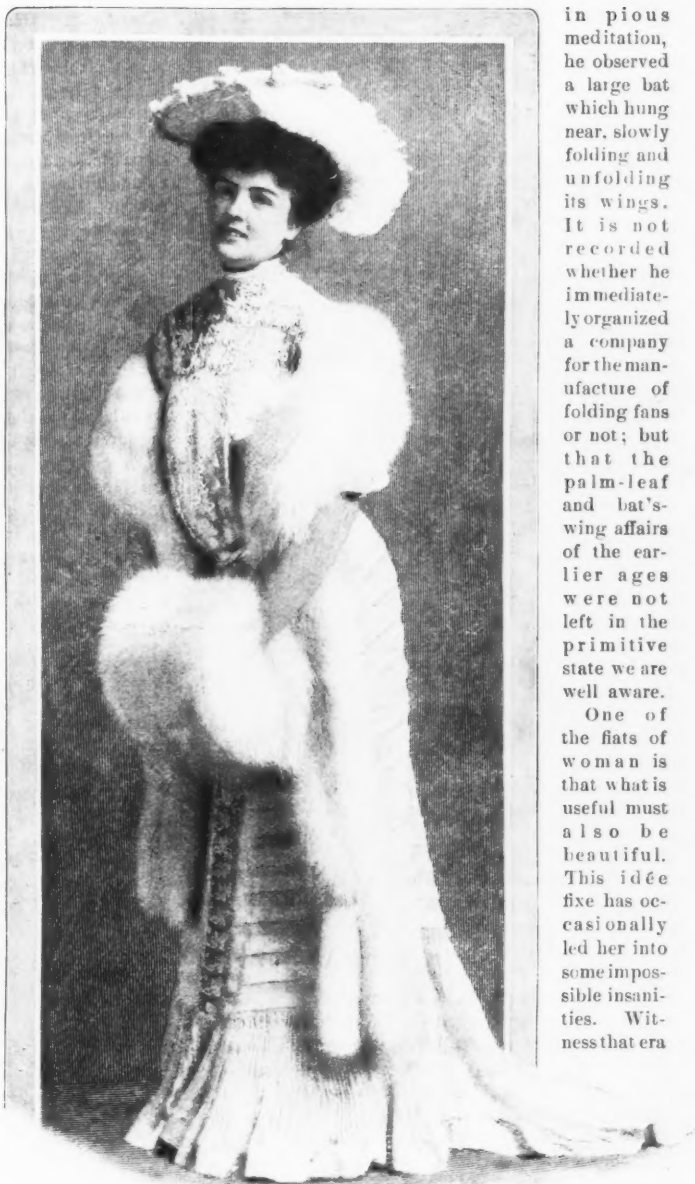
Of course, she was closely veiled in order that her loveliness might be screened from the profane eye of man; but becoming overheated, or perhaps being too amiable to wish to deprive the assembled court of the sight



of so much beauty, she removed her veil and used it as a fan. One wonders if so emancipated an act did not receive its proper discipline. It would seem incredible that such a breach of the canons of Oriental womanliness should not call forth a fitting rebuke.

Although poetic, it would seem a more plausible explanation of the fan to take it for granted that the inhabitants of hot countries would have sufficient native wit to divine that the broad-spreading palm-leaves might be used to advantage as agitators of the air.

Still more plausible is the legend which accounts for the folding fan. It is said that as a holy man of India sat beneath a palm-tree one day, engaged



in pious meditation, he observed a large bat which hung near, slowly folding and unfolding its wings. It is not recorded whether he immediately organized a company for the manufacture of folding fans or not; but that the palm-leaf and bat's-wing affairs of the earlier ages were not left in the primitive state we are well aware.

One of the flats of woman is that what is useful must also be beautiful. This *idée fixe* has occasionally led her into some impossible insanities. Witness that era

of madness when she gilded her rolling-pins, fire-shovels and whisk-brooms and placed them about as articles of household



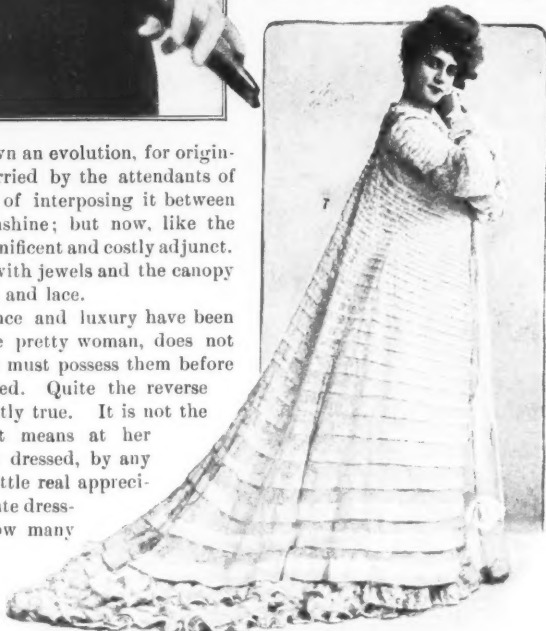
adornment. Happily, however, her insistence on the decorative-ness of all things has been brought to bear upon the fan. Great artists have not disdained to paint their delicate, graceful conceptions upon its surface. Watteau loved to adorn it with his satins and his sunsets—and was not alone in this fancy, for there are fans worth a king's ransom which hold a landscape or a miniature to which is affixed a great signature.

But upon the fan has been expended the art not only of the brush, but of the needle. Its shining surface sometimes exhibits wreaths and garlands so exquisitely embroidered that one fancies them painted; and then there are fans of lace and of feathers, with sticks of gold or carved ivory, amber or tortoise-shell.

Another favorite accessory of the toilette is the parasol, which is supposed to protect the pretty woman's face from the direct rays

of the sun. It, too, has known an evolution, for originally it was a mere screen carried by the attendants of noble ladies for the purpose of interposing it between them and the too ardent sunshine; but now, like the fan, it has become a mere magnificent and costly adjunct. The handle is frequently set with jewels and the canopy is a tossing billow of chiffon and lace.

But that all this opulence and luxury have been called into existence by the pretty woman, does not necessarily postulate that she must possess them before she can be properly appareled. Quite the reverse of the proposition is frequently true. It is not the woman who has the largest means at her command who is the best dressed, by any means. One realizes how little real appreciation of artistic and appropriate dressing exists, when one sees how many women of wealth are badly dressed. Their clothes are usually costly and elegant, but they bear no relationship to the women who wear them.



They seem alien to their individuality. When one makes a new acquaintance, one would wish to meet a woman and not a gown. Take, for instance, some of the most gorgeously dressed women on the stage. Their costumes and jewels, superb though they be, never for a moment eclipse the personality of the wearer. Drape Bernhardt or Duse in cloth of gold and hang her with jewels, the grace of the one, the charm of the other, could never be overshadowed. A woman should always strike a stronger note than her clothes. If she does not, she is worse than aggressive, worse than ridiculous: she is insignificant.

The minds of most women are so enormously and inordinately occupied with dress, that one wonders they have not thought about it to better advantage. The majority of them do not think intelligently about it at all, any more than they do about any other subject. They do not realize that the art of dress is a very distinct and well-defined art, involving all the harmonies and subtleties of form and color. They have failed to grasp the fact that a woman who goes to a costumer and selects a mode simply because it is pleasing, and a material because it is pretty, without the slightest regard to its suitability to her appearance, can never be a well-dressed woman.

Yet, even selections made thus are better than those of the woman who fancies herself artistic and appears in bizarre garments



of strange hues and cut, to the dismay of her friends.

In the human species there is a distinct reversal of the law of the lower orders of creation. The male bird glories in his bright plumage, the female apparently admiring him without one pang of envy, quite content with her own Quakerish brown or gray feathers.

It is a painful fact that the well-appointed feminine wardrobe costs double—quadruple would be nearer it—what a well-appointed masculine one does. A man's apparel, exhaustive as it may be in all its details, will scarcely equal the cost of a woman's monogrammed leather card-cases and pocket-

books,
her per-
fumes,
her lace
hand-
kerchiefs,
her innu-

merable and expensive gloves and shoes.

The mere matter of hats is sufficient to show the difference in the cost of man's and woman's apparel. The best felt hat a man can procure does not cost more than seven dollars; a woman's hat may exceed that in price ten times. A man will possess from one to half a dozen hats; a woman, an unlimited quantity, to which she is constantly adding.

This has been a discussion of the belongings of the dame du monde, who levies tribute on the commerce of the world; but even the woman of tact, taste and ingenuity who dresses appropriately and well upon a slender income, will find that her clothes



and their necessary accessories will cost far more than those of a man who exercises a similar economy in the selection of his

garments. It is the penalty we pay for being decorative.

It is possible to clothe oneself quite well on a very moderate income, but the mistake made by the person of limited means is seeking to imitate, in a cheap way, something expensive. Whenever any fashion of great cost is imported into this country, our manufacturers turn out a quantity of cheap imitations for sale over the bargain-counter. Men are not so critical, perhaps, as women, and imitation lace will often fail of detection by them, but it is doubtful if women dress solely with the object of pleasing men. Perhaps they have also in view the envy of women, and a woman's eye unerringly detects the attempt to duplicate a luxurious effect with imperfect imitations of costlier goods. This desire to accomplish a rich result with a slender purse is largely the outgrowth of recent years. There is no record that the larks' tongues of Lucullus' ancient banquet were ever duplicated in chipped beef as they would be to-day. Modern inventions cheapening the production of garments, and the American leveling of classes, are alike responsible for the preference for the imitation over the less pretentious genuine article.

It is a more difficult problem for a woman with a slender income to dress properly than it is for a man in the same station in life to look well-dressed. And yet it can be accomplished. Simple garments that do not admit of much ornamentation are always in good taste, and they eliminate the risk of inappropriate or tasteless dressing to which the woman seeking the ornate is often exposed.

The poets have usually deemed it rather banal and commonplace to mention the garments of the ladies of their hearts. It was far more poetic to write a sonnet to their eyebrow or to tell them that their faces were gardens; but one had the courage of his convictions and frankly sang the beauty of the loved one's clothes. Old





Herrick, for instance:—

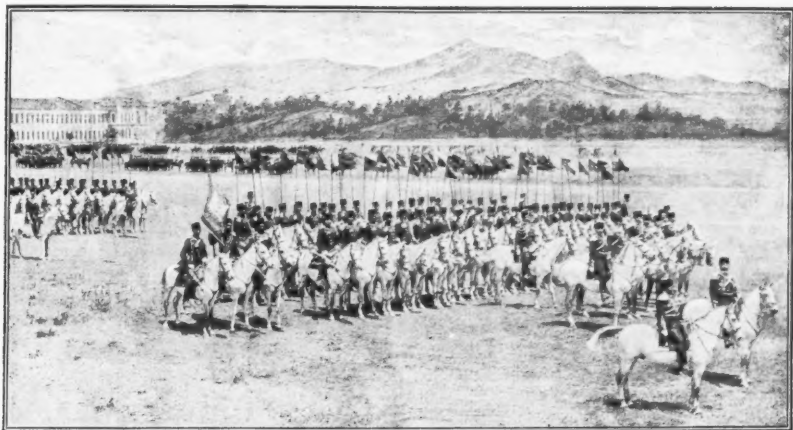
"Whenas in silks my Julia goes
Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes.

"Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration, each way free;
Oh, how that glittering taketh me."

Observe, too, the naive pride of this sentiment of another poet who did not write sonnets to his lady's eyebrow alone:—

"My love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her:

For every season she hath dressings fit,
For Winter, Spring and Summer."



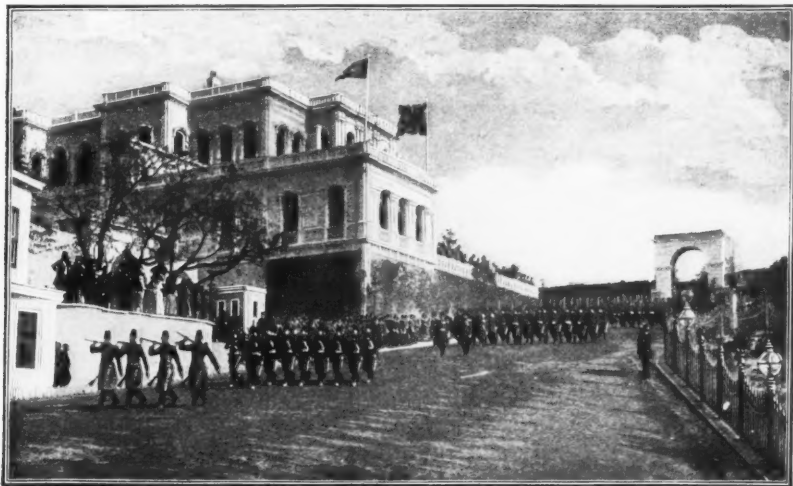
REVIEW OF TURKISH CAVALRY.

THE TURK AS A SOLDIER.

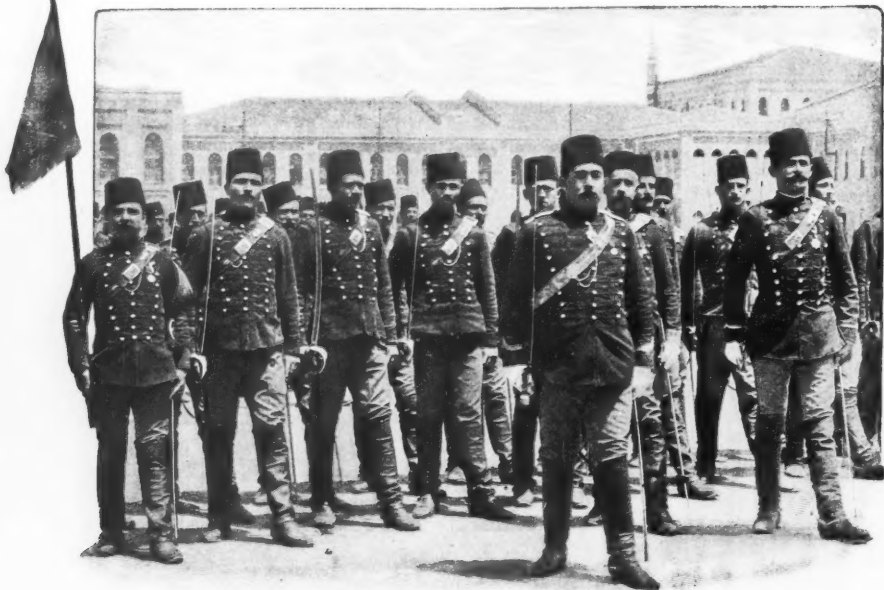
THE WORK OF PREPARING HIM FOR HIS ULTIMATE FIGHT AGAINST EXPULSION
FROM EUROPE.

BY FRITZ MORRIS.

THE Turco-Russian campaign set forth before the world the good qualities of the Turkish soldier in war, notwithstanding the reverses the Ottoman army met with. Frugal, he is content for his food with a little corn, and drinks only water; and he undergoes the fatigues of the bivouac with a great deal of resignation. The fogs of the snow-clad peaks of Shipka and the heat of the marshy plains of Dobrudja neither affect his health nor destroy his indomitable energy, sustained as he is



A REGIMENT OF INFANTRY PASSING THE YILDIZ PALACE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE SULTAN. THE STANDARD INDICATES THAT THE SULTAN IS WITHIN.

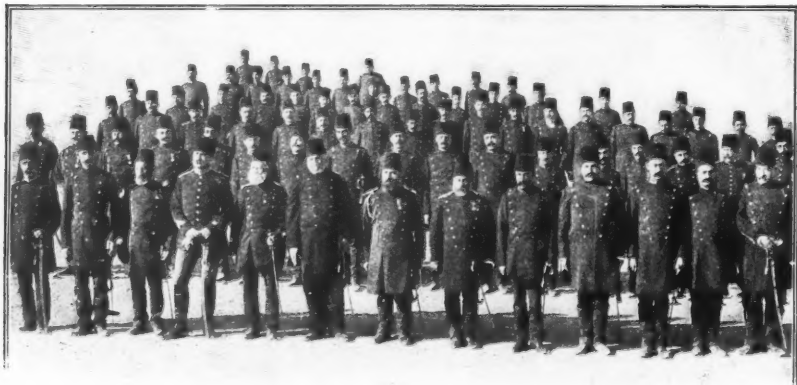


A CAPTAIN AND HIS COMPANY.

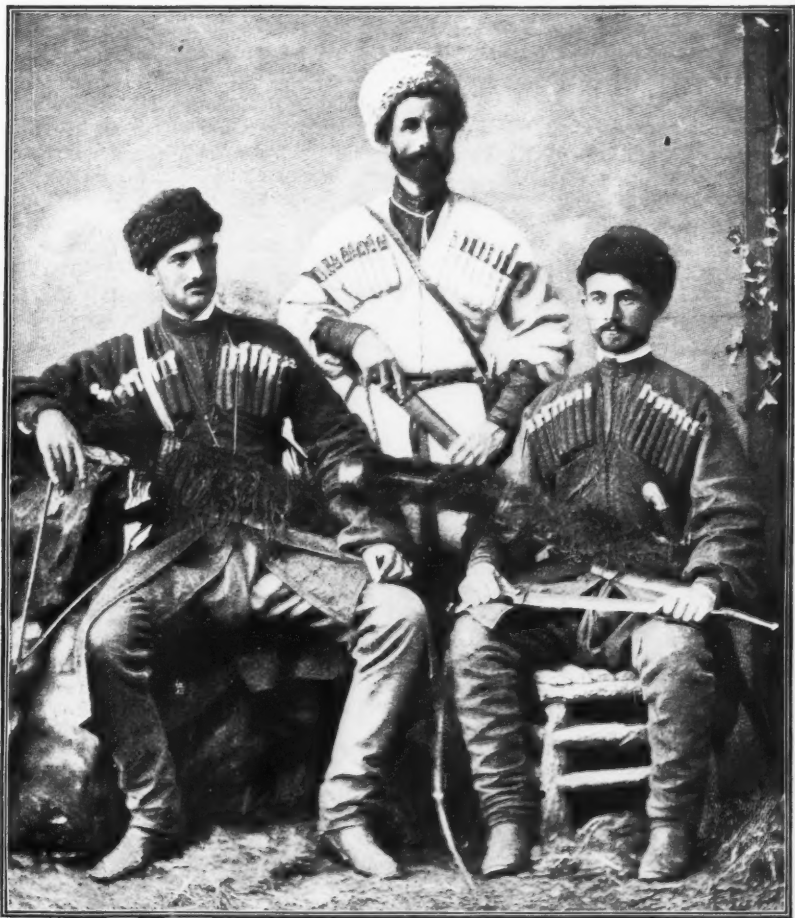
by passionate religious enthusiasm. He is a true campaigner, devoted and disciplined, who does not stint his life's-blood when he has to fight for the Koran or for the Sultan.

The Turkish army, organized by a German pasha and drilled by German officers, is remarkable for the martial appear-

ance and the extraordinary bravery of the men composing it. Military men of all nations have acknowledged that the Ottoman makes the finest of soldiers. The visitor to the headquarters of the Turkish army is immediately impressed by the neatness of the Turkish uniforms and the rare beauty of the military chargers. The



THE PROFESSORS OF THE WAR COLLEGE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.



GROUP OF MACEDONIAN IRREGULARS.

troops quartered close to the Yildiz Palace, to guard the Sultan's person, are soldiers in reality, and they keep themselves and their mounts with soldierly care and neatness. A parade of these men, who may be called the Household Guards, containing the pick of every branch of the service, is as pretty, as instructive and as gratifying a sight as a similar parade in Berlin, London or St. Petersburg. The Turkish army as it exists to-day is the creation of German ideas and is conducted on German lines, after a system introduced by one of Germany's ablest officers, Lieut.-Gen.

Baron Von der Goltz, who was sent to Turkey by the Kaiser, and who possessed all the combined qualities of the gifted scholar and the experienced soldier. He took part in the war with Denmark, in the Franco-Prussian and Austro-Prussian wars, and he is the author of three well-known military books.

According to the Ottoman law, all the Mohammedan subjects, except the inhabitants of Constantinople and its suburbs, are liable to military service, but in reality, most of the Northern Albanians and Kurdish and Arab tribes of Asia Minor escape



BASHI-BAZOUKS.

regular military service; though, in late years, measures have been adopted to create a sort of local militia or national guard. No Christians may serve in the ranks, but they are compelled to pay a monetary tax for the exemption from service. Military duty in the Turkish army commences with the twenty-first year and continues until the forty-first year, and the terms of service run as follows:—

First: Six years in the active army, called *nizam*, and its reserve, called *ikhtiat*.

Second: Eight years in the *redif*, corresponding to the German *Landwehr*.

Third: Six years in the *mustahfiz*, corresponding to the German *Landsturm*.

The available men ready for service are divided into two classes—those who have no excuse for the non-fulfilment of their military duties, and those who are exempt from service because of physical infirmities, or because of their profession or the condition of their family. The former of these classes is again divided into two categories,

the first of which comprises those recruits who join the colors direct, nominally for three years, in reality for four, and sometimes for even five years. The second class consists of those left over after all the units have been brought up to their full strength. These men perform a color

service of from six to nine months, and then join the "reserve of recruits" for the active army, and are liable to be called up to fill vacancies in the latter until they pass to the regular reserve.

The exempted class comprises those who are liable to be called to the colors in time of war, and are supposed to receive a certain amount of military instruction. According to the law, this should be given by the permanent staffs of the *redif* battalions once a week during eight months of the year, but this rule is noted for its breach rather than for its observance.

Exemptions from military service are very numerous, and are granted on all manner of grounds, and with much elasticity, according to the position of the claimant. Partial exemption may be obtained



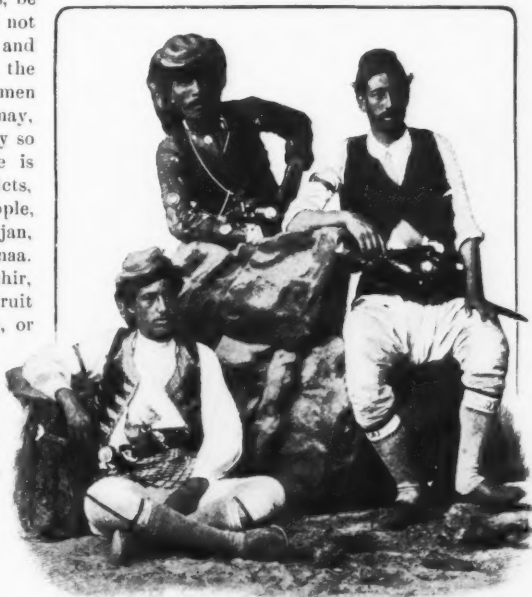
A PASHA—GENERAL OF TURKISH CAVALRY.



TURKISH CADETS AT ARTILLERY INSTRUCTION.

under certain conditions on payment of a small tax which allows a recruit to serve for five months only. Volunteers are admitted into the army, but they must possess the necessary physical qualifications, be at least eighteen years old, and not have suffered penal servitude, and they must engage to stay with the colors as long as the other men enlisted in the same year. They may, however, remain longer if they so desire. The Ottoman Empire is divided into seven military districts, with headquarters at Constantinople, Adrianople, Salonika, Erzinjan, Damascus, Bagdad and Sanaa. Each is commanded by a *muchir*, or marshal, and they serve to recruit an army corps for the *nizam*, or troops in service, and two army corps for the *redif*, or reserves. The active army corps consists of two divisions of infantry, each containing a battalion of chasseurs and four regiments of infantry of four battalions each; one division of artillery of three brigades, with two regiments and six batteries to the brigade, and one of the brigades having, in addition, three mounted batteries; one divi-

sion of cavalry of three brigades, two regiments—each of five squadrons—forming the brigade; a battalion of engineers, a company of telegraphers, and a battalion of the



ALBANIAN WAR MATERIAL.



TURKISH MARINES.

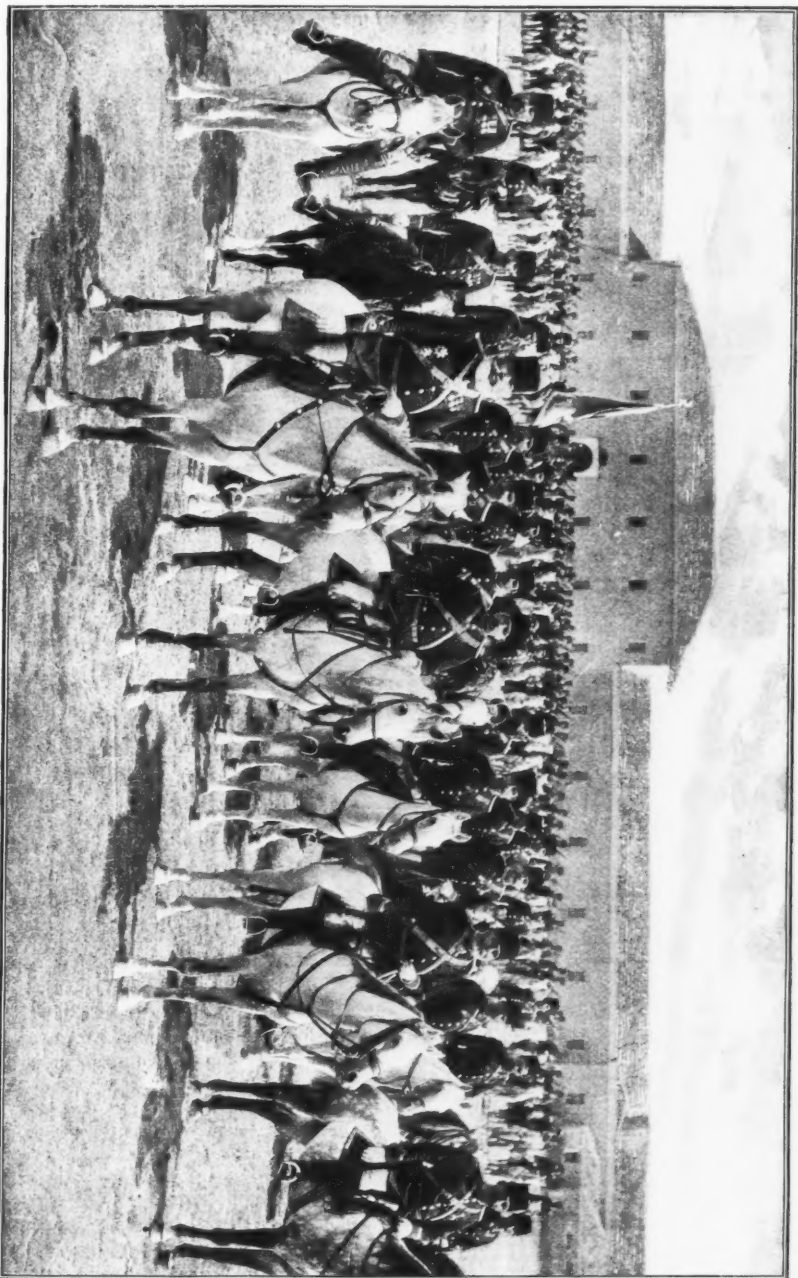
train completing each army corps. But there are several exceptions to this organization, as in the case of the First Army Corps, that of the Guards, which is quartered in and about Constantinople, and which contains in addition two regiments of Zouaves—one Albanian and one Arabian—the cavalry corps Erthogrul, and the

regiment of firemen of Stamboul. The general commanding the artillery—who, strange to say, is entirely independent of the Minister of War—has under his individual orders two regiments of mechanics, one regiment of engineers and six regiments of foot-artillery.

The Turkish officers either are graduates



BATTERY OF TURKISH ARTILLERY—THE GUNS ARE AS MODERN AS ANY IN THE WORLD.



COMMANDING GENERAL OF A CAVALRY DIVISION AND HIS STAFF.

from the military academies or are advanced from the ranks. The former, called mektebli, have a very thorough and comprehensive military education; the latter are often ignorant of the most elementary military knowledge.

The graduate officers of the cavalry and infantry receive their technical education at the Pancaldi Academy at Constantinople; the officers of the artillery and of the engineers, at the Muhendis-Harâ Academy, and there is besides a College of the General Staff at Constantinople. The Turkish artillery uses Krupp cannon, and the infantry

troops. Taken as a whole, the Turkish army, on a war footing, would consist of 19 or 20 army corps of from 40,000 to 50,000 men each, with a total of from 800,000 to 1,000,000 men under arms.

The general direction of the Turkish army is entrusted to two departments, the War Department and the Ordnance Department, the latter being responsible for the supply of all war material, the construction and maintenance of all coast fortifications, and the administration of the fortress artillery and engineers. The War Department is under the Minister of War (who is



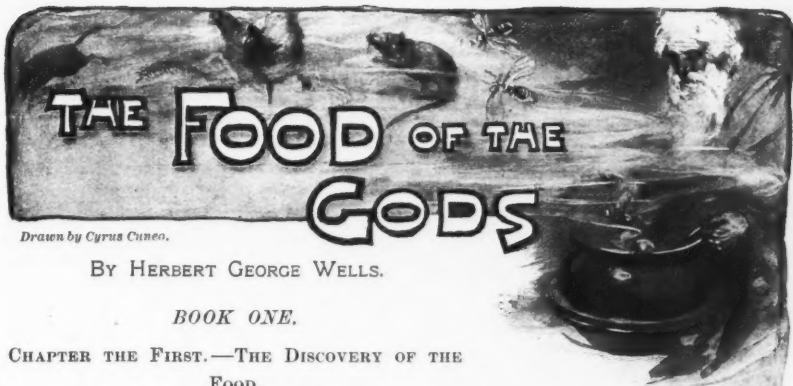
A GROUP OF MACEDONIAN WARRIORS.

is armed with Mauser and Martini rifles.

In case of war, the Sultan could put into the field with the active army, or nizam, 320 battalions of infantry, 203 squadrons of cavalry, 248 batteries of artillery, 48 companies of engineers, 4 full companies of the telegraph service, and 21 companies of the train. In addition to this, he could mobilize the redif, or army of the reserve, consisting of 374 battalions of infantry, with a further reserve of 666 battalions of infantry, 48 squadrons of cavalry and 266 squadrons of irregular mounted

also Chief of the Staff), and is divided into ten divisions, these subdivided into bureaus.

That trouble may come at any time, seems to be generally admitted. Indeed, if civilized Europe could have disposed of its internal jealousies, a concerted effort to drive out or subdue the Turk would have been made some time ago. But it is an error to suppose that this could be accomplished by an ultimatum. The Turk is a tenacious fighter, and will have the advantage of knowing every foot of a difficult country.



THE FOOD OF THE GODS

Drawn by Cyrus Cuneo.

BY HERBERT GEORGE WELLS.

BOOK ONE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.—THE DISCOVERY OF THE FOOD.

I.

IN the middle years of the nineteenth century there first became abundant in this strange world of ours a class of men, men tending for the most part to become elderly, who are called, and who are very properly called, but who dislike extremely to be called—"Scientists." They dislike that word so much that from the columns of "Nature," which was from the first their distinctive and characteristic paper, it is as carefully excluded as if it were—that other word which is the basis of all really bad language in this country. But the Great Public and its Press know better, and "Scientists" they are, and when they emerge to any sort of publicity, "distinguished scientists" and "eminent scientists" and "well-known scientists" is the very least we call them.

Certainly both Mr. Bensington and Professor Redwood quite merited any of these terms long before they came upon the marvelous discovery of which this story tells. Mr. Bensington was a Fellow of the Royal Society and a former president of the Chemical Society, and Professor Redwood was professor of physiology in the Bond Street College of the London University and he had been grossly libeled by the anti-vivisectionists time after time. And they had led lives of academic distinction from their very earliest youth.

They were of course quite undistinguished-looking men, as indeed all true Scientists are. There is more personal distinction about the mildest-mannered actor alive than there is about the entire Royal

Society. Mr. Bensington was short and very, very bald, and he stooped slightly; he wore gold-rimmed spectacles, and cloth boots that were abundantly cut open because of his numerous corns; and Professor Redwood was entirely ordinary in his appearance. Until they happened upon the Food of the Gods (as I must insist upon calling it), they led lives of such eminent and studious obscurity that it is hard to find anything whatever to tell the reader about them.

Mr. Bensington won his spurs (if one may use such an expression of a gentleman in boots of slashed cloth) by his splendid researches upon the More Toxic Alkaloids, and Professor Redwood rose to eminence—I do not clearly remember how he rose to eminence! I know he was very eminent, and that's all. Things of this sort grow. I fancy it was a voluminous work on Reaction Times with numerous plates of sphygmograph tracings (I write subject to correction) and an admirable new terminology, that did the thing for him.

The general public saw little or nothing of either of these gentlemen. Sometimes, at places like the Royal Institution and the Society of Arts, it did in a sort of way see Mr. Bensington, or at least his blushing baldness and something of his collar and coat, and hear fragments of a lecture or paper that he imagined himself to be reading audibly; and once I remember—one midday in the vanished past—when the British Association was at Dover, coming on Section C or D or some such letter,

which had taken up its quarters in a public house, and following two serious-looking ladies with paper parcels, out of mere curiosity, through a door labeled "Billiards" and "Pool" into a scandalous darkness, broken only by a magic-lantern circle of Redwood's tracings.

I watched the lantern slides come and go, and listened to a voice (I forget what it was saying) which I believe was the voice of Professor Redwood, and there was a sizzling from the lantern and another sound that kept me there, still out of curiosity, until the lights were unexpectedly turned up. And then I perceived that this sound was the sound of the munching of buns and sandwiches and things that the assembled British Associates had come there to eat under cover of the magic-lantern darkness.

And Redwood, I remember, went on talking all the time the lights were up and dabbling at the place where his diagram ought to have been visible on the screen—and so it was again so soon as the darkness was restored. I remember him then as a most ordinary, slightly nervous-looking, dark man, with an air of being preoccupied with something else, and doing what he was doing just then under an unaccountable sense of duty.

I heard Bensington also once—in the old days—at an educational conference in Bloomsbury. Like most eminent chemists and botanists, Mr. Bensington was very authoritative upon teaching—though I am certain he would have been scared out of his wits by an average Board School class in half an hour—and so far as I can remember now, he was propounding an improvement of Professor Armstrong's Heuristic method, whereby at the cost of three or four hundred pounds' worth of apparatus, a total neglect of all other studies and the undivided attention of a teacher of exceptional gifts, an average child might with a peculiar sort of thumbly thoroughness learn in the course of ten or twelve years almost as much chemistry as one could get in one of those objectionable shilling textbooks that were then so common. . . .

Quite ordinary persons, you perceive, both of them, outside their science. Or if anything, on the unpractical side of ordi-

nary. And that you will find is the case with "scientists" as a class, all the world over. What there is great of them is an annoyance to their fellow scientists and a mystery to the general public, and what is not is evident.

There is no doubt about what is not great; no race of men have such obvious littlenesses. They live in a narrow world so far as their human intercourse goes, their researches involve infinite attention and an almost monastic seclusion; and what is left over is not very much. To witness some queer, shy, misshapen, gray-headed, self-important little discoverer of great discoveries, ridiculously adorned with the wide ribbon of some order of chivalry and holding a reception of his fellow men, or to read the anguish of "Nature" at the "neglect of science" when the angel of the birthday honors passes the Royal Society by, or to listen to one indefatigable lichenologist commenting on the work of another indefatigable lichenologist, such things force one to realize the unfaltering littleness of men.

And withal, the reef of Science that these little "scientists" built and are yet building is so wonderful, so portentous, so full of mysterious half-shapen promises for the mighty future of man! They do not seem to realize the things they are doing. No doubt, long ago, even Mr. Bensington, when he chose this calling, when he consecrated his life to the alkaloids and their kindred compounds, had some inkling of the vision—more than an inkling. Without some such inspiration, for such glories and positions only as a "scientist" may expect, what young man would have given his life to such work, as young men will?

No, they *must* have seen the glory, they must have had the vision, but so near that it has blinded them. The splendor has blinded them, mercifully, so that for the rest of their lives they can hold the lights of knowledge in comfort—that we may see!

And perhaps it accounts for Redwood's touch of preoccupation, that—there can be no doubt of it now—he among his fellows was different, he was different inasmuch as something of the vision still lingered in his eyes.

II.

The Food of the Gods I call it, this substance that Mr. Bensington and Professor Redwood made between them; and having regard now to what it has already done and all that it is certainly going to do, there is surely no exaggeration in the name.

I shall continue to call it this, therefore, throughout my story. But Mr. Bensington would no more have called it that in cold blood than he would have gone out from his flat in Sloane Street clad in regal scarlet and a wreath of laurel. The phrase was a mere first cry of astonishment from him. He called it the Food of the Gods in his first enthusiasm, and for an hour or so at the most altogether. After that, he decided he was being absurd. When he first thought of the thing, he saw, as it were, a vista of enormous possibilities—literally enormous possibilities—but upon this dazzling vista, after one stare of amazement, he resolutely shut his eyes, even as a conscientious "scientist" should. After that, the Food of the Gods sounded blatant to the pitch of indecency. He was surprised he had used the expression. Yet for all that, something of that clear-eyed moment hung about him and broke out ever and again. . . .

"Really, you know," he said, rubbing his hands together and laughing nervously, "it has more than a theoretical interest.

"For example," he confided, bringing his face close to the professor's and dropping to an undertone; "it would perhaps, if suitably handled, *sell* . . .

"Precisely," he said, walking away—"as a Food. Or at least a food ingredient."

He turned upon the hearthrug, and studied the carefully designed slits upon his cloth shoes.

"Name?" he said, looking up in response to an inquiry. "For my part, I incline to the good old classical allusion. It—it makes Science res— Gives it a touch of old-fashioned dignity. I have been thinking . . . I don't know if you will think it absurd of me. . . . A little fancy is surely occasionally permissible. . . . Herakleophorbia. Eh? The nutrition of a possible Hercules? You know it *might* . . .

"Of course, if you think *not*——"

Redwood reflected, with his eyes on the fire, and made no objection.

"You think it would do?"

Redwood moved his head gravely.

"It might be Titanophorbia, you know. Food of Titans. . . . You prefer the former?"

"You're quite sure you don't think it a little *too*——"

"No."

"Ah! I'm glad."

And so they called it Herakleophorbia throughout their investigations, and in their report—the report that was never published, because of the unexpected developments that upset all their arrangements—it is invariably written in that way. There were three kindred substances prepared before they hit on the one their speculations had foretold, and these they spoke of as Herakleophorbia I., Herakleophorbia II. and Herakleophorbia III. It is Herakleophorbia IV. which I—insisting upon Bensington's original name—call here the Food of the Gods.

III.

The idea was Mr. Bensington's. But as it was suggested to him by one of Professor Redwood's contributions to the Philosophical Transactions, he very properly consulted that gentleman before he carried it further. Besides which, it was, as a research, a physiological quite as much as a chemical inquiry.

Professor Redwood was one of those scientific men who are addicted to tracings and curves. You are familiar—if you are at all the sort of reader I like—with the sort of scientific paper I mean. It is a paper you cannot make head or tail of, and at the end come five or six long folded diagrams that open out and show peculiar zigzag tracings, flashes of lightning overdone, or sinuous inexplicable things called "smoothed curves" set upon ordinates and rooting in abscissae—and things like that. You puzzle over the thing for a long time and end with the suspicion that not only do you not understand it but that the author does not understand it either. But really, you know, many of these scientific people understand the meaning of their own papers quite

well; it is simply a defect of expression that raises the obstacle between us.

I am inclined to think that Redwood thought in tracings and curves. And after his monumental work upon Reaction Times (the unscientific reader is exhorted to stick to it for a little bit longer and everything will be as clear as daylight), Redwood began to turn out smoothed curves and sphymographeries upon Growth, and it was one of his papers upon Growth that really gave Mr. Bensington his idea.

Redwood, you know, had been measuring growing things of all sorts—kittens, puppies, sunflowers, mushrooms, bean-plants and (until his wife put a stop to it) his baby—and he showed that growth went on, not at a regular pace, or, as he put it, so—

but with bursts and intermissions of this sort—



and that apparently nothing grew regularly and steadily and so far as he could make out nothing could grow regularly and steadily, and that so soon as any living thing really began to grow, some check began and went on and increased and the growing thing had to wait for a space before it could go on growing again. And, in the muffled and highly technical language of the really careful "scientist," Redwood suggested that the process of growth probably demanded the presence of a considerable quantity of some necessary substance in the blood that was formed only very slowly, and that when this substance was used up by growth, it was only very slowly replaced and that meanwhile the organism had to mark time. He compared his unknown substance to oil in machinery. A growing animal was rather like an engine, he suggested, that can move a certain distance and must then be oiled before it can run again. ("But why shouldn't one oil the engine from without?" said Mr. Bensington, when he read the paper.) And all this, said Redwood, with the delightful nervous inconsecutiveness of his class,

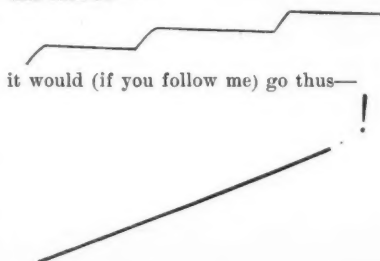
might very probably be found to throw a light upon the mystery of certain of the ductless glands. As though they had anything to do with it at all!

In a subsequent communication Redwood went further. He gave a perfect Brock's benefit of diagrams—exactly like rocket trajectories they were—and the gist of it, so far as it had any gist, was that the blood of puppies and kittens and the sap of sunflowers and the juice of mushrooms in what he called the "growing phase" differed in the proportion of certain elements from their blood and sap on the days when they were not particularly growing.

And when Mr. Bensington, after holding the diagrams sidewise and upside down, began to see what this difference was, a great amazement came upon him. Because, you see, the difference might probably be due to the presence of just the very substance he had recently been trying to isolate in his researches upon such alkaloids as are most stimulating to the nervous system. He put down Redwood's paper on the patent reading-desk that swung inconveniently from his chair-arm, took off his gold-rimmed spectacles, breathed on them and wiped them very carefully.

"By Jove!" said Mr. Bensington. He turned to the patent reading-desk, which immediately, as his elbow came against its arm, gave a coquettish squeak and deposited the paper, with all its diagrams in a dispersed and crumpled state, on the floor. He went down on all fours in pursuit. It was on the floor that the idea of calling it the Food of the Gods came to him. . . .

For you see, if he was right and Redwood was right, then by injecting or administering this new substance of his in food, he would do away with the "resting phase" and instead of growth going on in this fashion—



IV.

By a singular coincidence, Redwood also had a dream that night, and his dream was this:—

The night after his conversation with Redwood, Mr. Bensington could scarcely sleep a wink. He did seem once to get into a sort of doze, but it was only for a moment, and then he dreamed he had dug a deep hole into the earth and poured in tons and tons of the Food of the Gods and the earth was swelling and swelling, and all the boundaries of the countries were bursting, and the Royal Geographical Society was all at work like one great guild of tailors letting out the equator. . . .

That, of course, was a ridiculous dream, but it shows the state of mental excitement into which Mr. Bensington got, and the real value he attached to his idea, much better than any of the things he said or did when he was awake and on his guard, or I should not have mentioned it, because as a general rule I do not think it is at all interesting for people to tell one another about their dreams.



Drawn by Cyrus Cuneo.

"HE SAW THE CHICKS . . . GIGANTIC AND GAWKY . . . AND STILL GROWING."

It was a diagram done in fire upon a long scroll of the abyss. And he (Redwood) was standing on a planet before a sort of black platform lecturing about the new sort of growth that was now possible, to the More than Royal Institution of Primordial Forces, forces who had always previously, even in the growth of races, empires, planetary systems and worlds, gone in the following manner:—

And even, in some cases, so:—

And he was explaining to them quite lucidly and convincingly that these slow, these even retrogressive methods would be

very speedily quite put out of fashion by his discovery.

Ridiculous, of course! But that, too, shows—

That either dream is to be regarded as in any way significant or prophetic beyond what I have categorically said, I do not for a moment suggest.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.—THE EXPERIMENTAL FARM.

I.

Mr. Bensington proposed originally to try this stuff, so soon as he was really able to prepare it, upon tadpoles. One always does try this sort of thing upon tadpoles to begin with; this being what tadpoles are for. And it was agreed that he and not Redwood should conduct the experiments, because Redwood's laboratory was occupied with the ballistic apparatus and animals necessary for an investigation into the Diurnal Variation in the Butting Frequency of the Young Bull Calf, an investigation that was yielding curves of an abnormal and very perplexing sort, and the presence of glass globes of tadpoles was extremely undesirable while this particular research was in progress.

But when Mr. Bensington conveyed to his cousin Jane something of what he had in mind, she put a prompt veto upon the importation of any considerable number of tadpoles, or any such experimental creatures, into their flat. She had no objection whatever to his use of one of the rooms of the flat for the purposes of a non-explosive chemistry that, so far as she was concerned, came to nothing; she let him have a gas furnace, and a sink, and a dust-tight cupboard of refuge from the weekly storm of cleaning which she would not forego. And having known people addicted to drink, she regarded his solicitude for distinction in learned societies as an excellent substitute for the coarser form of depravity. But any sort of living things in quantity, "wriggly" as they were bound to be alive and "smelly" dead, she could not and would not abide. She said these things were certain to be unhealthy, and Bensington was notoriously a delicate man—it was nonsense to say he wasn't.

And when Bensington tried to make clear the enormous importance of this possible discovery, she said that it was all very well but if she consented to his making everything nasty and unwholesome in

the place (and that was what it all came to), then she was certain he would be the first to complain.

And Mr. Bensington went up and down the room, regardless of his corns, and spoke to her quite firmly and angrily, without the slightest effect. He said that nothing ought to stand in the way of the Advancement of Science and she said that the Advancement of Science was one thing and having a lot of tadpoles in a flat was another; he said that in Germany it was an ascertained fact that a man with an idea like his would at once have twenty thousand properly fitted cubic feet of laboratory placed at his disposal and she said she was glad and always had been glad that she was not a German; he said that it would make him famous forever and she said it was much more likely to make him ill to have a lot of tadpoles in a flat like theirs; he said he was master in his own house and she said that rather than wait on a lot of tadpoles she'd go as matron to a school, and then he asked her to be reasonable and she asked him to be reasonable then and give up all this about tadpoles and he said she might respect his ideas and she said not if they were smelly she wouldn't, and then he gave way completely and said—in spite of the classical remarks of Huxley on the subject—a bad word. Not a very bad word it was, but bad enough.

And after that she was greatly offended and had to be apologized to, and the prospect of ever trying the Food of the Gods upon tadpoles, in their flat at any rate, vanished completely in the apology.

So Bensington had to consider some other way of carrying out these experiments in feeding that would be necessary to demonstrate his discovery, so soon as he had his substance isolated and prepared. For some days, he meditated upon the possibility of boarding out his tadpoles with some trustworthy person, and then the chance sight of the phrase in a newspaper turned his thoughts to an Experimental Farm.

And chicks. Directly he thought of it, he thought of it as a poultry-farm. He was suddenly taken with a vision of widely growing chicks. He conceived a picture of coops and runs, outsize and still more outsize coops, and runs progressively larger. Chicks are so accessible, so easily fed and observed, so much drier to handle and measure, that for his purpose tadpoles seemed to him now, in comparison with them, quite wild and uncontrollable beasts. He was quite puzzled to understand why he had not thought of chicks instead of tadpoles from the beginning. Among other things, it would have saved all this trouble with his cousin Jane. And when he suggested this to Redwood, Redwood quite agreed with him.

Redwood said that in working so much upon needlessly small animals, he was convinced experimental physiologists made a great mistake. It is exactly like making experiments in chemistry with an insufficient quantity of material: errors of observation and manipulation become disproportionately large. It was of extreme importance just at present that scientific men should assert their right to have their material *big*. That was why he was doing his present series of experiments at the Bond Street College upon Bull Calves, in spite of a certain amount of inconvenience to the students and professors of other subjects caused by their incidental levity in the corridors. But the curves he was getting were quite exceptionally interesting and would when published amply justify his choice. For his own part, were it not for the inadequate endowment of science in this country, he would never, if he could avoid it, work on anything smaller than a whale. But a public Vivarium on a sufficient scale to render this possible was, he feared, at present, in England at any rate, a utopian demand. In Germany—

Et cetera.

As Redwood's bull calves needed his daily attention, the selection and equipment of the Experimental Farm fell largely on Bensington. The entire cost, also, was, it was understood, to be defrayed by Bensington, at least until a grant could be obtained. Accordingly, he alternated his work in the laboratory of his flat with farm-hunting up and down the lines that

run southward out of London, and his peering spectacles, his simple baldness and his lacerated cloth shoes filled the owners of numerous undesirable properties with vain hopes. And he advertised in several daily papers and "Nature" for a responsible couple (married), punctual, active and used to poultry, to take entire charge of an Experimental Farm of three acres.

He found the place he seemed in need of at Hickleybrow near Urshot in Kent. It was a queer little isolated place, in a dell surrounded by old pine-woods that were black and forbidding at night. A humped shoulder of down cut it off from the sunset, and a gaunt well with a shattered penthouse dwarfed the dwelling. The little house was creeperless, several windows were broken, and the cart-shed had a black shadow at midday. It was a mile and a half from the end house of the village, and its loneliness was very doubtfully relieved by an ambiguous family of echoes.

He took the place there and then, and on his way back to London he stopped at Dunton Green and closed with an eligible couple that had answered his advertisements, and that same evening he succeeded in isolating a sufficient quantity of *Hera-kleophobia I.* to more than justify these engagements.

The eligible couple who were destined under Mr. Bensington to be the first almoners on earth of the Food of the Gods, were not only very perceptibly aged but also extremely dirty. This latter point Mr. Bensington did not observe, because nothing destroys the powers of general observation quite so much as a life of experimental science. They were named Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. Skinner, and Mr. Bensington interviewed them in a small room with hermetically sealed windows, a spotted overmantel looking-glass and some ailing calceolarias.

Mrs. Skinner was a very little old woman, capless, with dirty white hair drawn back very, very tightly from a face that had begun by being chiefly and was now, through the loss of teeth and chin and the wrinkling up of everything else, ending by being almost exclusively—nose. She was dressed in slate color (so far as her dress had any color) slashed in one place with red flannel. She let him in and

talked to him guardedly and peered at him round and over her nose, while Mr. Skinner, she alleged, made some alteration in his toilet. She had one tooth that got into her articulation and she held her two long, wrinkled hands nervously together. She told Mr. Bensington that she had managed fowls for years and knew all about incubators; in fact, they themselves had run a poultry-farm at one time and it had failed at last only through the want of pupils. "It's the pupils as pay," said Mrs. Skinner.

Mr. Skinner, when he appeared, was a large-faced man with a lisp and a squint that made him look over the top of your head, slashed slippers that appealed to Mr. Bensington's sympathies, and a manifest shortness of buttons. He held his coat and shirt together with one hand and traced patterns on the black-and-gold tablecloth with the index-finger of the other while his disengaged eye watched Mr. Bensington's sword of Damocles, so to speak, with an expression of sad detachment. "You don't want to run thith farm for profit? No Thir? It h all the thame Thir. Ekth-perimenth? Prethithely."

He said they could go to the farm

at once. He was doing nothing at Dunt-ton Green except a little tailoring. "It ithn't the thmart plathe I thought it wath, and what I get ithn't thkarthely worth having," he said, "tho that, if it ith any convenienth to you for uth to come. . ."

And in a week Mr. and Mrs. Skinner were installed in the farm and the jobbing carpenter from Hickleybrow was diversifying the task of erecting runs and hen-houses with a systematic discussion of Mr. Bensington.

"I 'aven't theen much of 'im yet," said Mr. Skinner. "But as far as I can make 'im out 'e theems to be a thtewpid o' fool."

"I thought 'e seemed a bit dotty," said the carpenter from Hickleybrow.

"'E fanthieth 'imthelf about poultry," said Mr. Skinner. "O my good-neth! You'd think nobody knew noth-



Drawn by Cyrus Cuneo.

"IT WAS EVIDENTLY AS BIG AS A BARN-OWL. ITS FLIGHT . . . SEEMED WEIRDLY UNBIRDLIKE."

in' about poultry thept 'im."

"'E looks like a 'en," said the carpenter, "what with them spectacles of 'is."

Mr. Skinner came closer and spoke in a confidential manner, and one sad eye regarded the distant village and one was bright and wicked. "Got to be meathured every blethed day—every blethed 'en, 'e thays. Tho as to thee they grow properly.

What oh eh? Every blethed 'en—every blethed day."

And Mr. Skinner put up his hand to laugh behind it in a refined and contagious manner and humped his shoulders very much—and only the other eye of him failed to participate in his laughter. Then doubting if the carpenter had quite got the point of it, he repeated in a penetrating whisper, "*Meathured!*"

"'E's worse than our old guvnor; I'm dratted if 'e ain't," said the carpenter from Hickleybrow.

II.

Experimental work is the most tedious thing in the world (unless it be the reports of it in the *Philosophical Transactions*), and it seemed a long time to Mr. Bensington before his first dream of enormous possibilities was replaced by a crumb of realization. He had taken the Experimental Farm in October and it was May before the first inklings of success began. Herakleophoria I. and II. and III. had to be tried and failed, there was trouble with the rats of the Experimental Farm and there was trouble with the Skinners. The only way to get Skinner to do anything he was told to do was to dismiss him. Then he would rub his unshaven chin—he was always unshaven most miraculously and yet never bearded—with a flattened hand, and look at Mr. Bensington with one eye and over him with the other and say, "Oo of courthe Thir—if you're *theriouth*!"

But at last success dawned. And its herald was a letter in the long, slender handwriting of Mr. Skinner.

"The new Brood are out," wrote Mr. Skinner, "and don't quite like the look of them. Growing very rank—quite unlike what the similar lot was before your last directions was given. The last before the cat got them was a very nice stocky chick but these are Growing like thistles. I never saw. They peck so hard, striking above boot top that am unable to give exact Measures as requested. They are regular Giants and eating as such. We shall want



Drawn by Cyrus Cueno.

"IT ROSE WITH A NOISE LIKE A SAWMILL!"

more corn very soon for you never saw such chicks to eat. Bigger than Bantams. Going on at this rate they ought to be a bird for show, rank as they are. Plymouth Rocks won't be in it. Had a scare last night thinking that cat was at them and when I looked out at the window could have sworn I see her getting in under the wire. The chicks was all awake and pecking about hungry when I went out but could not see anything of the cat. So gave them a peck of corn and fastened up safe. Shall be glad to know if the Feeding to be continued as directed. Food you mixed is pretty near all gone and do not

like to mix any more myself on account of the accident with the pudding. With best wishes from us both and soliciting continuance of esteemed favors,

"Respectfully yours,

"ALFRED NEWTON SKINNER."

The allusion toward the end referred to a milk pudding with which some Herakleophobia II. had got itself mixed, with painful and very nearly fatal results to the Skinners.

But Mr. Bensington, reading between the lines, saw in this rankness of growth the attainment of his long-sought goal. The next morning he alighted at Urshot station, and in the bag in his hand he carried, sealed in three tins, a supply of the Food of the Gods sufficient for all the chicks in Kent.

And when in the sunlit run by the sandy bank under the shadow of the pine-trees he saw the chicks that had eaten the food he had mixed for them, gigantic and gawky, bigger already than many a hen that is married and settled, and still growing, still in their first soft yellow plumage (just faintly marked with brown along the back), he knew indeed that his happiest day had come.

At Mr. Skinner's urgency, he went into the run, but after he had been pecked through the cracks in his shoes once or twice he got out again and watched these monsters through the wire netting. He peered close to the netting and followed their movements as though he had never seen a chick before in his life.

"Whath they'll be when they're grown up ith impothible to think," said Mr. Skinner.

"Big as a horse," said Mr. Bensington.

"Pretty near," said Mr. Skinner.

"Several people could dine off a wing!" said Mr. Bensington. "They'd cut up into joints like butcher's meat."

"They won't go on growing at thith pathe though," said Mr. Skinner.

"No?" said Mr. Bensington.

"No," said Mr. Skinner. "I know thith thort. They begin rank but they don't go on, bleth you! No."

There was a pause.

"It' th management," said Mr. Skinner modestly.

Mr. Bensington turned his glasses on him suddenly.

"We got 'em almoth ath big at the other plathe," said Mr. Skinner, with his better eye piously uplifted and letting himself go a little; "me and the mithith."

Mr. Bensington made his usual general inspection of the premises, but he speedily returned to the new run. It was, you know, in truth ever so much more than he had dared to expect. The course of science is so tortuous and so slow; after the clear promises and before the practical realization arrives there comes almost always year after year of intricate contrivance, and here—here was the Food of the Gods arriving after less than a year of testing! It seemed too good—too good. That Hope Deferred which is the daily food of the scientific imagination, was to be his no more! So, at least, it seemed to him then. He came back and stared at these stupendous chicks of his, time after time.

"Let me see," he said. "They're ten days old. And by the side of an ordinary chick, I should fancy—about six or seven times as big . . ."

"It' th about time we artht for a rithe in thkrew," said Mr. Skinner to his wife. "He' th ath pleathed ath Punth about the way we got thothe chickth on in the further run—pleathed ath Punth he ith."

He bent confidentially toward her. "Thinkth it' th that old food of hith," he said, behind his hand, and made a noise of suppressed laughter in his pharyngeal cavity.

Mr. Bensington was indeed a happy man that day. He was in no mood to find fault with details of management. The bright day certainly brought out the accumulating slovenliness of the Skinner couple more vividly than he had ever seen it before. But his comments were of the gentlest. The fencing of many of his runs was out of order, but he seemed to consider it quite satisfactory when Mr. Skinner explained that it was a "fokth or a dog or thome-thing" that did it. He pointed out that the incubator had not been cleaned.

"That it 'asn't, sir," said Mrs. Skinner, with her arms folded, smiling coyly behind her nose. "We don't seem to have had time to clean it, old since we been 'ere."

He went upstairs to see some rat-holes that Skinner said would justify a trap—they certainly were enormous—and discovered that the room in which the Food of the Gods was mixed with meal and bran was in a quite disgraceful disorder.

The Skinners were the sort of people who find a use for cracked saucers and old cans and pickle-jars and mustard-boxes, and the place was littered with these. In one corner a great pile of apples that Skinner had saved was decaying, and from a nail in the sloping part of the ceiling hung several rabbit-skins upon which he proposed to test his gift as a furrier. ("There isn't much about furth and thingth that I don't know," said Skinner.)

Mr. Bensington certainly sniffed critically at this disorder, but he made no unnecessary fuss.

Even when he found a wasp regaling himself in a gallipot half full of Herakleophoria IV., he simply remarked mildly that his substance was better sealed from the damp than exposed to the air in that manner.

And he turned from these things at once to remark—what had been for some time in his mind—"I *think*, Skinner—you know, I shall kill one of these chicks—as a specimen. I think we will kill it this afternoon and I will take it back with me to London."

He pretended to peer into another gallipot and then took off his spectacles to wipe them.

"I should like," he said, "I should like very much, to have some relic—some memento—of this particular brood at this particular day.

"By the by," he said, "you don't give those little chicks meat?"

"Oh! no Thir," said Skinner, "I can assure you, Thir, we know far too much about the management of fowlth of all detheriptionth to do anything of that thort."

"Quite sure you don't throw your dinner refuse—I thought I noticed the bones of a rabbit scattered about the far corner of the run—"

But when they came to look at them, they found they were the larger bones of a cat, picked very clean and dry.

III.

"*That's* no chick," said Mr. Bensington's cousin Jane.

"Well, I should *think* I knew a chick when I saw it," said Bensington's cousin Jane hotly. "It's too big for a chick, for one thing, and besides you can *see* perfectly well it isn't a chick. It's more like a bustard than a chick."

"For my part," said Redwood, reluctantly allowing Bensington to drag him into the argument, "I must confess that, considering all the evidence—"

"Oh! if you do *that*," said Mr. Bensington's cousin Jane, "instead of using your eyes like a sensible person—"

"Well, but really, Miss Bensington—"

"Oh! Go on!" said cousin Jane.

"You men are all alike."

"Considering all the evidence, this certainly falls within the definition—no doubt it's abnormal and hypertrophied, but still—especially since it was hatched from the egg of a normal hen—yes, I think, Miss Bensington, I must admit—this, so far as one can call it anything, is a sort of chick."

"You mean it's a chick?" said cousin Jane.

"I *think* it's a chick," said Redwood.

"What nonsense!" said Mr. Bensington's cousin Jane, and "Oh!" directed at Redwood's head, "I haven't patience with you," and then suddenly she turned about and went out of the room with a slam.

"And it's a very great relief for me to see it, too, Bensington," said Redwood when the reverberation of the slam had died away. "In spite of its being so big."

Without any urgency from Mr. Bensington, he sat down in the low armchair by the fire and confessed to proceedings that even in an unscientific man would have been indiscreet. "You will think it very rash of me, Bensington, I know," he said, "but the fact is I put a little—not very much of it—but some—into baby's bottle, very nearly a week ago!"

"But suppose—!" cried Mr. Bensington.

"I know," said Redwood, and glanced at the giant chick upon the plate on the table.

"It's turned out all right, thank goodness," and he felt in his pocket for his cigarettes.

He gave fragmentary details. "Poor little chap wasn't putting on weight. . . . desperately anxious.—Winkles, a frightful duffer . . . former pupil of mine . . . no good . . . Mrs. Redwood—unmitigated confidence in Winkles. . . . You know, man with a manner like a cliff—towering. . . . No confidence in me, of course. . . . Taught Winkles . . . Scarcely allowed in the nursery . . . Something had to be done. . . . Slipped in while the nurse was at breakfast . . . got at the bottle."

"But he'll grow," said Mr. Bensington.

"He's growing. Twenty-seven ounces last week . . . You should hear Winkles. 'It's management,' he said."

"Dear me! That's what Skinner says!"

Redwood looked at the chick again. "The bother is to keep it up," he said. "They won't trust me in the nursery alone because I tried to get a growth curve out of Georgina Phyllis—you know—and how I'm to give him a second dose——"

"Need you?"

"He's been crying two days—can't get on with his ordinary food again anyhow. He wants some more now."

"Tell Winkles."

"Hang Winkles!" said Redwood.

"You might get at Winkles and give him powders to give the child——"

"That's about what I shall have to do," said Redwood, resting his chin on his fist and staring into the fire.

Bensington stood for a space smoothing the down on the breast of the giant chick.

"They will be monstrous fowls," he said.

"They will," said Redwood, still with his eyes on the glow.

"Big as horses," said Bensington.

"Bigger," said Redwood. "That's just it!"

Bensington turned away from the specimen. "Redwood," he said, "these fowls are going to create a sensation."

Redwood nodded his head at the fire.

"And, by Jove!" said Bensington, coming round suddenly with a flash in his spectacles, "so will your little boy!"

"That's just what I'm thinking of," said Redwood.

He sat back, sighed, threw his unconsumed cigarette into the fire and thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets. "That's precisely what I'm thinking of. This Herakleophoria is going to be queer stuff to handle. The pace that chick must have grown at——!"

"A little boy growing at that pace——" said Mr. Bensington slowly, and stared at the chick as he spoke.

"I say!" said Bensington, "he'll be Big."

"I shall give him diminishing doses," said Redwood. "Or at any rate, Winkles will."

"It's rather too much of an experiment."

"Much."

"Yet still, you know, I must confess . . . Some baby will sooner or later have to try it."

"Oh, we'll try it on *some* baby—certainly."

"Exactly so," said Bensington, and came and stood on the hearthrug and took off his spectacles to wipe them.

"Until I saw these chicks, Redwood, I don't think I *began* to realize—anything—of the possibilities of what we were making. It's only beginning to dawn upon me. . . . the possible consequences . . ."

And even then, you know, Mr. Bensington was far from any conception of the mine which that little train would fire.

IV.

That happened early in June. For some weeks Bensington was kept from revisiting the Experimental Farm by a severe imaginary catarrh, and one necessary flying visit was made by Redwood. He returned an even more anxious-looking parent than he had gone. Altogether there were quite seven weeks of steady, uninterrupted growth. . . .

And then the Wasps began their career.

It was late in July, and nearly a week before the hens escaped from Hickleybrow, that the first of the big wasps was killed. The report of it appeared in several papers, but I do not know whether the news reached Mr. Bensington, much less whether he connected it with the general laxity of method that prevailed in the Experimental Farm.

There can be but little doubt now that,

while Mr. Skinner was plying Mr. Bensington's chicks with Herakleophorbia IV., a number of wasps were just as industriously—perhaps more industriously—carrying quantities of the same paste to their early summer broods in the sand-banks beyond the adjacent pine-woods. And there can be no dispute whatever that these early broods found just as much growth and benefit in the substance as Mr. Bensington's hens. It is in the nature of the wasp to attain to effective maturity before the domestic fowl—and, in fact, of all the creatures that were—through the generous carelessness of the Skinners—partaking of the benefits Mr. Bensington heaped upon his hens, the wasps were the first to make any sort of figure in the world.

It was a keeper named Godfrey, on the estate of Lieut.-Col. Rupert Hick, near Maidstone, who encountered and had the luck to kill the first of these monsters of which history has any record. He was walking knee-high in bracken across an open space in the beech-woods that diversify Lieutenant-Colonel Hick's park, and carrying his gun—very fortunately for him a double-barreled gun—over his shoulder, when he first caught sight of the thing. It was, he says, coming down against the light, so that he could not see it very distinctly, and as it came it made a drone "like a motor car." He admits he was frightened. It was evidently as big as a barn-owl or bigger than one, and, to his practised eye, its flight, and particularly the misty whirl of its wings, must have seemed weirdly unbirdlike. The instinct of self-defense, I fancy, mingled with long habit when, as he says, he "let fly, right away."

The queerness of the experience probably affected his aim; at any rate, most of his shot missed, and the thing merely dropped for a moment with an angry "Wuzzzz" that revealed the wasp at once, and then rose again, with all its stripes shining against the light. He says it turned on him. At any rate, he fired his second



Drawn by
Cyrus Cuneo.

"IT STUNG HIM THROUGH THE BOOT. . .
HE WAS FIRST DEAD OF THE TWO."

barrel at less than twenty yards and threw down his gun, ran a pace or so and ducked to avoid it.

It flew, he is convinced, within a yard of him, struck the ground, rose again, came down again perhaps thirty yards away and rolled over with its body wriggling and its sting stabbing out and back in its last agony. He emptied both barrels into it again before he ventured to go near.

When he came to measure the thing, he found it was twenty-seven and a half inches across its open wings and its sting was three inches long. The abdomen was blown clean off from its body, but he estimated the length of the creature from head to sting as eighteen inches—which is very nearly correct. Its compound eyes were the size of penny-pieces.

That is the first authenticated appearance of these giant wasps. The day after, a cyclist riding, feet up, down the hill between Sevenoaks and Tunbridge narrowly

missed running over a second of these giants that was crawling across the roadway. His passage seemed to alarm it and it rose with a noise like a sawmill. His bicycle jumped the footpath in the emotion of the moment, and when he could look back, the wasp was soaring away above the woods toward Westerham.

After riding unsteadily for a little time, he put on his brake, dismounted—he was trembling so violently that he fell over his machine in doing so—and sat down by the roadside to recover. He had intended to ride to Ashford but he did not get beyond Tunbridge that day. . . .

After that, curiously enough, there is no record of any big wasps being seen for three days. I find on consulting the meteorological record of those days that they were overcast and chilly, with local showers, which may perhaps account for this intermission. Then, on the fourth day, came blue sky and brilliant sunshine and such an outburst of wasps as the world had surely never seen before.

How many big wasps came out that day, it is impossible to guess. There are at least fifty accounts of their apparition. There was one victim, a grocer, who discovered one of these monsters in a sugar-cask and very rashly attacked it with a spade as it rose. He struck it to the ground for a moment and it stung him through the boot as he struck at it again and cut its body in half. He was first dead of the two. . . .

The most dramatic of the fifty appearances was certainly that of the wasp that visited the British Museum about midday, dropping out of the blue serene upon one of the innumerable pigeons that feed in the courtyard of that building, and flying up to the cornice to devour its victim at leisure. After that, it crawled for a time over the museum roof, entered the dome of the reading-room by a skylight, buzzed about inside for some little time—there was a stampede among the readers—and at last found another window and vanished again with a sudden silence from human observation.

Most of the other reports were of mere passings or descents. A picnic party was dispersed at Aldington Knoll, when all of its sweets and jam were consumed, and a

puppy was killed and torn to pieces near Whitstable under the very eyes of its mistress. . . .

The streets that evening resounded with the cry of, and newspaper placards gave themselves exclusively in the biggest of letters to, "Gigantic Wasps in Kent." Agitated editors and assistant editors ran up and down tortuous staircases bawling things about "wasps." And Professor Redwood, emerging from his college in Bond Street at five, flushed from a heated discussion with his committee about the price of bull calves, bought an evening paper, opened it, changed color, forgot about bull calves and committee forthwith, and took a hansom headlong for Bensington's flat.

V.

The flat was occupied, it seemed to him, to the exclusion of all other sensible objects, by Mr. Skinner and his voice, if indeed you can call either him or it a sensible object!

The voice was up very high, slopping about among the notes of anguish. "Itth impothible for uth to thtop Thir. We've thtopped on hoping thingth would get better and they've only got worth Thir. It ithn't on'y the waptheth Thir—thereth big earwighth Thir—big ath that Thir." (He indicated all his hand and about three inches of fat, dirty wrist.) "They pretty near give Mithith Thkinner fithth Thir. And the ththinging nettletth by the runth Thir, *they're* growing Thir, and the canary creeper Thir what we thowed near the think Thir—it put itth tendril through the window in the night Thir, and very nearly caught Mithith Thkinner by the legth Thir. Itth that food of yourth Thir. Wherever we thplathed it about Thir a bit, it'th thet everything growing ranker Thir than I ever thought anything could grow. Itth impothible to thtop a month Thir. Itth more than our liveth are worth Thir. Even if the waptheth don't ththing uth, we thall be thuffocated by the creeper Thir. You can't imagine Thir—unleth you come down to thee Thir——"

He turned his superior eye to the cornice above Redwood's head. "'Ow do we know the rath 'aven't got it Thir! That 'th what I think of motht Thir. I 'aven't

theen any big ratth Thir, but 'ow do I know Thir? We been frightened for dayth becauth of the earwigh we've theen—like lobthters they wath—two of 'em Thir—and the frightful way the canary creeper wath growing and directly I heard the waptheth—directly I 'eard 'em Thir, I underthood. I didn't wait for nothing exthept to thow on a button I'd lortht and then I came on up. Even now Thir I'm arf wild with anghthy Thir. 'Ow do I know wath happenin' to Mithith Thkinner Thir? Thereth the creeper growing all over the plathe like a thsnake Thir—thwelp me but you 'ave to watch it Thir and jump out of itth way!—and the earwigh gettin' bigger and bigger and the waptheth— She 'athen't even got a Blue Bag Thir—if anything thould happen Thir!"

"But the hens," said Mr. Bensington; "how are the hens?"

"We fed 'em up to yethterday, thwelp me," said Mr. Skinner. "But thith morning, we didn't *dare* Thir. The noithe of the waptheth wath—thomething awful Thir. They wath coming out—dothenth. Ath big ath 'enth. I thayth to 'er, I thayth, you juth thow me on a button or two, I thayth, for I can't go to London like thith, I thayth, and I'll go up to Mither Benthington, I thayth, and ekthplain thingth to 'im. And you thtop in thith room till I come back to you, I thayth, and keep the windowth thut jutht ath tight ath ever you can, I thayth."

"If you hadn't been so confoundedly untidy——" began Redwood.

"Oh! Don't thay *that* Thir," said Skinner. "Not now Thir. Not with me tho diththrethed Thir about Mithith Thkinner Thir! Oh *don't* Thir! I 'aven't the 'cart to argue with you. Thwelp me Thir, I 'aven't! Itth the ratth I keep a-thinking of—— 'Ow do I know they 'aven't got at Mithith Thkinner while I been up 'ere?"

"And you haven't got a solitary measurement of all these beautiful growth curves!" said Redwood.

"I been too upthet Thir," said Mr. Skinner. "If you knew what we been through—me and the mithith! All thith latth month. We 'aven't known what to make of it Thir. What with the henth gettin' tho rank and the earwigh and the canary

creeper. I dunno if I told you Thir—the canary creeper"

"You've told us all that," said Redwood. "The thing is, Bensington, what are we to do?"

"What are *we* to do?" said Mr. Skinner.

"You'll have to go back to Mrs. Skinner," said Redwood. "You can't leave her there alone all night."

"Not alone Thir I don't. Not if there wath a dothen Mithith Thkinnerth. It'th Mithter Benthington——"

"Nonsense," said Redwood. "The wasps will be all right at night. And the earwigs will get out of your way——"

"But about the ratth?"

"There aren't any rats," said Redwood.

VI.

Mr. Skinner might have foregone his chief anxiety. Mrs. Skinner did not stop out her day.

About eleven, the canary creeper, which had been quietly active all the morning, began to clamber over the window and darken it very greatly, and the darker it got the more and more clearly Mrs. Skinner perceived that her position would speedily become untenable. And also that she had lived many ages since Skinner went. She peered out of the darkling window, through the stirring tendrils of the creeper, for some time, and then went very cautiously and opened the bedroom door and listened. . . .

Everything seemed quiet, and so, tucking her skirts high about her, Mrs. Skinner made a bolt for the bedroom, and having first looked under the bed and locked herself in, proceeded with the methodical rapidity of an experienced woman to pack for departure. The bed had not been made and the room was littered with pieces of the creeper that Skinner had hacked off in order to close the window overnight, but these disorders she did not heed. She packed in a decent sheet. She packed all her own wardrobe and a velveteen jacket that Skinner wore in his finer moments, and she packed a jar of pickles that had not been opened, and so far she was justified in her packing. But she also packed two of the hermetically closed tins containing Herakleophorbia IV., that Mr. Bensington had brought on his last visit. (She

was honest, good woman—but she was a grandmother, and her heart had burned within her to see such good growth lavished on a lot of dratted chicks.)

And having packed all these things, she put on her bonnet, took off her apron, tied a new bootlace round her umbrella, and after listening for a long time at door and window, opened the door and sallied out into a perilous world.

The features about the roots of her nose wrinkled with determination. She had had enough of it! All alone there! Skinner might come back there if he liked.

She went out by the front door, going that way not because she wanted to go to Hickley-brow (her goal was Cheasing Eyebright, where her married daughter resided) but because the back door was impassable on account of the canary creeper that had been growing so furiously ever since she upset the can of food near its roots. She listened for a space and closed the front door very carefully behind her.

At the corner of the house she paused and reconnoitered. . . .

An extensive sandy scar upon the hillside beyond the pine-woods marked the nest of the giant Wasps, and this she studied very earnestly. The coming and going of the morning was over, not a wasp chanced to be in sight then, and except for a sound scarcely more perceptible than a steam wood-

saw at work amidst the pines would have been, everything was still. As for earwigs, she could see not one. Down among the cabbage, indeed, something was stirring, but it might just as probably be a cat stalking birds. She watched this for a time.

She went a few paces past the corner, came in sight of the run containing the giant chicks, and stopped again. "Ah!" she said, and shook her head slowly at the sight of them. They were at that time

about the height of emus, but of course much thicker in the body—a larger thing altogether. They were all hens, and five all told, now that the two cockerels had killed each other. She hesitated at their drooping attitudes. "Poor dears!" she said, and put down her bundle; "they've got no water. And they've 'ad no food these twenty-four hours!

And such ap-

petites, too, as they 'ave!" She put a lean finger to her lips and communed with herself.

Then this dirty old woman did what seems to me a quite heroic deed of mercy. She left her bundle and umbrella in the middle of the brick path and went to the well and drew no fewer than three pailfuls of water for the chickens' empty trough, and then while they were all crowding about that, she undid the door of the run very softly. After which she became extremely active, resumed her package, got



Drawn by Cyrus Cuneo.
"THE SECOND PULLET . . . GOT POSSESSION OF THE CHILD BY A WELL-DIRECTED PECK."



Drawn by Cyrus Cuneo.

"HE HURLED HIS Mallet WITH ALL
HIS MIGHT . . . THROUGH THE
GLASS LANTERN OF THE
CONSERVATORY."

over the hedge at the bottom of the garden, crossed the rank meadows (in order to avoid the wasps' nest) and toiled up the winding path toward Cheasing Eyebright. She panted up the hill, and as she went she paused ever and again to rest her bundle and get her breath and stare back at the little cottage beside the pine-wood below. And when at last, when she was near the crest of the hill, she saw afar off three several wasps dropping heavily westward, it helped her greatly on her way.

She soon got out of the open and in the high-banked lane beyond (which seemed a safer place to her), and so up by Hickley-brow Coombe to the downs. There, where a tree gave an air of shelter, she rested.

Then on again very resolutely. . . .

And far away, miles and miles away, a steeple and a hanger grew insensibly out of the vague blue to mark more and more distinctly the quiet corner where Cheasing Eyebright sheltered from the tumult of the world, recking little or nothing of the Herakleophobia concealed in that white bundle that struggled so persistently toward its orderly retirement.

VII.

So far as I can gather, the pullets came into Hickleybrow about three o'clock in

the afternoon. Their coming must have been a brisk affair, although nobody was out in the street to see it. The violent bellowing of little Skelmersdale seems to have been the first announcement of anything out of the way. Miss Durgan, of the post-office, was at the window as usual, and saw the hen that had caught the unhappy child, in violent flight up the street with its victim, closely pursued by two others. You know that swinging stride of the emancipated athletic latter-day pullet! You know the keen insistence of the hungry hen! There was Plymouth Rock in these birds, I am told, and even without Herakleophobia that is a gaunt and striding strain.

Probably Miss Durgan was not altogether taken by surprise. In spite of Mr. Bensington's insistence upon secrecy, rumors of the great chickens Mr. Skinner was producing had been about the village for some weeks. "Lor!" she cried. "It's what I expected."

She seems to have behaved with great presence of mind. She snatched up the sealed bag of letters that was waiting to go on to Urshot, and rushed out of the door at once. Almost simultaneously, Mr. Skelmersdale himself appeared down the village, gripping a watering-pot by the

spout and very white in the face. And of course, in a moment or so every one in the village was rushing to the door or window.

The spectacle of Miss Durgan all across the road with the entire day's correspondence of Hickleybrow in her hand, gave pause to the pullet in possession of Master Skelmersdale. She halted through one instant's indecision and then turned for the open gates of Fulcher's yard. That instant was fatal. The second pullet ran in neatly, got possession of the child by a well-directed peck and went over the wall into the vicarage garden.

"Charawk, chawk, chawk, chawk, chawk, chawk!" shrieked the hindmost hen, hit smartly by the watering-can that Mr. Skelmersdale had thrown, and fluttered wildly over Mrs. Glue's cottage and so into the doctor's field, while the rest of those Gargantuan birds pursued the pullet in possession of the child across the vicarage lawn.

"Good Heavens!" cried the curate, or (as some say) something much more strong, and ran, whirling his croquet mallet and shouting, to head off the chase.

"Stop, you wretch!" cried the curate, as though giant hens were the commonest facts in life.

And then, finding he could not possibly intercept her, he hurled his mallet with all his might and main, and out it shot in a gracious curve within a foot or so of Master Skelmersdale's head and through the glass lantern of the conservatory. Smash! The new conservatory! The vicar's wife's beautiful new conservatory!

It frightened the hen. It might have frightened any one. She dropped her victim into a Portugal laurel (from which he was presently extracted, disordered but, save for his less delicate garments, uninjured), made a flapping leap for the roof of Fulcher's stables, put her foot through a weak place in the tiles, and descended, so to speak, out of the infinite, into the contemplative quiet of Mr. Bumps the paralytic—who, it is now proved beyond all cavil, did on this one occasion in his life get down the entire length of his garden and indoors without any assistance whatever, bolt the door after him—and

immediately relapse again into Christian resignation and helpless dependence upon his wife. . . .

The rest of the pullets were headed off by the other croquet-players, and went through the vicar's kitchen-garden into the doctor's field, to which rendezvous the fifth also came at last, clucking disconsolately after an unsuccessful attempt to walk on the cucumber-frames in Mr. Wither-spoon's place.

They seem to have stood about in a hen-like manner for a time and scratched a little and chirawked meditatively, and then one pecked at and pecked over a hive of the doctor's bees, and after that they set off in a gawky, jerky, feathery, fitful sort of way across the fields toward Urshot, and Hickleybrow Street saw them no more.

Near Urshot they really came upon commensurate food in a field of swedes, and pecked for a space with gusto—until their fame overtook them.

The chief immediate reaction of this astonishing irruption of gigantic poultry upon the human mind, was to arouse an extraordinary passion to whoop and run and throw things, and in quite a little time almost all the available manhood of Hickleybrow (and several ladies) were out with a remarkable assortment of flappish and whangable articles in hand—to commence the scooting of the giant hens. They drove them into Urshot, where there was a Rural Fête, and Urshot took them as the crowning glory of a happy day. They began to be shot at near Findon Beeches, but at first only with a rook rifle. Of course, birds of that size could absorb an unlimited quantity of small shot without inconvenience. They scattered somewhere near Sevenoaks, and near Tunbridge one of them fled clucking for a time in excessive agitation, somewhat ahead of and parallel with the afternoon boat express—to the great astonishment of every one therein.

And about half-past five, two of them were caught very cleverly by a circus proprietor at Tunbridge Wells, who lured them into a cage rendered vacant through the death of a widowed dromedary, by scattering cakes and bread. . . .

(To be continued.)



SYDNEY GRAMMONT'S MODEL by Edward Clark Marsh.

"THAT man? Don't you know Grammont—Sydney Grammont? Why, I thought you used to know all the artist tribe. By Jove, Fergus, you have been away a long time, haven't you? Five years! And Grammont was on top—let me see—four years ago, wasn't it? Winter of '97—I remember."

I remembered Grammont's name. Even in Paris, where we students and painters usually ignored every one outside of our own little band of the elect, we had heard of him as a man who had suddenly stirred New York with a sensational success. We had wondered if this fellow, painting away in prosaic Manhattan, would slip by us in the race for fame and breast the tape first. Then the particular convolution in my brain devoted to Sydney Grammont smoothed itself out, and I recalled nothing more of him.

Evidently, the sight of the unkempt, bent figure—a mere caricature of a man—started a train of thought in Johnny Larue's mind, as, ensconced in a quiet corner of the club, we had seen it shamble past. Johnny did not often indulge in reveries, but he was silent now until a waiter handed him a card and whispered in his ear.

He roused himself suddenly. "Yes, yes; tell him I will meet him in an hour at Jolly's." Then he turned to me and held out the card. "See here! What do you think of that? 'Mr. Sydney Grammont.' The old fellow keeps some queer notions. He sends in his card like a gentleman. But he wouldn't see me here. Wanted me to meet him outside. He'll ask me for a five, and four dollars of it will go for morphine. And once he was posted for membership in this very club. But he withdrew his name when it all

happened. You know he dropped out as suddenly as he came into prominence. The whole thing was sensational enough as it was; but the Society for Psychical Research didn't know what an opportunity it missed, because the real facts never came out. I knew something about it—certainly more than any one else—but half of what I know I've guessed at." Larue looked meditative again.

"I've a notion to tell you. I would like to have a professional opinion on it. There's no harm, now it's so long past."

Johnny Larue was one of those men who cheat fate by learning from other people's experience instead of their own. Nothing ever happened to him, and apparently he did nothing in the world. But mankind was his proxy, and more strange events came under his eye than most people are permitted to observe. He was usually treated with the friendly tolerance meted out to those who appear incapable of any strong feeling. But I had once seen something below that placid, unruffled exterior—a sudden burst of anger, the more terrifying that it was instantly subdued—and had learned then that to conquer one's soul may be more than to rule many cities. Since that time I had cared for him. Now he had offered me a recital of certain observations from his philosophic watchtower, and I knew the recital would be curious. For a minute he was silent, turning his glass slowly in his hand as he evidently reviewed certain memories. Then he turned to me with a smile that recognized my reading of his thought.

"You must have heard of Grammont even before his success. He was studying and painting about here while you fellows were playing at being bohemians. He was the real thing, because with him it was

necessity, and he was in deadly earnest. He hated the life, though, and would have nothing to do with you other students. He was proud as the devil. Afterward he told me that in his miserable little attic on Eighth Street he had lived for weeks on oatmeal and coffee; that once he couldn't pay his rent, and was turned out, and that he wandered around in the parks sketching all day and sleeping on a bench at night, until he sold a picture. It's a wonder he ever kept body and soul together. But he worked like a maniac, with his two ambitions—to be a great painter, and to be recognized in society. Odd combination, wasn't it? I didn't know about that social craze then, and I didn't believe the poor fellow would do anything as a painter.

"And yet, Sydney Grammont knew more about painting, in a way, than any three other men in New York. The man had developed a technique such as few of you modern fellows possess. Fergus, he practised brush-work as a pianist practises finger exercises. He was a virtuoso. Set him to reproduce a certain color in a landscape, or to catch the perspective of an odd pose, and he could beat every master he ever had—they weren't many, by the way. But when it came to painting a picture, the whole thing was never right. He was clever, and thought a lot about composition, and all that sort of thing. He used to go to the libraries and read, and had more theoretical knowledge than nine painters in ten. You would think that a man who knew so much would make pictures that would attract attention just by the knowledge they showed. But, some way, Grammont's pictures, when they were done, were dead commonplace. You couldn't find fault with a thing, but you never looked at 'em twice. I got to know him well—better than any one else, I think—and knowing the things he could do with a brush, I used to wonder he didn't hit the mark. Finally I figured it out that he had no imagination—he copied his models literally. If he wanted to do a landscape, he went out and looked at a particular scene, and painted it as though he were making a photograph of it. And when he did figures, he would get his dirty models in from the street—he never did a stroke without models—and into his pic-

ture they would go, natural as life, and just as uninteresting. And you know that isn't art." Johnny Larue had his moments of vision.

"Well, the surprise came that fall, after you left. First I knew of it was one day when I dropped into Blakely's to see an exhibition of French etchings. I hadn't seen Grammont since the middle of summer, when he told me he had found a new model and was going to do women—story-pictures, or allegory, or something of the sort. The minute I got into the shop, Blakely came up and spoke to me. 'I've got a new picture of Grammont's back here,' he said, 'and I want you to see it.' He gave me an odd sort of grin and went on, 'Perhaps you'll want to buy it.' I had bought half a dozen of Grammont's pictures through Blakely; couldn't buy 'em direct: Grammont wouldn't stand anything that looked like charity, then. Well, I went back to look at the new picture. Blakely dropped behind me as we went into the room, and as I stood and looked at that canvas for about a minute, I could feel his grin through the back of my neck. Then I turned around and faced him.

"'How much?' I said."

"'Five thousand, and deliver the 1st of next June,' he said, quietly.

"'Five thousand!' I yelled back at him. 'You were glad enough to get a hundred and fifty for that last big canvas of his that I bought.'

"'My dear boy,' he replied, cool as you please, 'you don't seem to realize that Sydney Grammont has arrived. He is going to make the biggest sensation any painter ever made in New York.'

"Of course, I bought the picture before I left the shop. I'm glad I did. I like it better than 'Ecstase,' for which old Dammeter paid Blakely fifteen thousand. And Grammont finished only one more picture like those. That's his 'Sebad and Ottima'; Blakely has that in his own house and wouldn't part with it for love nor money.

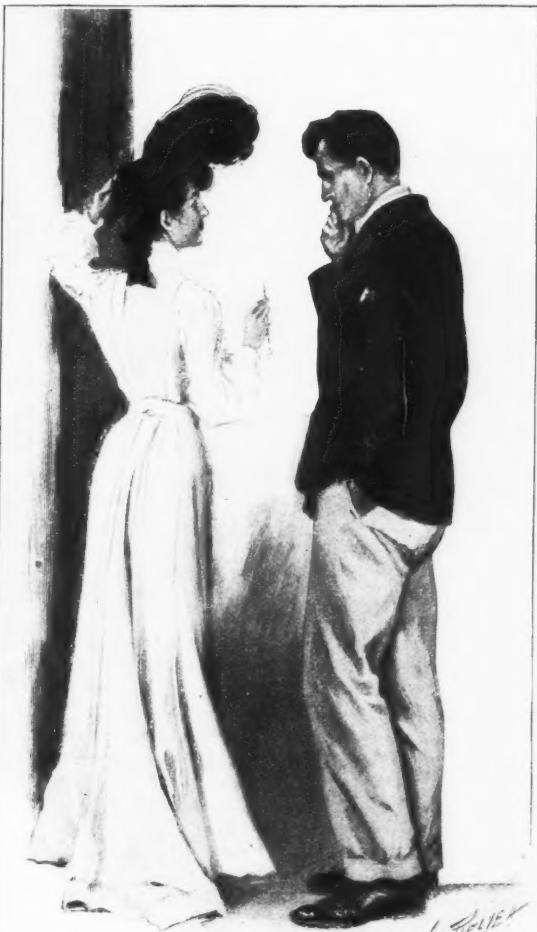
"You've never seen my picture, have you? Of course not. You must see it soon. It's called 'Herodias,' and represents the moment when Herodias received the head of John the Baptist on a charger from her daughter. It's all very dark—

mostly red-browns and greens and purples. Everything is in shadow but one face. You see just the outlines of the head on the charger, and the figure of the dancing-girl, her face turned away, a patch of light reflected from a bracelet on her wrist. The light comes from a big Roman lamp at one side of the room and shines straight on the face of Herodias. And such a face as it is! Fergus, the man gathered up in that face all the unholy joy and lust of blood of the ages. It is beautiful, but the exultation and cruel cunning shining through the beauty always half sicken me. It is wonderfully painted, too. The face is dark and Oriental, with that reddish light falling square on it. No wonder that Blakely saw a sensation to come.

"I learned afterward, partly from Grammont and partly from Blakely, how Grammont had brought the picture into the shop with his own hands. You know Blakely. People say he is always looking out for the

dollar, and that he doesn't care a tinker's damn for art. But you know, and I know, that he can tell a good picture from a bad one quicker than any other man in America. He was the only dealer who ever saw that even these uninteresting

pictures of Grammont's were well painted, and Grammont never could sell a canvas except through him. No sooner did he set eyes on the 'Herodias' than he offered Grammont a thousand outright for it, though he could have had it for two hundred, the poor devil was so hard up. Then he told Grammont that he would lend him all the money he wanted, and charge it against more pictures to be delivered as soon as possible. Inside of a week, he



Drawn by C. M. Relgea.

"THERE WAS SOMETHING IN HIS MANNER THAT SPELLED LOVE."

had his artist living in a swell apartment, with a studio fifty feet long, beautifully furnished—rather a ladies' sort of studio. Grammont didn't altogether like it, I believe, but he saw the chance of his life to break into society, and went in all over.

"This was in the early fall—in September, I think. It was several days before I could get around to see Grammont. Blakely told me he had moved, and when I went to the new studio—up in the Corlear Building—there was a nigger 'buttons' to take my card in, by Jove! And not a month earlier the fellow had been painting in an unused garret of that dirty old house in Eighth Street, with an open trap-door for his skylight! Grammont was there, and I never saw him look so well. He was dressed like a gentleman, and it made a heap of difference. He had been working, and was talking with his model while she was putting on her hat. I recognized the original of 'Herodias' at once. It was a beautiful face, but in a sort of non-committal way. It didn't seem to say much to you, and after studying it a few minutes I made up my mind it was because the expression changed too constantly to have any fixed character. And yet it was not animated. It was more like a smooth lake, which remains undisturbed while all sorts of shadows pass over it. The type was a trifle Jewish, and the most noticeable feature was the eyes, gray and large, as though unnaturally dilated. She was quite young—not more than eighteen or nineteen. I noticed that Grammont seemed unable to keep his eyes off her, and as she left he followed her into the reception-room and talked with her some time. It struck me, because he used not to be overconsiderate of his models.

"He seemed glad to see me, and after that we dropped back into our old friendship—we had really known each other right well, in a way. He never said much to me about his sudden success. He had found a model that pleased him, and tried a new style, that seemed to be all right—that was all he would offer in explanation. He was more reserved than he had ever been before about his work, and never offered to show me things he was doing or let me sit in the studio while he was painting, as he used to do. We got into the habit of lunching together—he always worked in the morning—and I enjoyed it because he was interesting. I had always found him clever, and his prosperity acted like a tonic on him—made him positively brilliant.

"All this time, Blakely was showing that picture to every man, woman and child that came into the shop, telling them it was the greatest painting America had produced, and all that. People began to talk about it, and finally even the critics took it up, and patronized Grammont as 'a rising painter.' Then there were rumors of a new picture, more wonderful than the first. Blakely managed it well; there was a lot of mystery about the subject, and when the new picture was finally exhibited—along in November—people flocked to Blakely's galleries to see it. That was the 'Ecstase,' and it furnished all the sensation Blakely had promised, you may be sure. Grammont hadn't shown it to me, but Blakely asked me in the day it was hung, before the public was admitted. Grammont certainly had nerve to throw such a picture at a public he was trying to conciliate.

"You know what the picture is, don't you? No? You would if you had been in New York. When I think of it, I realize that it was great work, in spite of its vulgarity. Just a woman's face—the 'Herodias' woman, of course—but you would scarcely recognize it as the same. It was a personification of passion. Frankly, it was the apotheosis of a love that was wholly of the earth, earthy. Of course, it was unpleasant, and I could not help laughing—and half cursing—when I saw well-dressed, well-bred women stand before it without a blush and murmur that it was 'so beautiful!' It was the more striking because it was all done in cold grays and whites. How Grammont ever got such warmth with such colors is beyond me. Technically the thing deserved all the praise it ever got, and more, but that wasn't what made it a success. It was the vulgarity of the thing that brought the crowds, though they didn't entirely realize it.

"It certainly made Grammont's career. Within a month he was a fairly successful sort of lion. Now that it had come, he took it coolly enough, and didn't lose his head. He accepted only a few of the best invitations, and gave exclusive little studio teas. He had the sense, too, not to depend entirely on the women. I introduced him to a good lot of men, and they found

him modest and well bred, and undeniably clever. In fact, he played his cards so well that before the winter was over his position in society was fairly well established, and he was received nearly everywhere except in the Van Ness and Dufeldt set, who won't look at a man unless they have known his grandfather. In the spring his name was up here at the club. He was very grateful for what he imagined I had done for him, and I suppose it was natural that he should tell me first of his engagement to Julia Perrin. No, you never heard that, of course. It wasn't announced at the time, and afterward Grammont broke it himself. The engagement surprised me and it was hard work to congratulate him. I knew well enough that he wasn't in love with her, and I couldn't square it with certain things I had seen that winter.

"You see, I had been watching him closely, and I had come to the conclusion that he was in love with that Jewish model. She came to the studio every day, and when I dropped in I frequently had to wait until he had finished painting. He never let me into the studio while he was at work. When I saw him with the girl, he treated her like a princess, and never took his eyes off her. There was something in his manner that spelled love. As for her, she was absolutely dominated by him. She followed him about like a dog. I couldn't understand his devotion, for with all her beauty she seemed stupid, and Grammont was no man to be caught by a pretty face. She talked very little and her big eyes looked vacant. She seemed always tired. I knew there was some understanding between them, yet both in different ways seemed half afraid of each other.

"When Blakely exhibited the 'Sebald and Ottima'—that must have been about February—I was mystified, for I had begun to realize that there was something uncanny about the whole business. In the first place, all these pictures were studies of a woman. Aside from the expression of the woman's face, there was nothing in them that Grammont couldn't have done before. Even in the last picture the man is in entire shadow, with his back turned, and the whole story is in Ottima's face. But his women were different enough from

his old style, and it was a mystery where he got that power of seeing a human soul and laying it bare. I remembered his old photographic pictures, and then thought of the blank, expressionless face of his model. The key, I knew, was in an incident that had occurred one day at the studio, but in a sense it only increased my perplexity. I had gone there late one morning, and the boy had gone out for a minute, leaving the door open. Thinking that Grammont must be through with work, I went in and knocked at the studio door. There was no response, so I opened the door and started in. Grammont stood with his back to me, painting like mad. I saw the half-finished Ottima picture on the easel, and Mélisse—the model—was facing me on the throne. Fergus, I hope I may never again see such a face as that. It was exactly the expression I saw afterward in the picture—all the passion and fear and triumph that a woman's soul can hold, fairly struggling to express themselves in eyes and lips and attitude.

"I took it all in with one glance. Grammont turned as he heard the door open. His face went white and then red again, and he shouted in a rough, angry voice, 'Get out, Larue.'

"As I turned and closed the door, I shot another glance at Mélisse. I saw the eyelids flutter over her staring eyes, and noticed that she trembled. You know how a person looks when coming out of a hypnotic trance. Suddenly, as though a curtain were drawn, the passion and joy faded out of her face and the expressionless look that I knew returned.

"It was perhaps half an hour before he joined me. 'You startled us both, coming in so unceremoniously, and Mélisse nearly went into a faint,' he said. 'She was tired, anyway, and is about used up now, so I sent her home in a carriage.' I looked at him and knew he was lying, but I only apologized for the intrusion, and soon Grammont regained his composure and talked as usual.

"You may be sure I took care never to interrupt another séance in that studio. The picture was shown, and was a triumph. It didn't catch the crowds as the earlier one did, but it brought the critics into camp. Even the artists acknowledged their master.

With his professional career established and his social position assured, Grammont went out more and more. He was seen occasionally with Julia Perrin, but his attentions were not so marked as to occasion gossip. She was fascinated by his splendid gifts and really loved him. As for his motive for wishing to marry her, I believe he was perfectly cold-blooded. It would strengthen his social position, and he would sacrifice anything for that. There was a bad streak in the man's nature, for I had reason to believe that he was still as devoted as ever to Mélisse. At this time he was burning the candle at both ends, trying to keep even with his new social duties and still paint as much as ever. But with all his energy, the next picture came more slowly. He told me one day what it would be, and assured me that it would prove his masterpiece. The subject was to be 'Francesca da Rimini.' He chose to illustrate the instant when Francesca, surprised with her lover, turns to see her husband's upraised dagger, and for the moment even love is blotted out in the shuddering physical terror of the death that she sees coming. I remember how ingeniously he defended this novel conception of the scene.

"For a time I saw less of Grammont, but he was often in my mind, and I speculated at odd times on his mysterious power over that girl. One morning—it was the 12th of May—I was called to the telephone. It was Grammont, and in a voice that I scarcely recognized he told me to come to the studio at once. In five minutes I was in a cab, and it couldn't have been fifteen before I entered the apartment. The boy opened the studio door to announce me, and I pushed by him. Grammont stood in the middle of the big room facing me. I must have cried out when I saw his face. It was set and gray, like that of a corpse, and drops of perspiration stood out in an irregular line across his forehead. He had grown twenty years older. Without a word, he walked over to a divan in an alcove and pulled aside an old Roman shawl. Mélisse lay there in her 'Francesca' costume, and I did not have to feel for the heartbeat to know that she was dead. Instinctively I knew something horrible had happened. I turned to

Grammont. Neither of us had spoken a word. He must have seen something in my face that frightened him, for he cried out:

"'I didn't do it; by God, I didn't do it.' He put his hands to his head with a gesture of indescribable agony. 'That did it.'

"He stood pointing and glaring at the canvas on which he had just been working. It was the 'Francesca,' finished with masterly detail, except for the face of the woman, which was laid in roughly, with the masses indicated and a few streaks of wet paint showing that he had just begun to model the features. Upon a sudden, he caught up a long, thin knife from a table—the very knife which, in the picture, was upraised over the terror-stricken woman. He rushed at the canvas and, with an ugly cry, 'Murderer!' plunged the knife into the figure of the man in the foreground. Then he hacked at the canvas until it was in tatters. With a groan he dropped into a chair and covered his face with his hands, shaking pitifully.

"'I loved her, Larue; before God, I loved her, and I've killed her. I put fear in her heart, and it killed her.' Then he looked up wildly again. 'No, I didn't do it. That thing did it.'

"I saw that he was off his head, and didn't know what he was saying. I went out and told the boy, who as yet had seen nothing, to go for a doctor. Then I came back to Grammont and put my hand on his shoulder. He looked up again with that horrible stare, and shrank from the touch.

"'What will they do with me?' he asked, dully.

"'Nothing, Grammont,' I replied. 'No one accuses you of anything. The doctor will be here soon, and you must calm yourself. It was heart failure, of course.'

"'I can't live,' he half mumbled to himself.

"'Yes, you must,' I answered him. 'Think of your career—your art.'

"His face twitched, and his voice, when he spoke, was monotonous. 'I shall never paint another picture. I can't paint without her. My art—she was my art. And I've killed her.'

"It all came over me suddenly. My



Drawn by C. M. Relyea.

" 'I LOVED HER, AND I'VE KILLED HER!' "

nerves were overstrained, and for the moment it seemed perfectly clear and natural. I remembered *Mélisse's* placid face, prepared, like a mirror, to reflect any light that might be thrown across it; I remembered it again as I had seen it that day in the studio, when some power from outside had flashed into it the emotion of a woman who loves and hates; I thought of Grammont's singular power over her, and then of how he had described the fear of instant death that his '*Francesca*' was to feel. Everything, to my tense imagination, fitted in, and I understood the mystery, so far as human being could understand.

"I stayed with Grammont until it was over. At the inquest the verdict was 'heart failure.' People heard of it, and were not surprised that he was a bit broken up over the affair, and was going away for a time. He told me that he had written to Miss Perrin, releasing her from the engagement.

Then he disappeared, and I didn't see him again until a year ago. He was a wreck then, and he has been going down steadily ever since. He can't last long."

Johnny Larue sat for a few minutes in silence, unnaturally serious of mien, his brows knit. His half-smile, as he turned to me, was perplexed and whimsical.

"After I had got outside of that sphere of psychical disturbance, and thought the whole thing over," he said, "my explanation didn't seem so perfect. There are difficulties in the way. Now, do you, Fergus, as a painter, think that a man could paint——"

"Johnny," I interrupted, "better come up to my rooms if you want to start me on a problem."

"Can't do it," he responded, with a grimace. "I have an engagement with Mr. Sydney Grammont."

LOST LOVE.

BY PHÆBE LYDE.

If I had known how long the way
Through all the weary years
Without the sunshine of your smile,
Without your balm of tears;
If I had guessed how deep the need
My thirsty soul would know
To taste the watersprings of love,
I had not let you go.

Across life's arid, dusty waste,
A desert of regret,
Bright with unconquerable joy
Your blue eyes beckon yet;
Again with careless grace you fleet,
To fade behind the hill;
The echo of your laugh rings clear—
That laugh so long since still.

The clamor of the roaring world
Fills up my struggling days,
But deep within my inmost heart
This gracious vision stays,
And with the loneliness of night
In solitude I weep
That early love so lightly lost,
The dream I did not keep.

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

PART XIX.

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE.

BY WILLIAM R. STEWART.

THERE have been notable instances where men who have been born citizens of the United States have at a later period of their careers achieved distinction as subjects of a foreign country. Of those who have done so, the writer knows but one who has afterward accomplished an equal success under his native flag. He is Sir William Van Horne, late president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, now president of the Cuba Company.

The term "Captain of Industry" would be a comprehensive one indeed if all to whom it applies were as versatile as Sir William Van Horne. With not more than half a dozen peers among the great railroad organizers of the past half century—if so many—he has found time to become as well practical engineer, electrician, surveyor, painter, architect, author, geologist, botanist, antiquarian and student of history. Sir William has admitted that four hours' sleep in twenty-four is sufficient for him. It has, perhaps, required the extra hours to make so many men of one individual.

The career of the president of the Cuba Company has been cited as affording one of the best biographical studies which it

would be possible to conceive for the encouragement of youthful ambition. Perhaps this is so. I say "perhaps," because there are two lessons which may be drawn from it, and while the one is calculated to

stimulate effort, the other might have a very contrary effect.

Not long ago, Lord Rosebery, in one of his non-political addresses, deprecated the popular study of astronomy, because, as he said, a contemplation of the vastness of the universe destroys ambition. There is much in the statement. And, in minor degree, the colossal capacity of which Sir William Van Horne has given evidence, not only as a rail-roader but in vocations com-

pletely apart, might not unreasonably inspire a feeling closely akin to dismay in those who would follow in his footsteps. It has been obvious that the man was bound—predestined, if you will—to be just what he has been.

The lesson of his life is that of perseverance, application, patient industry and keen and intelligent observation. Had the future head of many railroad systems not possessed when a youth the qualities necessary to the development of those



SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE.

characteristics, he would not have been equal to the discharge of the great tasks which confronted him later. It was the thorough mastery of detail, the intimate knowledge of everything which concerns a railroad, which enabled Van Horne, when at the head of the great systems which he successively managed, to delegate to others those very details, and concentrate his energies upon the larger problems of organization and expansion.

Yet how close was his knowledge even then of the comparatively small things of the railroad, is well illustrated in a story which is told of a practical joke—for Sir William has a keen sense of humor—which he played when a head of department on the Chicago & Alton. In some way he had learned that on a certain night-run a number of the trainmen were in the habit of taking cushions from the coaches with which to make themselves comfortable in the baggage-car. Late one night he wired to the head trainman of the crew a message which was delivered by the agent at a small way-station. It contained only the words, "Put back those cushions," but it filled the hearts of the men with consternation.

During the formative days of the Canadian Pacific, after the engineering difficulties of building a trunk line across a continent had been completed, and the directors were confronted by the task, equally formidable, though differing in nature, of turning the undertaking into a paying enterprise, Sir William's entire attention was absorbed in the problem before him. As with many other men who possess a deft pencil, sketching while talking business was one of his favorite methods of application, and for months as he traveled to and fro between Montreal and Vancouver, thinking out new plans for the road—a line of steamers on the Great Lakes, steamships on the Pacific, palatial hotels owned by the company, and branch lines north and south to feed the main one—persons who happened along in the wake of the new manager picked up sketches he had made all the way across the continent. It is told by one of these persons, himself a prominent railroad man, that once he found, sketched on a blotting-pad in a St. Paul hotel, a picture of a locomotive, the head and front of which was made in the

form of a dragon, snorting fire and smoke, speeding over a prairie at the head of a train of cars. On the locomotive were the letters "C. P. R.," and in the distance were several other trains which the former was leading. It was Sir William Van Horne, executive head of the Canadian Pacific, who had drawn the fantastic sketch, and the incident illustrates the extent to which the idea of a Canadian Pacific preeminence possessed him, and how completely the interests of the corporation filled his thoughts.

Van Horne as a boy had been the same. The thoroughness with which he afterward managed great systems of transportation was no more marked than the pains with which, as a telegraph-operator, at the age of thirteen, he had performed his duties in the despatching-office of the Illinois Central at Chicago. At a still earlier age, when working as office-boy at the station in his native town in Will County, Illinois, his quickness of apprehension and evident purpose to familiarize himself with every detail of the work of the road had attracted notice. Among other things, he there taught himself telegraphy, which formed the stepping-stone to his subsequent railroad career.

Descended from an old Dutch family in New York, Sir William Van Horne—plain William Cornelius Van Horne until the late Queen Victoria knighted him for his services in completing the Canadian Pacific Railway—was born near Joliet, Illinois, in 1841. The early death of his father, a lawyer of small means, compelled him to strike out into the world for himself, and to contribute to the common support.

Leaving the employ of the Illinois Central in 1858, young Van Horne filled various positions on the Joliet division of the Michigan Central until 1864, when he went to the Chicago & Alton. His progress during these years had been continuous, and at the age of twenty-one he was train-despatcher, filling a post of much responsibility and importance. From train-despatcher he rose to be superintendent of telegraph, and then division superintendent.

As a new division manager he went to East St. Louis, and at once distinguished himself by the vigor of his conduct of

the operations of this division of the road.

By this time Sir William had come to be recognized as a man whose services were of value to any railroad. The St. Louis, Kansas City & Northern (now the Wabash) offered him the position of general manager, and he resigned his connection with the Chicago & Alton to accept.

In 1874 Sir William became general manager of the Southern Minnesota Railroad, a line then in the hands of a receiver, which he soon extricated from its financial difficulties, extending and improving the property and converting it from a bankrupt to a profitable concern. His success was recognized by his elevation to the presidency of the company. In 1878, while still retaining the presidency of the Southern Minnesota, he returned to the Chicago & Alton as its general superintendent. Two years later, he was president of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, at that time the most extensive railroad system in the United States. In 1880, he was selected by the directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to take control of what was to be the greatest railway organization in the world.

The career of Sir William Van Horne since then has been so much a part of the general history of the continent that even the briefest narration of its principal incidents might appear to be superfluous. The construction of the great transcontinental line within fifty-four months of its inception—much less than half the time required by the contract with the Canadian government—is typical of all his after management of that corporation's affairs. The system built up during the seventeen years of the Canadian Pacific's existence embraces twelve thousand miles of railroad, extending throughout Canada, Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota, and its steamship lines reach to China and Japan. At present an Atlantic line of steamships is being projected.

When the war with Spain closed, and the evacuation of Cuba by the Spanish troops assured to that island an era of comparative prosperity, Sir William Van Horne was among the first to note the commercial possibilities which awaited its development. It was but another example of his quickness to grasp the potentialities

of a situation. Accompanied by a corps of competent engineers, he went to Cuba and mapped out a route for a railroad across the island. But there were more than engineering difficulties in the way. Congress, by a resolution introduced by Senator Foraker, had explicitly forbidden the granting of any rights, concessions or franchises in Cuba to any company or private promoter. This resolution was designed to protect the temporary military government from the hordes of speculators who had flocked to the island immediately following the cessation of hostilities.

With the same vigor which years before had overcome the mountains and forests of the West, Sir William set himself to remove the new obstacles. With abundance of capital at his command, he proceeded to purchase large tracts of land, which were combined into a broad private right of way from one end of Cuba to the other. Other purchases gave him transverse rights, penetrating every section of the country into which the extension of a railroad-track seemed desirable. The only remaining barrier was the right to cross the public highways. President McKinley was seen in a personal interview, and the result was the issuance by the military government of Cuba of "revocable licenses" to cross the public roads. There are now under construction about twelve hundred miles of track between Santiago and Santa Clara and other points, which about equals the aggregate mileage of all the other Cuban railroads combined.

At his residence on Sherbrooke Street, Montreal, Sir William is one of the most genial of hosts. He is a lover of comfort and art, and his library and working-rooms are full of interest. In addition to a comprehensive collection of the general literature of the world, are copies of every procurable work on the Northwest. He is a connoisseur in Japanese art, of which he has an almost priceless collection, including personal gifts from the Emperor. Many charming products of Sir William's own brush intersperse the paintings of the old masters.

At his place of business, whether in Montreal as chairman of the board of directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway, or in lower Broadway, New York, as president

of the Cuba Company, Sir William is unconventionality itself. He wears his coat on a peg in the wall, and sits on the table when he feels like it. To newspaper correspondents who visit him in search of copy, Sir William hands out a cigar, and then proceeds to discuss almost anything except the subject on which they have called. In the end he will answer their questions by taking up a pencil and writing out his own interview. If anything is added to the interview, the correspondent need not call a second time.

The wealth of Sir William Van Horne is

considerable. His salary of sixty thousand dollars as president of the Canadian Pacific Railway has formed but a small part of his real earnings. Opportunities for investment came frequently in the pioneer days of the opening of the great Canadian Northwest, and Sir William has made many hundreds of thousands through his timber and mining interests in Manitoba, Assiniboia and British Columbia. He is also heavily interested in the Canadian pulp industry, and is a principal stockholder in the Dominion Coal and Iron Company, which is the "United States Steel Corporation" of Canada.

MATTHEW CHALONER DURFEE BORDEN.

BY ROBERT N BURNETT.

WHEN the panic of 1893 swept like a tornado over the country, carrying destruction in its path, leveling many industries, the wheels of business all but stopped. Merchants ceased buying, manufacturers closed down for lack of a market, railroad traffic fell away, failures were announced in many lines and confidence was rudely shaken. The collapse that frequently follows overexpansion was complete.

On November 20th of that year, the news was flashed over the country that Matthew C. D. Borden, the Fall River milling man and head of the American Printing Company, had bought five hundred thousand pieces of print-cloths from the other Fall River mills, cleaning up the entire available supply in that market, and bargaining for the output for months to come. The price of print-cloths jumped at once from two and seven-eighths cents to three cents a yard. Mr. Borden continued to buy until he had absorbed about eight hundred thousand pieces in the leading New England milling centers, including Providence and Boston. Here was an investment of over a million dollars in cash, with nothing but a shut-down of mills ahead, so far as the average business man could forecast. The business world, here and in Europe, was astonished. Mr. Borden's "stroke" was a seven-days wonder. He was the man of the hour, and everybody was inquiring who he was and what he was "up to." "A big speculative move," said his critics.

One after another, all of the New England mills which had been closed down started up, and fresh life was instilled in the great textile industry, which is regarded by many as an index of general business. Men in other lines caught the contagion, and began to enlarge operations. Soon the entire country was awakening and girding itself for new efforts, leaving past failures in the background. Who can estimate the amount of good done to the masses, and the amount of misery averted? In Fall River alone there were forty thousand persons, besides the operatives themselves, dependent upon the running of the mills, who would have experienced great distress through the winter that was close at hand had not some such miracle occurred to save them.

The revival of business dated from the day Mr. Borden made his master-stroke. He, more than any other man, was directly responsible for the starting-up of the wheels of industry. He had put his hand on the lever at the crucial moment, and the great machinery that controlled millions of spindles in the New England looms was set in motion.

Here was a transaction greater in its consequences than any railroad combination that was ever put through. It has frequently been said that large financial operators sometimes make or unmake prices of securities, that they make "booms" by the force of wealth properly applied. But the power to make prices for commodities,

and to create a demand for them; to create public confidence and infuse a feeling of returning prosperity, surely these are extraordinary gifts, all of which are rarely possessed by one man.

But, aside from shrewdness in business, the world owes Mr. Borden a debt of gratitude for the part he has played in transforming depression to prosperity. The achievements for which he will be best remembered are the untold benefits which he has done to the army of men who toil with their hands in the great factories and in the trades contingent thereto. His name will go down to history as the man who prevented strikes when forces were rapidly converging for a conflict. Sometimes Mr. Borden would wait until all of the other manufacturers in Fall River had reduced wages, then he would raise the wages of his three thousand employees. Two years ago, he astonished the country by making two advances, of five per cent each, in rapid succession. The other mills had to follow, although they did not do this without much bitter criticism of Mr. Borden's motives. Before making the advance, he had executed one of his flank movements in the market and absorbed all of the available supplies at low prices. His name has been associated with almost every recovery in the textile industry during the last dozen years, and his methods each time have been based on much the same principle.

Mr. Borden's position in the New England milling world is unique. He is a law unto himself, and he ignores more often than he pays any attention to his competitors, who have combined their operations and have a selling committee which handles the output of the leading mills. Imagine a man who shakes the finger of

scorn at a combination that controls eight times the output he does, yet who is able, by his intrenched position and concentration of wealth, to twirl them around his thumb with impunity; a man who is an autocrat and yet who insists on paying his employees the highest practicable wages; whose workmen love him, stick to him through thick and thin, and would submit to a reduction without a murmur if business conditions compelled a lowering of compensation.

Mr. Borden, the plain, blunt, abrupt, quiet man of action and few words, who never breaks a pledge, and who gives his customers ample notice beforehand when he intends to change prices, has made plenty of enemies in the milling world, because of the plans of competitors which have been upset; but, as time rolled by, they have generally come around to admit that his judgment was correct, and his friends have increased rather than diminished.

This giant of the commercial world has built up a fortune of millions in a few years, but he is as plain in his habits and appearance as he was when he used to go about the dry-goods district of New York city,



MATTHEW CHALONER DURFEE BORDEN.

fresh from college, with print-goods under his arm, trying to sell them. Although his great interests are located at Fall River, he has an office in the "dry-goods district," as it is called, in New York city, and he may be found there almost any day. His office adjoins that of a prominent commission firm, with which he has long had connection, which handles many of the products of his mills. His directorship in banks and trust companies does not affect his manner, which is as simple and natural as was that of Jay Gould. Attired in a plain business suit and derby hat, there is nothing to distinguish him from a score of other men in many callings. Anybody

can have access to him without submitting to formalities. But the visitor is soon conscious that the opportunity for conversation is very limited. This busiest of men has every minute scheduled. He keeps in touch with the world by a telegraph instrument in his outer office. Not a thing happens in Fall River or elsewhere in the textile industry that Mr. Borden is not apprized of at once. Time is money to the successful man of affairs.

Matthew Chaloner Durfee Borden came from a milling family, his father, Col. Richard Borden, having been one of the pioneers of the industry at Fall River. Matthew was born in that city sixty-one years ago, was educated at Phillips Academy, Andover, and at Yale, graduating at the latter institution in 1864. He came to New York after leaving college, securing a position in a dry-goods jobbing house. His advancement was rapid, and within three years he became a partner in the firm, as well as representative of the American Print Cloth Works, of Fall River. This latter concern had to be reorganized in 1879, and Matthew Borden took a leading part in readjusting its affairs, his brother also being identified with it. He later bought out his brother, and has been virtually the sole owner ever since. It was enlarged from time to time, and it is now the greatest establishment for printing cotton cloths in the world. But Mr. Borden was not satisfied to buy his cloths from others, so, in 1889, he built three mills of his own, for spinning yarn and weaving his own goods. They became known as the Fall River Yarn Works, and since then two more have been added, putting him in a position to do a complete business.

Thus he became, to a great extent, independent of the market, with which other printers still had to deal. In order to distribute his goods, he had in the mean time associated himself with one of the largest wholesale firms in New York city, as before mentioned.

It is related, in proof of his daring character, that when he was reorganizing the Fall River business, he ran into debt to the utmost credit that he could obtain. The wisdom of his course was shown by his phenomenal success. His wealth grew rapidly, until he became able, without diffi-

culty, single-handed to carry through transactions involving a million dollars or more in cash.

One of his shrewdest moves was made in the fall of 1900, when there was a depression in the cotton-manufacturing industry in New England, and the question of reducing wages was being agitated. Mr. Borden bought from the "selling committee" of the other mills half a million pieces of print-cloths, for his print-factory, at two and seven-eighths cents a yard, to be delivered in instalments of twenty thousand pieces a week. As there are fifty yards in each piece, this represented a total cost of some three-quarters of a million dollars. Two days later, there was a wild rise in cotton on the New York Cotton Exchange, the price of the staple running up about forty points in a single day, causing a panic among the bears. It followed the news that the visible supply of cotton was only twelve hundred thousand bales, and estimates that the new crop would be only ten million bales. The average yearly consumption for the previous three years had been about eleven and one-half million bales. The price of print-cloths ran upward with the price of cotton, and it was said at the time that Mr. Borden could have disposed of what he had bought two days before at an advance of anywhere from a quarter to five-eighths of a cent a yard. The theory on the Exchange was that this shrewd operator had received early information of the real facts and had taken advantage of it.

Mr. Borden's idea of wages has singled him out from most other men, but his own experience, as well as the results that have followed, seem to justify his conclusions. It was this theory that prompted him often to raise wages when other milling men were thinking of reducing them. He said recently: "Wages must be kept up, because the cheapening of manufacture cheapens prices. I am a believer in good prices, and think the men are entitled to share in the benefits. This business is not a secret, but the road to success is open to all. If competitors cannot pay as high wages as I do, either they are too selfish to share the profits with their men, or they do not know their business and have not succeeded in making it pay."



KOWHAI BLOSSOM:

A NEW ZEALAND LOVE-STORY.

By ARTHUR H. ADAMS.

I.

SHE stood forlornly beside the car, idly reading the name of the station, and watching with a certain tragic aloofness the passengers sauntering along the platform.

She was young, perhaps twenty-five, but the youth had died out of her face and left a hard grayness that scarcely seemed human. It was this hardness that attracted the attention of some of the men as they passed. They looked keenly into her gray eyes, smiled slightly to themselves and strolled on. She gave them back, almost scornfully, their unabashed scrutiny. She met them across the barriers of sex as an equal.

Her hair, if you lingered to note it—and her manner invited you to linger—was of a dirty yellow shade at the ends. But the color was not original; it seemed to have been washing out, and where the thick strands left the neck—rather untidily—it was beginning to show a rich brown. Evidently she had repented of peroxide.

She had a little wispy hat that struggled to preserve a look of faded sprightliness. Her dress was of two mutually incensed hues. The skirt had slipped a little from the belt that should have held it trimly. But the stuff of the skirt had been bought in a West End shop, and the blouse had once been dainty.

When the breeze that never ceases in New Zealand lifted her skirt aside, you might

have discovered that one stocking was creased at the ankle and that her shoes looked as if they had been laced in a hurry.

But you must remember that she had had to dress that morning at five o'clock, and the long weariness of train travel in New Zealand had invited untidiness.

She was "Pearl Amor, the Dainty Little Serio," on the bills of the variety company to which she belonged. She had left England three years before, under engagement to Rickards for an Australian tour. She had then received eight pounds a week, and had brought some clever "business" to the Australian variety stage. After her tour, she had received an offer from an Australian manager to appear in a subordinate part in his Christmas pantomime. After that, the public seemed to lose interest in her; other "artistes" brought newer songs and more up-to-date "business" with them; and she had not the brains to copy their work or to invent better "patter." So she drifted, now for a few weeks in the chorus of a dramatic company, then for a five months' tour in a subordinate part in a "No. 2" company, again upon a venture with a "snide-show" that made its precarious way to the back blocks and then disbanded in haste. Then came a month in a bar, until she saved enough money to take her back to Sydney, where the "panto" season was coming on again, and this tided her over the "rest." So she had gone on, earning a livelihood uncertain

and poor. Better luck followed, and now she had come to New Zealand as a humble member of one of the music-hall organizations—"Pearl Amor, the Dainty Little Serio."

She had left Wellington that morning on her way to Auckland, where she was billed to appear the following night—a small new star in a galaxy of music-hall talent. After her week's season in Auckland, she had her return ticket to Sydney, and after that—what? It was October, and soon there would be the rehearsals for the Christmas pantomime.

It had been a long journey in the Manawatu train, and now the Government train, into which she had changed at Palmerston North, was approaching Wanganui. The station at which the train had stopped seemed a deserted little place. It was set on a high plateau; straight roads ran at right angles to the railway-track across a succession of rolling downs, green and fertile, cut up into great paddocks by barbed-wire fences. Here and there tall reefs of Tasmanian blue-gums or lines of poplars showed in the distance, and beneath them farmhouses nestled. It all seemed still and at peace.

A sudden revolt arose in the girl's breast. What was the good of going on? What did her life mean?—where would it all end? What would she not give to throw it all up—the glare, unreal yet so pitiless, of the footlights, the heartsick smiles, the crowded dressing-rooms, the paint and powder, the endless weariness of travel? Would it not be better to slip out of such a life, here and now?

"All seats, please!" said the guard, rapidly passing along the platform. The passengers scurried back to their cars.

The girl looked swiftly across the station platform. She could see past the station altogether, and just opposite two little children were driving in the cows to be milked at the farmyard over the road. It recalled a faint memory of her own childhood. She saw, in a flash, the drowsy evenings, as, stick in hand, she followed the heavy-footed beasts. She remembered her sister Jane, gone—how many years ago?—up to London and there lost from their lives. She heard again their mother calling their names through the quiet

twilight of those long, happy days. She saw the old English farmhouse where she had played, where she had first "dressed up," and acted! She recalled the good home meals; she smelled the good smell of new scones!

The whistle sounded, the train pulled itself together for its journey.

The girl slipped quietly back to the station platform, and stood watching the carriages strain slowly by. Her theatrical acquaintances were in the carriage ahead and did not see her. Nobody took the least notice of her. The train disappeared around a curve, and the few idlers at the station dispersed. She had severed the thread of her life.

She walked listlessly to the main road. She had in her hand a small bag containing her purse and a few of her scanty belongings. The things in the trunk could go.

She looked up and down the road, uncertain which direction to take. But away over the ridge to the right, she saw uplifted the great shoulders of a snow-capped mountain. It was Ruapehu, with its sister cone, the still active volcano, Ngarahoe. She did not know the name of the mountain, but the great shining bulk of it vaguely drew her, and she went forward toward it on the road that climbed to the crest of the ridge toward the peak.

It was early afternoon of a summer day. The air was keen and crisp. She drew in deep breaths as she went. Whither she was going she cared not. She had shut a door on the past.

The road ran along the heights. She could catch glimpses of a wide valley through which a river meandered. The thick bush of New Zealand covered the steep hillsides.

Suddenly she uttered a glad cry. As the road ran around a bluff and the view opened out into a wide valley, she saw all the hillsides golden in the afternoon sun. The road went like a white wake across a burnished sea.

She ran up the bank and pulled a great spray of blossom.

"Broom!" she cried, smelling it eagerly; "my own broom!"

It hung in a luxuriant rain of yellow over the steep banks of the road. She put a great bunch of it in the bosom of her

blouse, and found herself humming a song as she went. It was only a music-hall song, but it seemed to express her mood; it embodied her sense of her nearness to the common things of this earth. She felt almost at home now—in this new, unfinished country at the far end of the earth.

Then the road dipped windingly down to the river, and a new cry broke from the girl's lips.

It was the hawthorn in flower—great drooping sprays of white, as if the bushes bordering the road had received a covering of snow. The fragrance of the blossoms hung heavy about her as she went slowly through this valley of thrusting white. She reached up and put her nose into the familiar blossom—as a dog muzzles into his master's hand.

Now the road slowly climbed the valley, running evenly along the river flats. Here and there were small homesteads, nestling in plantations of English trees, and on the other side of the river there was a Maori village.

Then a new glory broke upon her. Once more the hillsides were golden, but with a richer, deeper yellow. She came nearer and saw that the gold was borne on graceful, drooping trees, each of which looked like a yellow patch of flame. It was the kowhai in blossom. The sight was new to the girl, and with her fresh enthusiasm she could not resist climbing a post-and-rail fence and pulling a bunch of the big, drooping blossoms from an overhanging bough.

"Yes," she said, "I'm in New Zealand, now. I've done with the old life, I've shut the stage-door; it is all past now."

With a little petulant gesture, she plucked the broom from her dress and scattered it on the road. Then, putting the kowhai blossom in her belt, she went on.

Half a mile ahead, one of the ugly unpainted bridges of this new country spanned a creek, and in the corner formed by the junction of the stream with the river a thick plantation of poplars, blue-gums and willows was massed. Between the trees, the cool white of a homestead showed, and over the paddocks stood the gaunt old, unpainted wool-shed and the varied buildings of the men's quarters.

The girl stopped at the station gate, pulled out the wooden peg by which it was fastened, and entered. She had met a few horsemen on the road, who had turned back in their saddles as she passed and stared long at the vivid colors of her dress and the paleness of the face beneath the nodding plumes of her hat. But she had spoken to none of them; she had not even troubled to inquire her whereabouts.

Now she saw another horseman cantering easily toward the gate. He looked as if he had just come from the homestead, and she beckoned him. He pulled up his big brown mare at her side. He was a long, lean fellow, in shirt-sleeves and moleskins. From under his soft-brimmed hat quiet eyes looked wonderingly at her. She noticed first that he was in bad need of a shave, and then that he seemed a superb rider. He was riding bareback, and his long, lithe figure seemed part of the horse.

"Could you tell me if I could get a meal and a rest here for the night?" she asked.

He looked long at her. "Yes, I s'pose you could—only the boss ain't had any women swaggers here, so far."

She flushed angrily; but after all, he was only an ignorant country lout.

"It's not that," she said, hastily. "I've—I've lost my way and—and——"

"You just come up and see the missus; she'll put you up all right. Just you tell her all about it, miss."

There was a tone of sympathy in his voice that seemed the one thing for which the girl had been yearning, and she thanked him gladly. After all, he had nice eyes, and his long arms and legs had a great strength in them. His mouth was firm and masculine, even though the beard about it was dirtily stubbly. And she was very weary.

He turned his horse and rode by her side toward the house.

"Nice showery weather we're having," he remarked, genially; "the cattle up at the top paddocks are jus' rolling fat."

They reached the garden gate. The man leaned from his horse and opened it. She noticed the supple lines of his body as he bent over the panels. She thanked him again, and went up the avenue of native trees interspaced with peach- and cherry-trees in a fragrance of blossom.

The man watched her as she went. Then he dismounted and picked up something from the ground. It was a bunch of kowhai blossom that had slipped from her waist. He put it carefully inside his hat, replaced that article gingerly, and remounted with circumspection.

II.

It was a hospitable house into which the girl had drifted. The "boss" and the mistress were both Scotch, and the pleasant, even tones of the Highlands fell soothingly on the tired girl's ears. But the "boss's" voice had long since become ragged from the emphatic character of his remarks to his dogs, and his shoutings to the men at musterings. There were no other people in the household. Both the sons had gone out into the world. One was in a bank in the Southern Island, and the other, for whom the father was keeping the run, had been caught in the mingled wave of patriotism and restlessness that had swept the colony and carried the flower of its youth to help the mother country in her battles in a far land.

His portrait, taken in his new khaki just before his departure for Africa, hung in the sitting-room.

Mrs. McGregor met the girl at the door, saw her condition at a glance, invited her in without a question, and placed a meal before her. Then she had been shown to a bedroom—a little sloping attic that reminded her of her own room at home; and she had thankfully gone to bed.

She was awakened early next morning by Polly, the plump, rosy-cheeked maid. She was getting up to light the fires, and from her Pearl learned that the other housemaid had just left. Polly told her that if she would stay, and if she knew anything about housework, Mrs. McGregor would be sure to take her.

Pearl had given her real name to Mrs. McGregor—Jessie Simson. The "Pearl Amor" that appeared on the playbills had been a delicate invention of her own. She had also abstained from mentioning her connection with the stage.

The still atmosphere of this household, its peace, its aloofness from all the bustle of life, had taken possession of the girl, and as she lay in bed and saw that she

must pass on out of this resting-place, her heart rebelled.

She was a fierce-tempered creature, and she thought, "I must stay here for a time, even if I have to become a housemaid."

The work would not be difficult, and she could wait a month here until she saw her way clear again. She felt the need of a pause in her life. She must let the current of life flow by for a space. She could face no more decisions; she would drift awhile—it was so easy. Then she turned over luxuriously in bed and slept easily till breakfast-time.

That morning she became housemaid at Ngarahoe Station.

Work kept her busy all that day. After the tea-things had been washed up, there was a pause.

She looked up with a stifed yawn.

"What do you do in the evenings, Polly?" she asked.

"Oh, sometimes I go over to the men's quarters. There's a married couple there, and some of the boys are very jolly. There's Jim, he plays the accordion beautiful, and the head shepherd is great on the flute."

Jessie stared. "Is that all?" she asked, at last. "Don't you find it slow?"

"Slow? Oh, no. You see, we don't sit up late, and at nine o'clock there is prayers."

"Prayers!" All the girl's soul was suddenly in revolt. How long was it since she had been to church?

"But it isn't Sunday," she said.

"No, of course not, silly," laughed Polly. "The 'boss' has prayers every night."

"What, for all of us?"

"Of course. We all go into the dining-room."

Jessie considered. "Well, I won't go."

Polly smiled. "Oh, yes, you will. It'll be something to do."

Really, that evening was very slow! Jessie thought with a sigh of a certain oyster-supper of the evening before she left Christchurch.

The only break in the monotony of the evening was a visit from Jim. He strolled over from the men's quarters, he explained, to see Polly. Jessie thought the explanation superfluous. Jim turned out to be the lean young horseman she had met in the



Drawn by V. A. Svoboda.

"THERE WAS A TONE OF SYMPATHY IN HIS VOICE."

paddock. By the light of the kitchen lamp she noticed that he had shaved, and there were unsuspected lines of strength about his mouth. She almost thought she might call him good-looking. On that point Polly had no doubts. But his conversation! Jim's horizon seemed to be bounded by the run. His world held nothing but sheep and cattle. And his remarks were few and ruminative. He seemed to have relapsed into the placid mental attitude of a cow.

When at last he left, and Polly, with a blush that made her red cheek purple, slipped after him "to say good-night," Jessie's one thought was of pity for the obvious contentment of these two with their narrow environment.

Polly returned and lapsed into a silent contentment. Jessie's nerves began to revolt. It was with a sense of relief that she saw Mrs. McGregor enter the kitchen with the remark that they would now have prayers.

Jessie arose with alacrity and followed her mistress and Polly into the dining-room.

The "boss" sat in his great armchair, spectacles on nose, selecting a chapter from the big Bible. To-night he was very sleepy after a long day in the saddle, and he was looking for a chapter that was short. His wife had pushed away her work and sat, hands folded in her lap, upon the sofa, keeping a watchful eye the while on her husband to see that he did not fall off to sleep. The reading began.

Jessie paid no attention to the words, yet they seemed to fall quietly on her heart. There was a long prayer after, in the middle of which she wondered with a sudden pang how she could possibly put up with this ceremony every night.

When she got into her bed that night she said softly to the bedclothes, "Good Lord!"

But the tone was not one of prayer.

Before she blew out the candle, she caught sight of a text on the wall at the foot of her bed. It said something about giving rest to all who were weary and heavy-laden.

Softly and cautiously Jessie said to the pillow, "Damn!"

Then she turned over and went to sleep.

III.

It must be remembered, in the consideration of Jessie, that it is impossible for one to execute a great sacrifice without regrets. The excitement of her first resolution had waned. The aftermath of depression was here, and Jessie chafed under the pettiness of this new life.

It was to cover this period that she began to flirt with Jim. Really there was no one else to flirt with, and he took to the process with such avidity that Jessie began to get a certain amusement out of his earnestness. Besides, it appealed to her pride to be able to hold in utter subjection such a splendid specimen of physical manhood. At times Jessie had qualms about Polly, for Jim had apparently forgotten her existence; but Polly's calmness of demeanor was too natural to conceal a breaking heart. And Polly wrote assiduous letters to a certain Henry residing at Mungamahu, and in return received bulky envelopes masculinely and laboriously addressed, and marked with the Mungamahu postmark. Jessie decided to let things run their course. And Polly's cheeks did not lose their red.

After a month at Ngarahoe, Jessie found herself slowly growing into the life of the place. Of an evening Jim would wander into the kitchen on a dozen different pretexts, and sometimes Jessie would go to the door "to say good-night." But he never ventured to be anything but laboriously polite. He stood in utter awe of her, and Jessie was content to keep him so. In the warm, moist climate of "the garden of New Zealand" her face began to glow faintly, her figure to fill out to its accustomed curves. Her eye was brighter, her step brisker. The tale she had told of her past was that she had been a lady's companion, who had lost her situation. The stage-life was very far away now.

One Sunday afternoon, Jim persuaded her to go for a ride with him. They rode in silence across the paddocks, over the rich river-flats where the cattle stood belly-deep in lush grass, along willow-shaded tracks beside the brown-hued stream, beneath patches of bush, up hillsides covered with manuka-scrub where startled sheep wheeled from the shade. Wild peacocks

called weirdly from the briar-patches, and wild turkeys stalked, clucking, with their inquisitive broods. Once they saw a dazzling white peacock strut, in his silver, against the dark-green hillside. Tuis called from the forest and the Australian magpie answered with his dismal caw.

Jim was at his best horseback. Jessie covertly admired the sweep of his muscular limbs. He talked, too, freely, telling her of the ways of his sheep and cattle. How this herd was fattening off, already purchased for the freezer, and these were kept for breeding. He told her, too, of himself. He was a New Zealander, born in Oamaru. He had been all his life on farms, but had moved over nearly the whole of the two islands ere he had come to Ngarahoe. Now he had saved some money. "You know," he said, "a fellow can't spend much in the country, unless he goes too often to the public house." Now he had enough to get a lease of a small place of his own. He had his eye on a likely place. It was only a small section of bushland, a few hundreds of acres, but in two years he could clear it and sell it at a good profit, he reckoned. But there was something nearer at hand for him. The married couple at the men's quarters were leaving, and the "boss" had told Jim he could have the place. Now, if he were only married——

Jessie hastily asked him the name of the hill their horses were slowly climbing. He told her, and after a glance at her face relapsed into silence.

At last they reached the top of the ridge. Before them as they dismounted lay Ruapehu in all the glory of his triple peaks, rising silver-white above the far-stretching folds of purple bush. To the west, a great pillar of cloud stood solid in the afternoon sun—a bush-fire in the ranges beneath.

A great awe came upon the girl. About them was the hush of the high solitude. She and Jim were alone in this world of purple-robed ranges. The whole land was covered with a pall of silence. As far as the eye traveled, there was no sign of man, no smoke stirred up to the heavens, even that great cloud in the west was so far off that it seemed motionless and solid. The bush and the mountains had this world to themselves.

She turned to the man at her side with

a sudden impulse of companionship. "It frightens me," she said.

He looked at her with almost a pity in his eyes. "That is because you're not used to it," he said. "It is part of my life—all this." He waved his hand vaguely. He was not good at explaining himself.

She touched him on the shoulder. "I don't understand it," she said. "It is all too big, too complete. There doesn't seem any room for us, does there?"

The personal note in her voice emboldened him. "Ah, but you will learn to like it, Jessie," he said, eagerly. Then with a rush his words came. "You know that I love you, Jessie. I've got a bit of stuff put away in the bank and I'm going to set up for myself, soon. Jessie, I can't give you the sort o' home you're used to, but I love you, and I'll work my fingers off for you, I will!"

It wasn't a refined proposal, but it sounded genuine. She turned away. Oh, if only he were some one else, some one in her own life who could take her away from all this! If only he were not so contented with his life—if only he were ambitious, heroic! Why was he so awkward, so crude, so uncouth?

She flashed round at him. "Marry you, a country fellow like you? Why, I've had gentlemen, *gentlemen*, on their knees to me! And do you think I'm going to throw myself away on a mere country boy like you?"

His awkwardness, his loutishness, appalled her. She looked fearfully forward in wonder if there would ever come a time when she would care to marry such a man.

"No, I didn't really expect you would," he said, at length. "I guess I ain't your sort, Jessie. You're too good for the likes o' me. Only—I love you, and you know it."

For a moment there mastered the girl a great longing to be taken into those strong arms and kissed to subjection. Why did he accept his defeat so easily? She felt the beginning of a contempt for him. She waited with a vague hope that he would rebel against his fate. But when she looked up, he was busy tightening the girth of his mare.

They came down quietly. The manuka was just starting to come into blossom, and the

gullies were white under a frost of flower.

That evening there was a stranger at the homestead—a young man who had ridden up from Wanganui to stay a few days. As Jessie and Jim entered the home paddock, they noticed the horse.

At prayers that night, Jessie saw the stranger face to face. He looked keenly at her, then a slight smile creased his small mouth. Jessie lowered her eyes in an instinctive defense. He was the "Johnny" who had taken her to supper that night in Christchurch.

As she sat demurely listening to the reading of the Bible, her mind was busy. He would tell her mistress who she was, and she would be dismissed. But what did it matter if she was? She was tired of this life, and she could always get some sort of work on the stage. But there was a new thought behind that startled her. She did not feel willing to leave Ngarahoe. Why . . . ?

She made up her mind swiftly. The one thing was to keep the man from telling. As she rose from her knees, she sent him a swift glance of appeal; he nodded good-humoredly. But as she lay in bed that night, she knew that this was but the beginning. He would keep her secret for the present. And she shuddered at the price he might ask.

The next morning, as she returned from the storeroom, she saw the man in the garden. He crossed quickly to her, confronting her in the shade of the laurels. He put out his hand, genially. He, too, was finding the place slow.

"Well, Pearl," he said with a smile—"or is it Jessie now?"

"Thank you, my name is Jessie," she said, and waited.

"And Jessie is even prettier than Pearl was." His eyes were on her insolently. "But what is Jessie doing here?"

"I'm the housemaid here, sir—earning my living."

"But you used to earn your living in a much more pleasant way, dear."

"Thank you; I prefer this way for the present." She nodded, a little haughtily.

It was a mistake.

"Oho! So you won't have anything to do with your old friends?" he sneered. "You've forgotten all about the stage?"

She took refuge in her sex. "Not altogether," she smiled up at him. "I remember that supper in Christchurch, for instance."

"Oh, do you, Pearl?" He was instantly at his ease. "Then I think you've got a kiss for me, dear."

She had given kisses a-many, and lightly. It would not be much, after all. . . . And yet a new feeling was stirring her. It would not be quite fair. It would not be fair—to Jim.

A sudden petulance shook her. Oh, if he would only come!

The man put his arm on her waist. She started back.

"No, no!" she whispered, "I won't!"

"Oh, yes, you will!" he laughed, master of the situation. "You will, just to prevent my mentioning to Mrs. McGregor a few things I know about you."

There was no help for it. She was caught in the toils of the past. She had put it all behind her, she had thought, and yet all the time she had carried it in herself, taken it forward with her. As long as she was herself, she could never escape from that past. She had made it part of herself.

The man came insolently closer. She shrank back.

Then a cyclone occurred. It had long arms and a pair of brown fists.

The man gingerly picked himself up.

"Here, you fellow, what the devil did you mean by that? I've a good mind——"

"You just keep quiet, and you won't be hurt any more," said Jim, as he towered up in his six feet of muscular slimness.

"If you say a word, I'll——"

But it was not necessary to continue. The other knew when he had had enough.

"Jessie," Jim said, as his arm went round her waist protectingly, "it's all right. I'm here."

The man looked on in admiration. "Bucolic swain," he sneered; "it's quite sylvan, you know! I'll leave you two to bill and coo!" He moved away. "Let me see," he said, as he paused at the corner of the path, "is this the seventh or the eighth since you arrived in New Zealand?"

But neither heard him. The girl looked up at Jim, then dropped her eyes.

"I'm—I'm so glad, Jim!" she said.

IV.

The man went next morning.

The mustering and the shearing had come and gone. The Maori shearers that had thronged the great wool-shed for three furiously busy weeks, had at last driven away in a great noisy cavalcade. The grass was beginning to grow in the yards again. The big wool-shed had relapsed into its unfrequented quiet, and the wool-bales filled the loft.

Jessie stayed at the station. She was quieter now. On Sunday afternoons Jim used to pole her up the stream in a big Maori canoe. The horses running wild in the great river-paddocks would come down to the river-bank, stare at the strange craft, and with a snort of contempt swing round and gallop off. And the cattle would wind slowly down to the river-beaches for their evening drink, and stare and stare in curiosity.

The two would come at last to a rapid that defied their clumsy, undermanned craft. Then they would pull up to the bank and lie under the cool shade of the willows. They had become fast friends now. There was a firmness in Jim's character that seemed to fill a need in the girl's more plastic nature. Unconsciously she learned to lean on him.

On one of these happy afternoons, he had tried to kiss her. She had slipped from his arms with an angry word, and he had been humbled. Mentally Jessie remarked: "Fool! Why didn't he kiss me?"

She caught herself sometimes hoping that he might kiss her. She began to wonder how it would feel to be held in those long arms and to let this strong man spend his love on her. Then it was she decided she would go away.

It was quite time. If she stayed at the homestead, there would be only one end to it all. She would marry Jim and shut herself up with him for the rest of her life in the bush. And she had all a woman's desire for the excitement of life. After her upbringing, it was impossible that she could ever be contented with Jim. She craved the stir of life again.

So one night when he had summoned up courage to ask her once more to marry him, she turned on



Drawn by V. A. Seoboda.

"JIM THREW HIMSELF FROM THE SADDLE AND CLUTCHED AT THE TOI-GRASS."

him with a little defiance.

"Why," she said, almost scornfully, "you don't know anything about me, Jim. I might have been the worst kind of girl, for all you know."

"—Or care," said Jim.

No, she could not tell him. She thought too highly of his opinion of her, even if it were a wrong one. She would

go away quietly, and he would never know.

And yet she liked Jim—loved him, perhaps. He had grown so into her life that she had come to accept him as an integral part of it. It would be a wrench to leave him.

Yes, it was quite clear now that she must go away.

"Good-night, Jim," she said, suddenly. "I'm not—not quite well to-night. You mustn't think too hardly of me, Jim. Good-by—I mean good-night."

Next morning, Jim was away early. As she lay in bed, Jessie heard him catch his horse and canter down the paddock with the dogs. He had gone to the top end of the run to shift a mob of wethers. He would be away all day.

After breakfast, she told her mistress that she must leave that day. A coach passed down the valley early in the afternoon. Mrs. McGregor took the information quietly. She was sorry to lose a good maid, but girls were wilful, and Jessie was not like most maids.

That afternoon, Jessie took her few belongings and went early to the gate. The speed of the coach varied in proportion to the number of the passengers. When, as often happened, there were no passengers, the driver, an old man for whom life held no further surprises, dawdled along with a fine disdain for time-tables and his Majesty's mail, for, as his daughter was the postmistress of the district, his paternal authority was always sufficient to prevent her reporting him.

The coach seemed very late. As Jessie waited under the kowhai-tree, a sudden fear overcame her that Jim might return earlier than he had intended. He would find her waiting there, and then— She was not sure of herself. She looked up the valley anxiously, but there was no cloud of white dust rising from the road. The coach was very late. Perhaps it was not coming, or had met with some accident. And if she saw Jim again—

She stepped into the road. She would walk on and let the coach overtake her.

She had walked for nearly an hour before, looking back, she saw the coach round a far spur in a cloud of dust. She sat down to wait.

Then, far behind the coach, she saw another figure. It was a horseman. For a moment that vague fear recurred, but she put it resolutely from her. But she arose and walked on, unconsciously accelerating her pace. The coach approached; but, a mile behind it, cantering easily, was the horseman mounted on an animal that reminded her of Jim's big mare. Still, the coach would reach her first.

It came along slowly, its only passengers an old squatter and his wife going to Wanganui for supplies. Jessie stopped it and climbed in. As she looked back, she saw that the horseman was steadily overhauling the vehicle. She saw, too, that the rider was Jim.

She did the blind thing that her sex does. She called out to the driver to hurry.

"There's a man there, on horseback," she cried; "I don't want him to overtake us."

Visions of beauty in distress, of virtue in danger, of chivalry to the rescue, crossed the old driver's mind. Like all New Zealanders, he loved a race. He whipped up his startled horses, and the old coach bumped down the hill.

Jim, however, had caught sight of a white figure in the coach, and spurred on his horse. But the animal had been going hard since the dawn, climbing the steep ranges, and was obviously tired. For a while, the coach maintained its lead. But it was dangerous work, and the driver repented a little of his chivalry. He tried to pull his horses in, but they had taken possession, and all he could do was to try to hold them in check.

Inside the coach, the three passengers bumped uneasily and gripped their seats.

"D-d-d-does he want to k-k-k-k-kill yer?" gasped the old squatter.

"'Ave yer run away from yer ol' man?" sympathetically inquired his wife.

"'Usbands, as I've reason ter know, ain't as conciliatory as they orter be."

The old man glared and bumped heavily.

"I guess we'll catch that train, Euphemier," he said, with unction.

The horseman came thundering after. The girl noticed again what a superb rider he was. His air of mastery, his calm self-possession, his sturdiness of fiber, appealed

anew to her heart. Jessie sat back with a sudden determination to let things take their course. She was tired of deciding for herself. She would leave it all to Jim.

The driver had slowed his horses, and Jim rode up alongside.

"Jessie," he cried, raising his voice above the rattle of the old coach; "come back! It's all right."

The girl said nothing.

"You've got ter promise, young man, that you won't 'urt 'er before we let's 'er go!" shrilled the old lady.

"Hurt her?" said Jim. "I only want to marry her!"

The old woman looked from Jim to Jessie with a sudden sympathetic interest.

"Is 'e comin' a-courtin' yer?" she eagerly asked.

Jessie smiled.

The old man grew interested.

"Don't yer trust 'im, my girl," he said.

"What I wants ter know is, 'as 'e got the minister?"

"But I don't want him," fluttered Jessie.

The horseman thought it time to interfere.

"Jessie, won't you marry me? You know that I love you, straight. Come back and marry me. You just trust to me, and it will be all right. You must! You must, Jessie, or——" Despair came into his voice. "It is the one thing I've lived for, Jessie, and if you go out of my life, well, there's nothing else."

His voice rang out in its crude strength again: "Except, I s'pose, I can go on working. A fellow always has that to fall back upon."

"For a man," the old lady interjected, "I must say 'e seems peaceable enough!"

Still the coach went on. A yearning came over the girl to stop, to go back, to submit to the rich strength and mastery of this man. But how could she? It was so absurd, this flight, this pursuit. She laughed. Jim saw the laugh, and rode on in silence. It was all over, then. She could laugh! Well, he had been a bit ridicu-

lous. Why hadn't he noticed that before? Still he rode on, his head bent.

Suddenly, as the coach was rattling around a steep bluff overhanging the river, a "swagger," sleeping by the roadside, aroused by the clatter of the wheels, arose suddenly from a bank of bracken. This apparition the coach-horses hardly saw; they swerved slightly and went on. But Jim's mare, following the coach, saw a strange thing loom suddenly by her side; she swerved to the edge of the road, took a pace on air and disappeared over the bank.

As the animal fell, Jim threw himself from the saddle and clutched at the toi-grass that lined the steep cliff-side. But the thin, long leaves slipped through his fingers, and he crashed heavily down.

The coach was stopped. Jessie was the first to get out and clamber down to the spot. The man lay groaning on a scrub-covered ledge many feet below; the horse was struggling in the swift current of the river fifty feet beneath his master.

"Jim! Jim! It's Jessie!" she whispered. At the sound of her voice, the man stirred and put his hand inside his coat. Then slowly—oh, so slowly!—he struggled back into consciousness and looked up into her face.

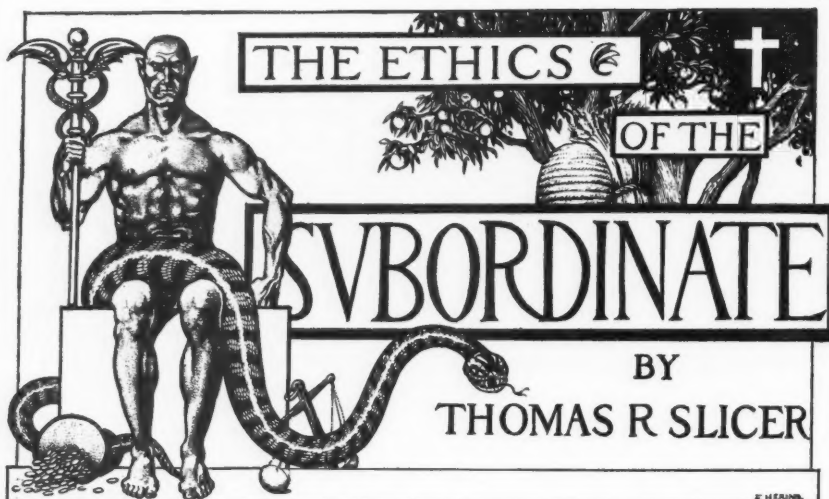
"Jessie!" he said, "you'll marry me now?" and fainted.

The coachman stood over them.

"He's broken a rib or two, and he's badly bruised," he said, examining the body. "He'll be all right in a month. But that mare"—and his voice shook—"that mare—finest mare in the district—she's a-goner!"

They got the unconscious Jim into the coach. Jessie supported his helpless head on her lap. A great pity went through her for the strong man stricken down. She saw herself, her sex, in a new light. Here was her task, her renunciation. Other things that once seemed great took their proper proportion. She kissed the damp forehead, and took the clenched hand in hers.

Softly she unclasped his tense fingers. They were grasping a few faded blossoms of the yellow kowhai.



IN a class for the study of ethics, made up of a hundred working men and women, most of them under twenty-five years of age, the teacher proposed as a subject of discussion, the question: Can one who is in a subordinate position in the business world preserve a high moral standard, in view of the possible failure of moral methods in those who administer the business? For illustration the following cases were assumed.

First: What is the ethical obligation of the clerk in a business house, who knows that the goods that he is required to sell do not correspond in quality with the description which he is instructed to give concerning them?

Second: What is the ethical obligation of a policeman, who, reporting at the precinct station-house after his tour of duty on post, finds that his captain has prepared a form for him to sign, which represents his post as conforming in all respects to law—no gambling-houses, no pool-rooms, no violations of the excise law? This report which has been prepared for him he may be asked to sign although he knows that exactly contrary conditions exist on his post.

The class was divided in opinion with regard to these cases. One clear-minded and energetic member of it argued that so-

ciety required success; that success could be attained only by obeying orders when they were given, no matter what the orders were; that the business world was administered by methods in which cleverness was at a premium; and that if a man was in the position of a subordinate, he must do what he was directed by his superiors; that he was relieved of moral responsibility by that fact, and that it was the only way to "get on"; that, in general, the workman had no chance. When the teacher inquired what is this society in which it was proposed "to get on," a fellow-member of the class, with more readiness than courtesy, replied, "He wants to 'get on' with the other liars."

It will be seen that in both these cases assertions were made which must be subjected to proof. Is it true that the business of the world is administered in the main by dishonest methods? That is a large question, which might occupy the entire space of this article. Since it cannot be entered upon in extenso, let two facts be mentioned upon the other side.

First. More than ninety per cent of all business is done on credit of some kind. Credit is the synonym for confidence. Confidence is bestowed only where experience proves reliability.

Second. Large profits are made by

companies insuring the character of those holding positions of trust. Such insurance would be impossible, and the losses would more than outrun the gains, were dishonesty the rule.

Perhaps this is enough to say with respect to methods of business as a whole. But the fact remains that there is a widespread opinion among those in subordinate positions that, having taken service of any kind, they must conform to the service without regard to their moral convictions. This is a question not only in ethics, but in psychology; and it is this which this article purposes to present.

It is a very easy thing to say that if a young man employed by a business house finds its methods indirect, dishonest and untruthful, he may leave his position rather than abandon his moral ideals. Like most things that are easy to say, it is very often hard to do. In the first place, the subordinate belongs, as a rule, to an almost unlimited class of workers. Of course, as he ascends in ability, the class becomes smaller, and the exceptionally able may be eliminated from the discussion, because there is always a market for ability of the highest order. But the average worker has very little choice. His necessities compel him to get a living. Conditions of self-respect require that the living shall be honestly made.

Let us examine the case in more detail. We assume that the business is legitimate. The young man is not a cashier in a gambling-joint, nor runner for a disreputable business, but he is a clerk in an ordinary mercantile establishment. This establishment has built up its reputation upon the products of a manufactory which has always produced goods of the highest quality. Having established a reputation for the sale of these goods, the concern deliberately substitutes for them the goods of another house, and represents to its purchasers that they are equal in every respect. It has paid a less price for the second, because they are really not so good. They may be defective in dye. They may be made of a lower grade of raw material. A score of wrongs may exist in the manufacture which the employer knows, and yet the price is maintained as for the article first sold, and the difference is in the profit

made on the lower price paid by the establishment to the manufacturer. The public is getting a less desirable article at the same price.

Now the employee knows this. He is not in a position to argue the matter with the superintendent of his department, and he usually has no access to the head of the concern, if the establishment is a large one. What is his duty? He may have made a contract to remain a certain length of time in the employ of the concern; or he may be so situated that to be thrown out of work would mean absolute want and immediate distress to those who depend upon him.

Observe, however, how easily an argument is made for his retaining his place. Aside from the necessities of his life, his obligations to those whom he supports, and the fact that he is only an agent and not a principal in the matter, there is the common statement that really the test of the sale made lies in the knowledge of the buyer. How specious this answer is, ethically considered, will appear from the fact that most buyers purchase the article upon the guarantee of the house offering it, a guarantee perhaps not in terms, but in the general reputation for honest dealing. It may be that the head of the house is absolutely honest. He has a superintendent of department over whom he exercises no immediate supervision as to his methods—indeed, cannot know what the rules are that he lays down for the observance of his subordinates. The fact is, the public is at the mercy, by virtue of its ignorance and inexperience, of all kinds of dealers in the necessities of life. A private house has open plumbing, because it wishes to see the trap under the basin. Formerly it was covered up, and it might or might not be a sanitary appliance. We send for the health inspector to test the plumbing in a house. We are absolutely dependent upon his skill and upon his honesty to say whether it is sanitary or the reverse. The buyer of an article in the ordinary lines of trade consults the seller first as to what kind of thing he needs; as to what style of thing is used, if it be some article of personal adornment; as to the reliability of the manufacture involved. Only inveterate "shoppers"

know whether the price is more or less by a fraction than it should be. So that to say that the purchaser is responsible for knowing whether the truth is told or honesty is used, seems in the last degree specious.

I recall a conversation along this line with the head of a large department store, who took the view that if anything was sold the purchaser was, in the last analysis, responsible for a fraud perpetrated upon him. He used this illustration: "I may hear of a man who wishes to buy a watch. I meet him on the street and say to him, 'I understand you wish to buy a watch.' He admits that he wants a watch. I take out of my pocket this watch (showing it), and say to him, 'What do you wish to give for a watch?' 'Well, I would be willing to give a hundred dollars if the watch suited me.' Whereupon I offer him my watch for a hundred dollars. He examines it, decides that it suits him, and takes it. Now," said this employer of labor, "the watch may be worth absolutely nothing; but he has bought it on his own inspection and on his own terms." And with the air of one thoroughly convinced, he asked me what the objection was to that transaction. Knowing him to be a believer in retribution, if not in commercial integrity, I said to him, "You could not be sent to the penitentiary for that transaction, but you ought to go to hell." It may be inferred that this reply was not satisfactory to him.

This is only one aspect of the world of trade. Another is presented in the ethical obligations of those who solicit trade—the great commercial traveler class, who are taken out of the sanctities of home and live for the most part a life of hotels and the road. They very frankly say that they must offer something more than the goods in question, by way of entertainment, furnishing at times opportunities for vicious amusement, which they themselves resent, but which are not inquired into particularly if the trade comes to the house.

As a result of this state of things, a very questionable ethical standard slowly creeps into the mind of an appreciable part of the community engaged in trade, namely, the standard which allows a double life. The man who would not steal from anybody is

put in the position of stealing from everybody. It is the same specious distinction that exists in the political world, where it is frequently said of amiable characters that they "have every private virtue and every public vice." This distinction involves the contradiction of two axioms. The first is that what a man owes to everybody is more than what he owes to anybody. The man who defrauds the public is much more guilty than the man who defrauds the individual, as the public is more than the individual. The second axiom is this: that it is not given to human nature to carry its moral convictions in water-tight compartments that have no communication with one another. Many men go through life quite creditably, being floated by the fact that, although they are wrecked forward, as we would say of a ship that has had its bow staved in, the bulkhead holds, and the water-tight compartments float the hulk.

It is for lack of knowing this, or remembering it, that business built up by a system of piracy imposed at once upon the public and the subordinates, justifies itself late in life by large benefactions to charitable and educational institutions. The late-bestowed generosity, corresponding to the water-tight compartment, keeps afloat a career which, in its earlier part, has been badly "stove in."

Now, if this has been in any sense a fair statement of the situation, what is the remedy? What is the ethical refuge of employees who may be confronted by these methods, which their moral sense disapproves? Ideally, the relief would come from a labor union based on character. There are labor unions based upon wages and hours and age; but, so far as the writer recalls, there has been no union of subordinates based upon the refusal to impair the moral sense at the demand of superiors. If such a union should arise, the term "scab" would be vacated of all its heroism; for then the only employee would be the one who would sell his time and effort to immoral methods in business.

The melancholy reflection is forced upon one that there is an institution that is supposed to have had some such purpose as the labor union proposed, namely, Christian civilization. This is not a matter which

can be argued. It may simply be said that Christian civilization does not yet exist. Civilization exists in more or less well-defined strata through the geologic formation of society. There is a great deal of genuine precious mineral inclosed in mud deposits and in quartz pockets in this structure of society. But, like all things that are of great value, it must be mined for, and it cannot be traced with certainty by any outcroppings on the surface. The distinction is easily recognized between a Christian nation and a nation of Christians. This is not said with any feeling that either pagan or Jewish areas furnish any better outlook. It is a mere question of the development of the race. The laws of trade are well defined, and the laws of Christianity are well defined. The trouble is to get them together, operative in the same plane. I do not know that the proposed labor union on the basis of character can be carried out. But if it should ever arrive, the strike for the sake of honesty, integrity and truth in business methods would not be maintained by contributions from the main treasury; for the person who engaged in a strike for the sake of honesty would hardly be willing to be supported from a common fund. Such a strike might be the surest road to the organization of the commonwealth of effort, in which profit-sharing and partnership throughout the whole ranks of employees would bring to pass that long-delayed ideal of cooperation in a commonwealth, which would be absolutely coincident with good will and the common weal.

We are often surprised by the heat that is shown in discussing questions of injustice to employees. But the irritation is easily accounted for if we can conceive of a situation in which the weight of authority imposed cannot be lifted nor its readjustment made more perfect. There is a distinct appeal to the chivalry of the employer class—the more so, that many of the employees are women. Survivals of the subjection of woman appear not only in the political field, where she is in many states still classed with criminals, children and idiots, in being deprived of all suffrage; but there is a survival also of the ancient theory that it is her privilege to work for the male. She now gets wages instead

of the blows which the squaw used to get for tardy obedience to her lord; but the wages are not yet equalized between men and women for the same employment, not even in the field of education, where the woman's work is often superior to that of a man of equal attainments. This appeal arises from abstract chivalry. Those who have known large groups of working-girls must find the appeal to the chivalry of their male overseers much more specific and convincing, in view of the conditions under which so many of them are employed. There ought to be established "a school for gentlemen," in which employers, superintendents and managers who employ large groups of women helpers should be required to take a degree. Of course, there is no defense for an outraged sense of decency upon the part of the individual worker. She may leave her place, and if the brutality of disposition sometimes encountered is of an extreme type, she may leave her character with it. You would never suspect, in looking at certain specimens of the employer of labor, what goes on in that part of his anatomy which in moments of humor he calls his "mind." He dresses for the part which he ostensibly plays. He often has a sickening suavity of manner. He frequently evinces that degree of refinement which is so diverse from good breeding that it registers itself as vulgarity; and in large establishments, great groups of employees are at the mercy of overseers whose authority is often enhanced by the fact that the wage paid in great establishments to the women helpers is itself a premium placed upon the desire to conciliate the favor of superintendent, manager or floor-walker.

Into this field, such organizations as the Consumers' League enters, with its body of women devoted to the welfare of the employee class. They are women of sense and of refinement. They know what is due to a woman's constitution and temperament, as no man can possibly know, and they have distinctly raised the tone of employment in many great centers of industry. Of course, in touching this subject, we are dealing with the extremity of the situation. And yet, the great buying public is hardly aware what tragedies of moral struggle go on among the young women who are flung

into the maw of a great city to be digested for its uses as part of the force which makes it great.

Every man working among these people feels the ethical passion which would better conditions at the top, that they might be felt at the bottom of the whole mercantile structure.

Two or three things must come to pass before the moral relation of employer and employee can be properly adjusted. First, a more intimate knowledge by the heads of a great business, of each least detail concerning the well-being of their whole army of industry. If this seems too much to ask, let it be remembered that the failure of the lowest private in an army to be nourished so that he can fight, is charged, not simply to the steward of his mess, but to the commissary-general, and to the government that he serves. Great commanders have won undying fame, not simply for their strategic ability and large intelligence in the conduct of campaigns, but for the care that the individual soldier has had by a system which had its pivotal point in the mind of the commander. When masters of industry understand that their well-being and success depend quite as fully as, in the conduct of a campaign, the general's success depends, upon the weakest point in the whole body being strengthened, men will enter mercantile life as a great vocation, not simply because it deals with vast industry, but because it deals with vast masses of human beings. No care bestowed upon the human soul can ever be misplaced. The more helpless its relation is, the greater solicitude is demanded on its behalf of all right-minded men.

The second thing that must come to pass before the moral relations of employer and employee are properly adjusted, is the recognition of that law of human nature that all the conditions of life cannot be fulfilled where an insufficient wage is paid for exhausting work. It is not enough to say that people can be got for that remuneration. If the remuneration does not provide a means of decent living, all manner of temptations at once present themselves to make good the difference. The passion for gambling among employees of the mercantile class is alarmingly prevalent. Of course, it is a fatal remedy, but it arises

from the desire to enter the world all at once with the great gambling public which is stricken through with the desire to get something for nothing. Old-fashioned self-denial is no longer popular; and the restraint which comes with saving carries with it a kind of undefined sense of embarrassment and shame.

It is not possible, within the limits of this article, to utter any doctrinaire dogma concerning what is a fair wage, and how it shall be paid, and under what conditions the service shall be rendered. But it is difficult to believe that it is required of human nature that in order to live it shall lower its ideals, when the profit of such reduction of its moral standard inures to another and not to itself. In other words, no living can be worth while that makes a man of less worth.

The third element in the adjustment of the moral relations of employer and employee must come eventually along the lines of profit-sharing and cooperation. This is too large a subject to enter upon here. But just as surely as tribal competition has surrendered to the principles of democracy in government, so the contention of small groups for mercantile ascendancy must eventually pass into the human commonwealth, where every worker shall be a sharer and an owner in the degree of his utility to the whole. That this is not a dream, is seen in its successful operation in industries now amounting to several thousand in the world of business.

A little less greed, a little more care, and above all an embracing sense of human brotherhood, are the elements which enter into the devising of that plan of business life which shall make the employer the guardian of the employee, and the employee the devoted friend of the employer. In the nature of things, the subordinate can never be other than the man under orders; but his orders may be of a kind that he shall delight to carry out, because they engross not simply his energy, but command also the highest offices of his mind. He has the right to expect a dividend on his investment of himself in another man's business; and the lifting of his moral nature to a higher level is not only an ideal, it is a necessity on which the existence of society depends.



GATE OF THE PRISON OF ST. PETER.

BY DULANY HUNTER.

OUR way to Jerusalem lay through Damascus, where we found a wealth of fruit and flower although it was already autumn, and then we drove through the Valley of the Litany to the ruins of Baalbec, on a glorious afternoon when the route seemed to pass through some enchanted region, green and fertile, with abundant mountains on one side and on the other a towering desolation steeped in crimson and vermillion of a crudity and brilliance that colors must have had when the world first began.

The purple crests of far-off mountains loomed up throughout the distance, but the Antilebanon alone was already white with early snows. It was a drive of six hours through all the changing lights of the afternoon, and we reached the ruined temple just as the fires of sunset appeared to be consuming the majestic pile. The splendor of the scene was overpowering, but I will not linger upon it now nor take the reader with me through the mighty marble courts which lead to the once glori-

ous shrine; still I wish that he could have seen in the gold and crimson light that noble bar of six Corinthian columns, more imposing in their ruin, perhaps, than when they formed a group with fifty others before the temple door; or that he could have gone through the deepening darkness to see the marvelous construction of the inclosing wall, attributed by some to the Phenicians, and by others to a race yet more ancient and more mighty which lived and worked and perished before the light of history began to dawn upon the world—and surely three great monoliths of stone each measuring more than sixty feet in length by thirteen in height and thickness, lifted high into the air, would alone seem to justify the theory.

At Beirut we took the steamer for Jaffa, stopping at Sidon. "Sidon the mother of Tyre"—Tyre once mistress of the seas! A few empty tombs alone remain from the time of the Phenicians, but it was something to stand for one brief hour on such

NOTE.—This article shows Jerusalem as it is. In the next issue of THE COSMOPOLITAN we hope to present a prophetic view of Jerusalem as the capital of a New Zion—a Jewish Republic.

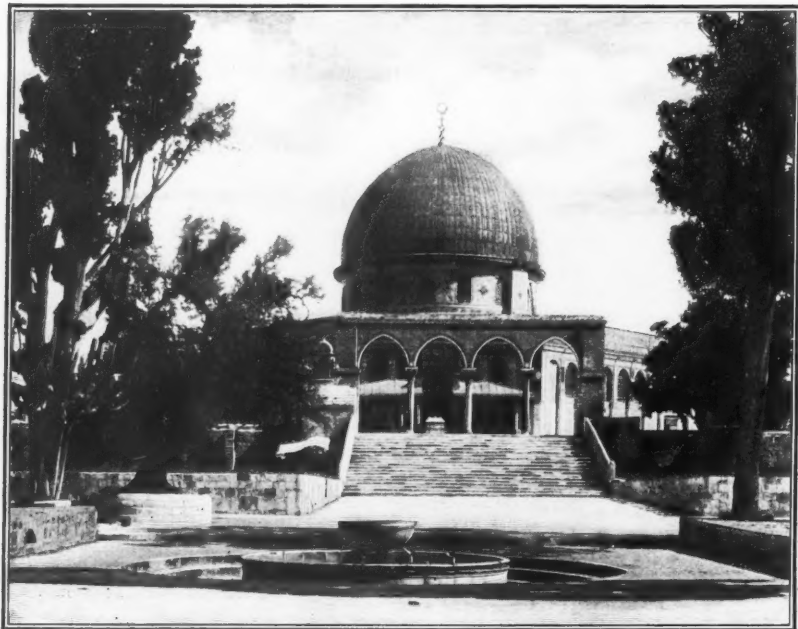
enchanted soil and to recall that here formerly arose a splendid city, now remembered only as a name but once great and of surpassing beauty. It was something, too, to pass, later in the evening, the site of a yet mightier throne—that of Tyre. Tyre, like Sidon, perished utterly, though her purple seems to have dyed forever the waters on the silent shore.

Morning brought us to Jaffa, and in the afternoon we took the train to Jerusalem across the plain of Sharon, where picture after picture from the Bible was suggested to me.

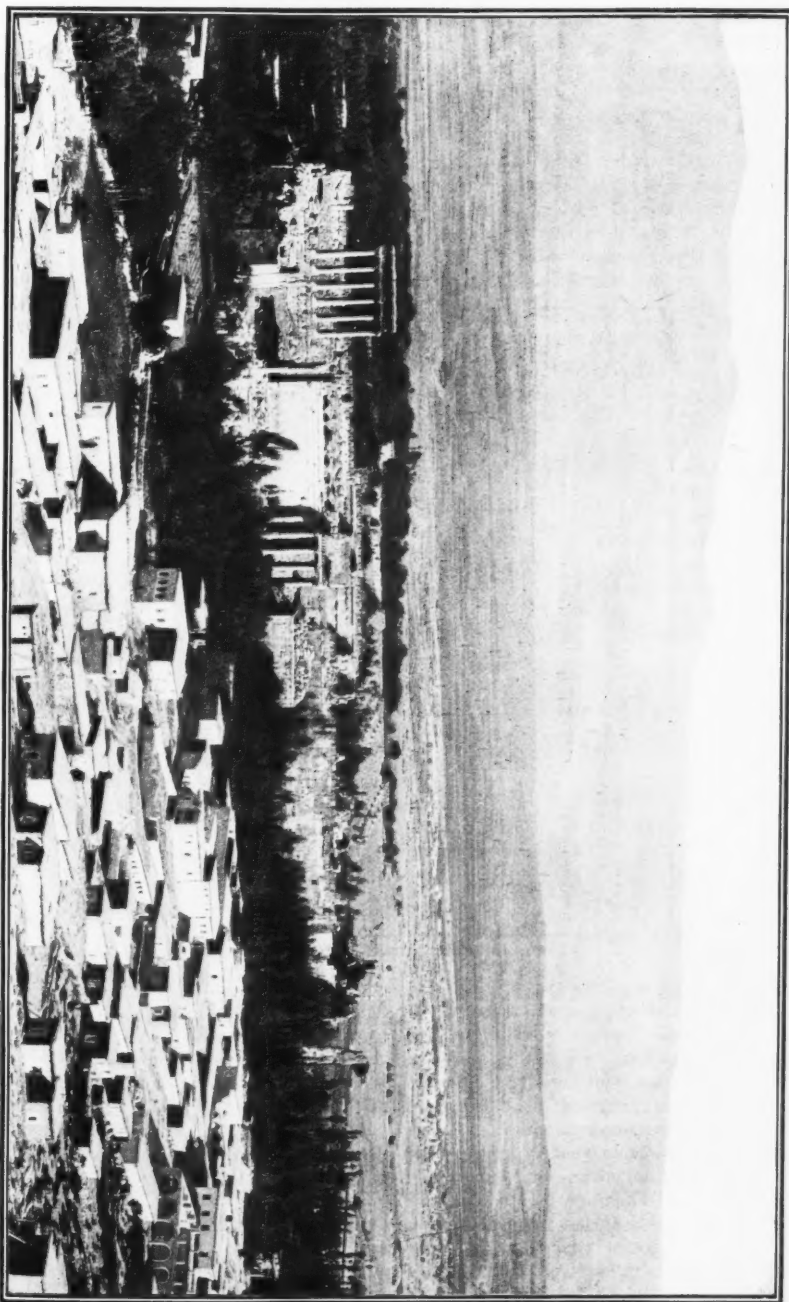
Then we came through the mountain passes to Jerusalem—Jerusalem, gaunt and spectral, standing on her hoary hills.

It seemed of ill omen to see her for the first time looking cold and dark and desolate beneath a bleak November sky that bore no trace of the recent sunset—of ill omen to pass through her great gates at that hour when the lights of day had faded and the stars not yet begun to shine. Surely it was a dreary picture—but less cruel to behold than the scene of desolation that the daylight set forth next morning

as we looked out upon the city from the parapet of the great square around the Mosque of Omar—the vast plateau raised to the level of the crest of Mount Moriah by Solomon in order that the approach to his far-famed Temple might be the more imposing. But it bears now upon its broad expanse only a solitary mosque of dove-colored faience which the Arabs have left us. And on both sides of the awful chasm at our feet lie the multitudes of unremembered dead awaiting the final call to judgment on the day when “the angel of the Lord” shall descend into this Valley of Jehoshaphat. Farther on, still to the left, the Mount of Olives lifts its sacred brow to the fierce glare of the midday sun, showing us how unlovely it has become since man turned its once solemn groves into barren courts around ghastly convents and churches. Then the eye, weary of the scene of desolation, wanders back upon the city, but strains itself in vain to find a building that was standing there when Christ passed on his way to Calvary. And yet there is no point in Jerusalem from which the history of her



MOSQUE OF OMAR WITH LAVER.



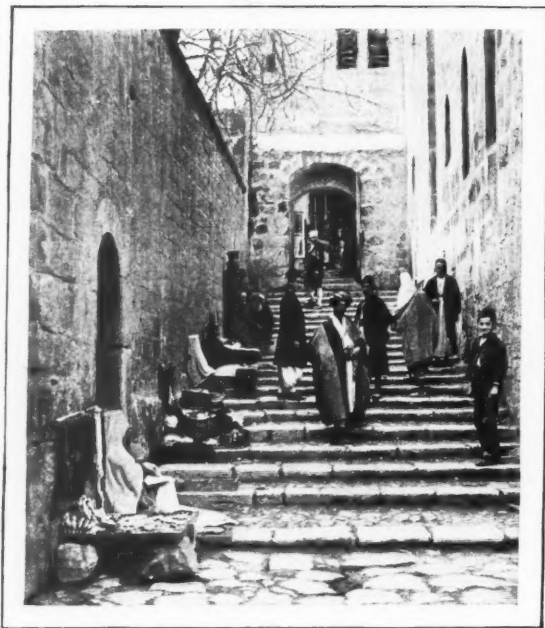
PANORAMA OF BAHLEB.

glories and disasters can be more clearly deciphered, for we know that the solitary blue-gray mosque glittering in the midst of the surrounding desolation known as "the Sacred Inclosure" is the lovely crown the Saracens placed upon the holy brow of Mount Moriah where David saw the exterminating angel "holding in his hand a naked sword turned against Jerusalem." We know it was here that he raised an altar and that Solomon built the Temple whose splendor and magnificence have never been equaled—the Temple utterly destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, but rebuilt, though less grandly, by the children of Israel after their return from captivity in Babylon; destroyed again by the Romans, and triumphantly reerected by Herod in time for Christ to pass within its portals and give instruction; then annihilated by the

exterminating armies of Titus, who fulfilled to the letter the awful predictions of the prophets concerning the "desolation" of Jerusalem; and finally replaced by the fairy mosque of faience which we behold to-day as perfect as a thousand years ago when the Crusaders became masters of Jerusalem and threw the solemn shadow of the cross beneath the shimmering mosaics of its golden dome. Thus Jews, Christians and Mussulmans alike have worshiped here in the times of their ascendancy. The hoary crest of the mountain has for them all a peculiar sanctity, and it is a fitting crown

that the Arabs have placed upon it, for perhaps no building in the world to-day combines at once such simplicity and beauty of conception, such grace and elegance of form, with brilliance and delicacy of color and richness of material. In design it is more simple than St. Mark's at Venice and in detail more pure and magnificent. No Roman or Gothic building can be compared to it, and in all El Islam it is matchless. From the simple exterior—a lovely octagon of soft-colored faience

capped by an aerial-looking dome—one would hardly expect to pass into one of the most glorious treasure-houses of the world; and yet so harmoniously are riches blended here that the effect, far from being dazzling, is subdued and restful, and the magnificence of its materials is perceived only as, one by one, the royal col-



STAIRWAY LEADING TO THE HOLY SEPULCHER.

ors of porphyry and lapis lazuli and the delicious green of verd-antique stand out in columns of imperishable splendor against walls incrustured with precious marbles of less brilliant hues—as the golden mosaics of the shining arches glitter beneath heavy clusters and trailing garlands of unfading flowers, and soft lights fall from jeweled windows beneath a marvelous dome of gold. In the midst of all these riches of nature and of art, Mount Moriah raises the mighty sweep of its awful crest, more dark, more barren, more awe-compelling, perhaps, than when David saw the angel



PANORAMA OF BETHLEHEM.

standing upon it holding aloft in menace the flashing sword. But a high circular screen of wrought iron and carved woodwork, encircling the entire center of the edifice, hides the solemn mountain from the gaze, and through a few great apertures only is it to be seen.

And now we wander through that mighty desolation called "the Sacred Inclosure," which extends so far in all directions, around the solitary mosque of faience, that we could hardly see where it begins or ends were it not for uneven waves of color against the barren stretch of gray, indicating another Jerusalem, the Jerusalem of the Turks, fast falling into pitiless decay. But standing among the ruins of the old Jerusalem we may yet behold two objects of signal significance, which, although their features are altered, have witnessed in the past the grandest processions that ever entered the Sacred City. They are two of her gates. Through one, known as "the Double Gate," leading from Ophel, Solomon must have passed with the Queen of Sheba who was visiting him, when half of the riches of the world seem to have been employed by the monarchs in dazzling each other with the idea of magnificence. But the heavy sound of their gold-bound chariots has long since been forgotten, the flash of their splendid

jewels faded, the gold and silver tinsel with which they arrayed themselves fallen into dust, while the recollection of the other "entry"—the entry through "the Golden Gate"—seems fresh as something that occurred but yesterday. Then Christ entered Jerusalem amid the hosannas of the people, and the palms they spread before him still look green to us as the white-clad figure moves among them toward the Temple.

We leave "the Sacred Inclosure" through the vast Mosque of El Aksa, which stands where the mighty stairway of Solomon once swept from "the Double Gate" to the Temple, and we are here vouchsafed an idea of the grandeur of the works of that monarch by the cyclopean foundations that are visible. This splendid mosque, like every ancient building in Jerusalem, has had a troubled history. Built by Justinian for Christian worship, it soon suffered the replacing of its cross by the crescent, although raised again by the Crusaders when they took possession of the city and assigned the church, with the secular buildings around it, specially for the service of those knights who became famous in Europe under the name of the Templars. It then fell into the possession of the Arabs, from whom the Turks finally wrested it. So Romans, Arabs, Franks and Turks have all in turn

been masters here and from this lofty eminence looked out upon the strange, dark group of shrines across the city called the Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

Naturally, it was to Mount Calvary and the Holy Sepulcher that my heart turned to receive the deepest and most sacred impressions; but I stood before the Sepulcher as cold and untouched by emotion as the stones that are piled in an unlovely heap around it, and when I had gone a little farther and ascended, without trembling, the fourteen short steps that lead to Mount Calvary, I could hardly realize that I was upon the eminence which dominates the world. Only once did a feeling of awe come over me. It was when I saw "the Cleft in the Rock," and then for a moment I thought of the thunders that rolled in the distant centuries.

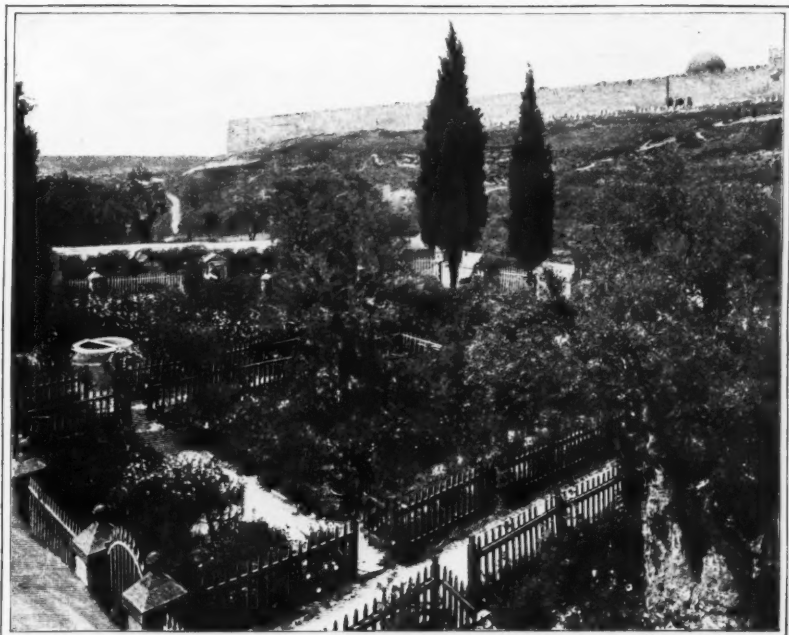
The disillusion came not from the presence in the church of Turkish soldiers, proud, scornful, and fully armed to protect the different Christian sects from mutual violence; nor from the fetid air of the vast temple reeking with human impurities though raised in honor of Him who was the incarnation of purity; nor from the tawdry decorations in gold and silver, silk

and tinsel, the grotesque hearts and crosses upon the altars, the crude votive offerings upon the walls; nor even from the interminable processions headed by priests of the Latin, Greek, Armenian and Abyssinian branches of the faith, who showed in their looks and bearing undisguised hostility and contempt for one another as they crossed on the way to offer sacrifice to One whose gospel was peace and charity—perhaps they were more faithful than they knew to their doctrine that every day they open afresh Christ's wounds, that they crucify Him anew every morning as they press to their altars of silver and gold. But the disillusion came rather from the unfaith which could not believe that the pink marbles around the Sepulcher inclosed the tomb from which the angel once rolled away the stone, and that the hillock but a few yards farther on, with its crosses and altars and the faint glimmer of lights, is the Calvary upon which Christ suffered and died for the sins of the world.

Still yearning for some of the faith that the years have stolen, I joined, the next afternoon, a little group such as gathers every Friday to pray before the Stations of the Cross. The sky was dark and



THE VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT, SOUTH SIDE.



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE, GENERAL VIEW.

lowering, but in the air there was no sense of storm, though it was strangely calm. As the bell of a neighboring convent tolled slowly, a score of Franciscan fathers hurried up the hill and we followed them in silence into the courtyard of the Turkish barracks, which are built upon the place where the Pretorium is believed to have stood. Here was Christ scourged.

Priests, men, women, youths, all fell into the dust and prayed, while I, kneeling apart from the others, hardly listened to the Miserere, hardly realized that from this spot commenced that short journey which revolutionized the world. Then we moved down the Via Dolorosa—"the Street of Pain." Here the cross was laid upon Him! And, a little farther on—here He fainted! The procession stopped at each station to pray, but my thoughts had carried me through the ages to a morning in the spring-time when a pale, slight figure bearing His cross in patience, though fainting, passed down the same narrow way, followed by a few faithful friends in the distance but mocked at and insulted by a

crowd of cruel men and women like those glaring impotently at us now. It was a very touching vision, and very human, but, alas! all human, that I saw in fancy passing slowly down the Street of Pain.

By a strange coincidence, the Jews assemble every Friday almost at the same hour before a few cyclopean stones of the Temple to bewail its destruction. And it is pathetic to behold them weeping through long hours over their great books of prayer as they recite the hopeless litany commencing, "For the Temple that is fallen, O Lord! we sit and mourn!" A few fresh, boyish faces were among them, but we knew that they would soon become hard and pinched and crafty-looking like their elders—the old men who had journeyed back to Jerusalem from distant countries to die. Yes, but a little while and the rich furs and velvets of the prosperous, the rags and tatters of the indigent, would be stripped from them and their worn bodies laid in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, above the dried-up Cedron, where multitudes upon multitudes lie awaiting

the resurrection. The Valley of Jehoshaphat! Oh! its bitter memories! One dark night, returning from the Mount of Olives—for I had wished to see Gethsemane only by the light of stars—tired, disconsolate and heavy-hearted, I came to the awful chasm which yawns open eternally to receive the dead, though for ages the generations have paid their tribute in little handfuls of polluted dust. The forgotten graves, the fallen headstones, the dark forms of a few lonely ilex-trees, made a picture of awful gloom. I trembled, from one step to another in the descent leading to the hollow of the valley, to find down

that somewhere at the bottom, preserved, perhaps, eternally by their bitter salt, must be still lying the awful ruins of the fair "Cities of the Plain."

A little later, I was in the Via Dolorosa—the Street of Pain—and entering the convent of the Sisters of Sion to see the Arch of the Ecce Homo—the only relic of the Great Tragedy which we had not visited. This arch, dating from the time of the Romans, is supposed to mark the place where Pilate said in derision, "Behold the man!" and it is precious preserved in the chapel of the convent, where it spans the choir, its rough and time-worn



THE JAFFA GATE.

there all the specters of the lost—the lost dead clothed in the whiteness with which death has endowed them and the lost living long since become unrecognizable! . . .

The following day, in the uncertain light of the morning, we entered the steep valleys that descend from Jerusalem to Jericho and the Sea of Death—hillsides bare and lifeless at that season but in the spring-time covered with the brightest flowers and sweetest herbage of the East. Downward, downward, downward, until we reached the plain upon which stood the cities that the sea has sunken forever with its heavy curse. Yet, in looking into the silent waters, I could not help believing

aspect contrasting strangely with the exquisite finish of the simple edifice which has for its guardians French women of culture and elegance who once belonged to the "great world."

Then we rode to Bethlehem. Jerusalem had been left behind—Jerusalem with all its bitter associations, its disappointments, its disillusion, its desolation! On the right a quiet landscape, low though slightly rolling toward the west; but on the left many hills, and in the far distance a long sweep of blue, so pale that it looked almost transparent and ethereal, indicated the sacred range of Moab where Moses was entombed by angels. In place of the rocks

and stones and lifeless mosses near Jerusalem, the hills were now covered with an abundant vegetation, and on all the countryside around there seemed to have fallen a blessing. It was indeed a sweet picture of pastoral life spread out before us—shepherds returning slowly with their flocks as evening descended, cattle grazing along the purple hillsides, homes nestling in the peaceful valleys. Such a picture may have met the dreary gaze of Jacob when he had laid the body of Rachel "in the way," and was continuing his weary journey to Bethlehem. We passed her lonely tomb and were soon near the little line of habitations reaching to the town—all gray, with flat stone roofs and narrow windows making them look strangely venerable. In the streets, women crossed us dressed in quaint costumes, with long white veils, belonging to other centuries; but it was not the costumes but the peculiar beauty of their faces which arrested and fascinated us, dominated all other ideas, until we realized that it was because of some strange calm and peacefulness of expression which seemed to have settled upon them all—upon the maidens with the veil worn close upon their heavy hair and upon the married women whose veils were raised high as upon a crown symbolical of wifehood and motherhood. All we saw were beautiful, bearing a kind of mystical resemblance to the Madonna of our dreams—one was even holding a child upon her shoulder and the setting sun threw a sort of nimbus about its head.

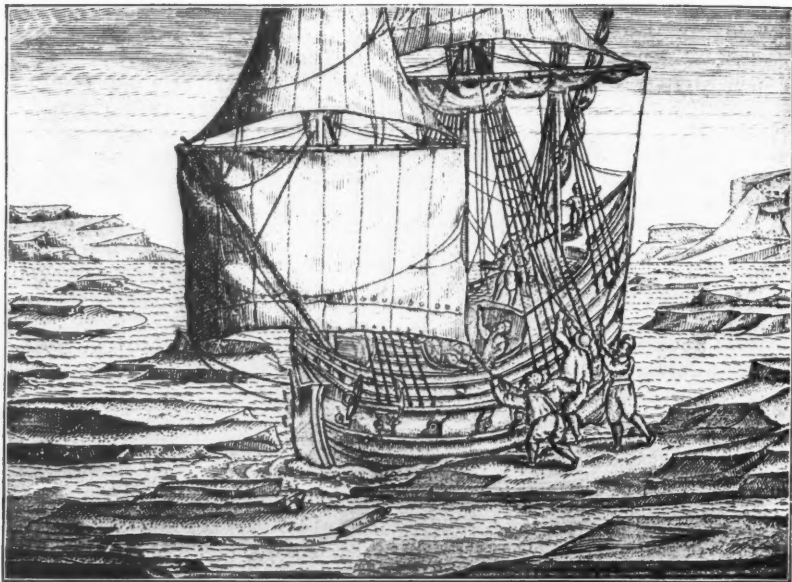
Then the façade of the Church of the Nativity became visible. Plain with the simplicity of early Christian feeling, yet

broad and noble in its outlines, this precious relic of the age of St. Helena and Constantine is both impressive and touching in its aspect. The vast nave was deserted—it is always deserted now—but in the unlovely chapels which the Latins, Greeks and Armenians have raised upon the ruins of the choir and transepts of the venerable building, there are always worshippers. And beneath is the simple cavern of the Nativity whence a Light once issued forth to illumine the world, but for centuries now it has been enveloped in a tender obscurity, as if too sacred to be seen by men save in the soft glow of altar fires. Through mists of incense and of tears the pilgrim sees the blessed shrine, while through his memory softly peal the long-forgotten sounds of Christmas bells. Indeed, so rapturous is his dream, perhaps, that when he hears approaching footsteps fall he would not be surprised to see the wise men of the East draw near with precious gifts of gold and myrrh—instead of a few Franciscan fathers coming to recite their evening prayers. Even the tawdry decorations on the walls and altars appear to possess a beauty and a glory surpassing the rich offerings of the Magi, for one has knelt a brief moment in the mystic presence of the Christ.

But we may not linger long at Bethlehem. The way leads back to Gethsemane and Calvary again—to Jerusalem, though not to the Jerusalem of Solomon or of David, of Herod or of Omar, but to the Jerusalem of Christ, over which there yet hovers the shadow of an undying Agony and toward which humanity feebly turns to ease its transitory pain.



THE DEAD SEA AND THE HILLS OF JUDEA.



From an old print.

BARENTZ'S SHIP IN THE ICE.

HENRY HUDSON.

IN 1909 NEW YORK WILL CELEBRATE THE THREE-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE ARRIVAL OF HENRY HUDSON.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

VI.

HUDSON sailed from the Texel in the "Half Moon" (possibly along with another small vessel, the "Good Hope," that did not continue the voyage) on April 6, 1609; and for more than a month—until he had doubled the North Cape and was well on toward Nova Zembla—went duly on his way. Then came the mutiny that made him change, or that gave him an excuse for changing, his ordered course.

The log that has been preserved of this voyage was kept by Robert Juet; who was Hudson's mate on his second voyage, and who was mate again on Hudson's fourth voyage—until his mutinous conduct caused him to be deposed. What rating he had on board the "Half Moon" is not known; nor do we know whether he had, or had not, a share in the mutiny that changed the ship's course from east to west. With

a suspicious frankness, he wrote in his log: "Because it is a journey usually knowne I omit to put downe what passed till we came to the height of the North Cape of Finmarke, which we did performe by the fift of May (*stilo novo*), being Tuesday." To this he adds the observed position on May 5th, $71^{\circ} 46'$ north, and the course, "east, and by north and east," and continues: "After much trouble, with fogges sometimes, and more dangerous ice, the nineteenth, being Tuesday, was close stormie weather, with much wind and snow, and very cold. The wind variable between the north north-west and north east. We made our way west and by north till noone."

His abrupt transition from the fifth to the nineteenth of May covers the time in which the mutiny occurred. Practically, his log begins almost on the day that the ship's course was changed. In the smooth concluding paragraph of this same log, to be

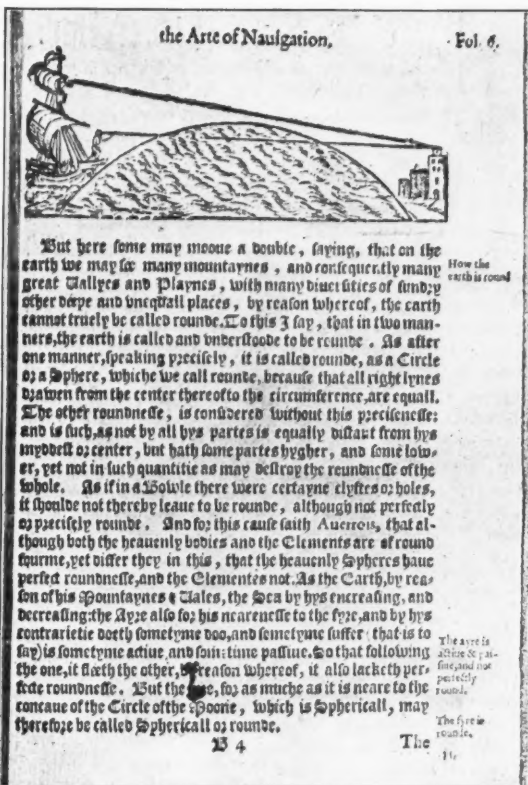
cited later, he passes over unmentioned the mutiny that occurred on the homeward voyage. Judging him by the facts recorded in the accounts of the voyage into Hudson's Bay, it is a fair assumption that in both of these earlier mutinies Juet had a hand.

I wish that we could find the bond that held Hudson and Juet together. That Juet could write, and that he understood the science of navigation—although those were rare accomplishments among seamen in his time—fail sufficiently to account for Hudson's persistent employment of him. For my own part, I revert to my theory of fatalism. It is my fancy that this "ancient man"—as he is styled by one of his companions—was Hudson's evil genius; and I class him with the most finely conceived character in Marryat's most finely conceived romance: the pilot Schriften, in "The Phantom Ship." Just as Schriften clung to the younger Van der Decken to thwart him, so Juet seems to have clung to Hudson to thwart him; and to take—in the last round between them—a leading part in compassing Hudson's death.

One authority, and a very good authority, for the facts which Juet suppressed con-

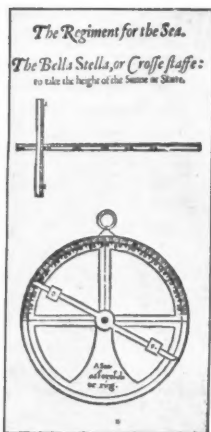
cerning the third voyage is the historian Van Meteren: who obtained them, there is good reason for believing, directly from Hudson himself. In his "Historie der Nederlanden" (1614) Van Meteren wrote: "This Henry Hudson left the Texel the 6th of April, 1609, and having doubled the Cape of Norway the 5th of May, directed his course along the northern coasts toward Nova Zembla. But he there found

the sea as full of ice as he had found it in the preceding year, so that he lost the hope of effecting anything during the season. This circumstance and the cold which some of his men who had been in the East Indies could not bear, caused quarrels among the crew, they being partly English, partly Dutch; upon which the captain, Henry Hudson, laid before them two propositions. The first of these was, to go to the coast of



"HOW THE EARTH IS ROUND," 1596.

America to the latitude of forty degrees. This had been suggested to him by some letters and maps which his friend Captain Smith had sent him from Virginia, and by which he informed him that there was a sea leading into the western ocean to the north of the southern English colony [Virginia]. Had this information been true (experience goes as yet to the



CROSS STAFF AND ASTROLABIE.

contrary), it would have been of great advantage, as indicating a short way to India. The other proposition was to direct their search to Davis's Straits. This meeting with general approval, they sailed on the 14th of May, and arrived, with a good wind, at the Faroe Islands, where they stopped but twenty-four hours to supply themselves with fresh water. After leaving these islands they sailed on till on the 18th of July, they reached the coast of Nova Francia under 44 degrees. . . . They left that place on the 26th of July, and kept out at sea till the 3rd of August, when they were again near the coast in 42 degrees latitude. Thence they sailed on till, on the 12th of August, they reached the shore under 37° 45'. Thence they sailed along the shore until we [sic] reached 40° 45', where they found a good entrance, between two headlands, and thus entered on the 12th of September into as fine a river as can be found, with a good anchoring ground on both sides."

That river, "as fine as can be found," was our own Hudson.

Van Meteren's account of the voyage, although not published until the year 1614, was written very soon after Hudson's return—the slip that he makes in using "we" points to the probability that he copied directly from Hudson's log—and in it we have all that we ever are likely to know about the causes which led to the change in the "Half Moon's" course. For my own part, I believe that Hudson did precisely what he had wanted to do from the start. The prohibitory clause in his instructions, forbidding him to go upon other than the course laid down for him, pointedly suggests that he had expressed the desire—natural enough, since he twice had searched vainly for a passage by Nova

Zembla—to search westward instead of eastward for a waterway to the Indies. As Van Meteren states, authoritatively, he was encouraged to search in that direction by the information given him by Captain John Smith concerning a passage north of Virginia across the American continent—a notion that Smith probably derived in the first instance from Michael Lok's planisphere, which shows the continent reduced to a mere strip in about the latitude of the river that Hudson found; and that he very well might have conceived to be confirmed by stories about a great sea not far westward (the great lakes) which he heard from the Indians.

But the starting-point of this geographical error is immaterial. The important fact is that Hudson entertained it: and so was led to offer for first choice to his mutinous crew that they should "go to the coast of America in the latitude of forty degrees." His readiness with that proposition, when the chance to make it came, confirms my belief that his own desire was to sail westward, and that he made the most of his opportunity. And the essential point, after all, is not whether the mutiny forced him to change, or merely gave him an excuse for changing, his ordered course: it is that he was equal to the emergency when the mutiny came, and so controlled it that—instead of going back, defeated of his purpose, to Holland—he deliberately took the risk of personal loss that attended breaking his contract and traversing his orders, and continued on new lines his exploring voyage. It is indicative of Hudson's character that he met that cast of fate against him most resolutely; and most resolutely played up to it with a strong hand.

VII.

As the direct result of breaking his orders, Hudson was the discoverer of our river—to which, therefore, his name properly has been given—and also was the first navigator by whom our harbor effectively was found. I use advisedly these precisely differentiating terms. On the distinctions which they make rests Hudson's claim to take practical precedence of Verrazano and of Gomez, who sailed in past Sandy Hook nearly a hundred years ahead of him; and

of those shadowy nameless shipmen who in the intervening time, until his coming, may have made our harbor one of their stations—for refitting and watering—on their voyages from and to Portugal and Spain.

The exploring work of John and of Sebastian Cabot, who sailed along our coast, but who missed our harbor, does not come within my range: save to note that Sebastian Cabot pretty certainly was one of the several navigators, including Frobisher and Davis, who entered Hudson's Strait before Hudson's time.

Verrazano was an Italian, sailing in the French service. Gomez was a Portuguese, sailing in the Spanish service. Both sought a westerly way to the Indies, and both sought it in the same year—1524. Verrazano has left a report of his voyage, written immediately upon his return to France; and with it a

vaguely drawn chart of the coasts which he explored. (It is my duty to add that certain zealous historians have denounced his report as a forgery, and his chart as a "fake"—a matter so much too large for discussion here that I content myself with expressing the opinion that these charges have not been sustained.) Gomez has left no report of his voyage, but a partial account of it may be pieced together from the maritime chronicles of his time. He also charted, with an approximate accuracy, the lands

which he coasted; and while his chart has not been preserved in its original shape, there is good reason for believing that we have it embodied in the planisphere drawn by Juan Ribero, geographer to Charles V., in the year 1529. On that planisphere the seaboard of the present states of Maryland, New Jersey, New York and Rhode Island is called "the land of Estevan Gomez."

Lacking the full report that Gomez presumably made of his voyage, and lacking

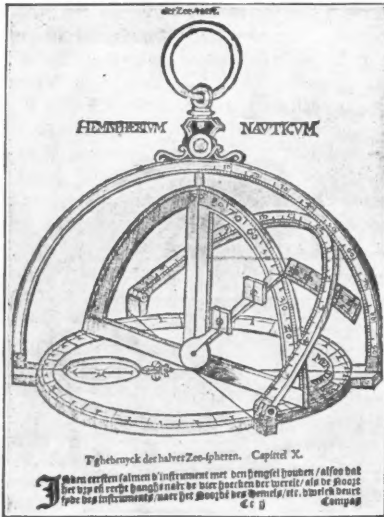
the original of his chart, it is impossible to decide whether he did or did not pass through the Narrows and enter the Upper Bay. Doctor Asher—in his life of Hudson, published by the Hakluyt Society—expresses the opinion that Gomez did make that passage; to which he adds: "It is certain that the later Spanish seamen who followed in his track in after years were



A SEA HAND-BOOK PROBABLY USED BY HUDSON.

familiar with the [Hudson] river, and called it the Rio de Gamas."

In regard to Verrazano—admitting his report to be genuine—the fact that he did pass through the Narrows into the Upper Bay is not open to dispute. He therefore must have seen—as, a little later, Gomez may have seen—the true mouth of Hudson's river eighty-five years before Hudson, by actual exploration of it, made himself its discoverer. But Verrazano, by his own showing, came but a little way into the



NAUTICAL HEMISPHERE, 1582.

Upper Bay—which he called a lake—and he made no exploration of a practical sort of the harbor that he had found.

It is but simple justice to Verrazano and to Gomez to put on record here, along with the story of Hudson's effective finding, the story of their ineffective discovery. Fate was against them as distinctly as it was with Hudson. They came under adverse conditions, and they came too soon. Back of the explorer in the French service there was not an alert power eager for colonial expansion. Back of the explorer in the Spanish service there was a power so busied with colonial expansion on a huge scale—in that very year, 1524, Cortés was completing his conquest of Mexico, and Pizarro was beginning his conquest of Peru—that a further enlargement of the colonization contract was impossible.

Therefore we may fall back upon the assured fact—in which I see again the touch of fatalism—that not until Hudson came at the right moment, and at the right moment gave an accurate account of his explorations to a power that was ready immediately to colonize the land that he had found, were our port and our river, notwithstanding their earlier technical discovery, truly discovered to the world. As for the river, it assuredly is Hudson's very own.

VIII.

From Juet's log I make the following extracts, telling of the "Half Moon's" approach to Sandy Hook and of her passage into the Lower Bay:

"The *first* of September, faire weather, the wind variable betweene east and south; we steered away north north west. At noone we found our height [a little north of Cape May] to bee 30 degrees, 3 minutes The *second*, in the morning close weather, the winde at south in the morning. From twelve untill two of the clocke we steered north north west, and had sounding one and twentie fathoms; and in running one glasse we had but sixteene fathoms, then seventeene, and so shoalder and shoalder untill it came to twelve fathoms. We saw a great fire, but could not see the land. Then we came to ten fathoms, whereupon we brought our tacks aboard, and stood to the eastward east south east, foure glasses. Then the sunne arose, and we steered away north againe, and saw the land [the region about Sandy Hook] from the west by north west to the north west by north, all like broken islands, and our soundings were eleven and ten fathoms. Then we looft in for the shoare, and faire by the shoare we had seven fathoms. The course along the land we found to be north east by north. From the land which we had first sight of, untill we came to a great lake of water [the Lower Bay] as we could judge it to be, being drowned land, which made it to rise like islands, which was in length ten leagues. The mouth of that land hath many shoalds, and the sea breaketh on them as it is cast out of the mouth of it. And from that lake or bay the land lyeth north by east, and we had a great streame out of the bay; and from thence our sounding was ten fathoms two leagues from the land. At five of the clocke we anchored, being little winde, and rode in eight fathoms water. This night I found the land to hall the compasse 8 degrees. Far to the northward of us we saw high hills [Staten Island and the Highlands]. For the day before we found not above two degrees of variation. This is a good land to fall with, and a pleasant land to see.

"The *third*, the morning mystie, untill ten of the clocke. Then it cleered, and

the wind came to the south south east, so wee weighed and stood to the northward. The land is very pleasant and high, and bold to fall withal. At three of the clocke in the after noone, we came to three great rivers [the Raritan, the Arthur Kill and the Narrows]. So we stood along to the northernmost [the Narrows], thinking to have gone into it, but we found it to have a very shoald barre before it, for we had but ten foot water. Then we cast about to the southward, and found two fathoms, three fathoms, and three and a quarter, till we came to the souther side of them; then we had five and sixe fathoms, and anchored. So wee sent in our boate to sound, and they found no lesse water than foure, five, sixe and seven fathoms, and returned in an houre and a halfe. So we weighed and went in, and rode in five fathoms, oze ground, and saw many salmons, and mullets, and rayes, very great. The height is 40 degrees, 30 minutes."



From an old print.

HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE.

That is the authoritative account of Hudson's great finding. I have quoted it in full partly because of the thrilling interest that it has for us; but more to show that the record of his explorations—the "Half Moon's" log being written throughout with the same definiteness and accuracy—gave what neither Gomez nor Verrazano gave: clear directions for finding the haven that he, and those earlier navigators, had found by chance. On that fact, and on the other fact that his directions promptly were utilized, rests his claim to be the practical discoverer of the harbor of New York.

For more than a week the "Half Moon" lay in the Lower Bay and in the Narrows. Then, on the eleventh of September, she passed fairly beyond Staten Island and came out into the Upper Bay: and Hudson saw the great river—which on that day became his river—stretching broadly to the north. I can imagine that when he found that wide waterway, leading from the ocean into the heart of the continent—and found it precisely where his friend Captain John Smith had told him he would find it, "under 40 degrees"—his hopes were very

high. The first part of the story being confirmed, it was a fair inference that the second part would be confirmed; that presently, sailing through the "strait" that he had entered, he would come out, as Magellan had come out from the other strait, upon the Pacific—with clear water before him to the coasts of Cathay.

That glad hope must have filled his heart during the ensuing fortnight;

and even then it must have died out slowly through another week—while the "Half Moon" worked her way northward as far as where Albany now stands. Twice in the course of his voyage inland—on September 14th, when his run was from Yonkers to Peekskill—he reasonably may have believed that he was on the very edge of his great discovery. As the river widened hugely into the Tappan Sea, and again widened hugely into Haverstraw Bay, it well may have seemed to him that he was come to the ocean outlet—and that in a few hours more he would have the waters

of the Pacific beneath his keel. Then as he passed through the Southern Gate of the Highlands, and thence onward, his hope must have waned—until, on September 22d, it vanished utterly away. Under that date Juet wrote in his log: "This night, at ten of the clocke, our boat returned in a showre of raine from sounding the river; and found it to bee at an end for shipping to goe in."

That was the end of the adventure inland. Juet wrote on the 23d: "At twelve of the clocke we weighed, and went downe two leagues"; and thereafter his log records their movements and their doings—sometimes meeting with "loving people" with whom they had friendly dealings; sometimes meeting and having fights with people who were anything but loving—as the "Half Moon" dawdled slowly down the stream. By the 2d of October they

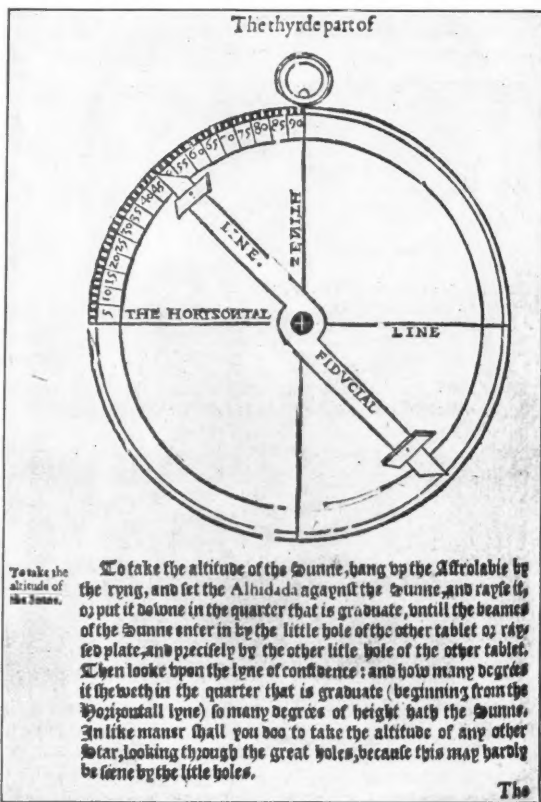
were come abreast of about where Fort Lee now stands. There they had their last brush with the savages, killing ten or twelve of them without loss on their own side.

After telling about the fight, Juet adds: "Within a while after wee got downe two leagues beyond that place and anchored in a bay [north of Hoboken], cleere from all danger of them on the other side of the

river, where we saw a very good piece of ground [for anchorage]. And hard by it there was a cliffe [Wiehawken] that looked of the colour of a white greene, as though it were either copper or silver myne. And I thinke it to be one of them, by the trees that grow upon it. For they be all burned, and the other places are as greene as grasse. It is on that side of the river that is called Manna-hata. There we saw no people to

trouble us, and rode quietly all night, but had much wind and raine."

In that entry the name Manna-hata was written for the first time, and was applied, not to our island, but to the opposite Jersey shore. The explanation of Juet's record seems to be that the Indians known as the Mannahattes dwelt—or that Juet thought that they dwelt—on both sides of the river. That they did dwell on, and that they did give



AN ASTROLABIE, 1596.

their name to, our island of Manhattan are facts absolutely established by the records of the ensuing three or four years.

During October 3d the "Half Moon" was storm-bound. On the 4th, Juet records: "Faire weather, and the wind at north north west, wee weighed and came out of the river into which we had runne so farre." Thence, through the Upper Bay

and the Narrows, and across the Lower Bay—with a boat out ahead to sound—they went onward into the Sandy Hook channel. "And by twelve of the clocke we were cleere of all the inlet. Then we took in our boat, and set our mayne sayle and sprit sayle and our top sayles, and steered away east south east, and south east by east, off into the mayne sea."

Juet's log continues and concludes—passing over unmentioned the mutiny that occurred before the ship's course definitely was set eastward—in these words: "We continued our course toward England, without seeing any land by the way, all the rest of this moneth of October. And on the seventeenth day of November (*stilo novo*), being Saturday, by the grace of God we safely arrived in the range of Dartmouth, in Devonshire, in the yeere 1609."

From the standpoint of the East India Company, Hudson's quest upon our coast and into our river—the most fruitful of all his adventurings, since the planting of our city was the outcome of it—was a failure. Hessel Gerritz (1613) wrote: "All that he did in the west in 1609 was to exchange his merchandise for furs in New France." And Hudson himself, no doubt, rated his great accomplishment—on which so large a part of his fame rests enduringly—as a mere waste of energy and of time. I hope that he knows about, and takes a comforting pride in—over there in the Shades—the great city which owes its founding to that seemingly bootless voyage!

IX.

We know what happened to Hudson when he reached Dartmouth, but we have scant explanation of why it happened. Gerritz tells that "he was accused of having undertaken a voyage to the detriment of his own country." Van Meteren tells that when the "Half Moon" was about to proceed to Holland, "Henry Hudson and the other Englishmen of the ship were commanded by government there not to leave England, but to serve their own country." It is probable, as I have suggested, that the directors of the Muscovy Company were at the bottom of Hudson's seizure out of the Dutch service. But we only know certainly that he was seized out of that service: with the result that he and

Fate came to grips again, and that Fate's grip on him did not loosen until Death cast it off.

My belief that he was at outs with his former employers is strengthened, as I have noted, by the fact that the Muscovy Company had nothing more to do with him. His last adventure was set forth, mainly, by Sir Dudley Diggs, Sir Thomas Smith, and Master John Wostenholme—who severally are commemorated in the Arctic by Smith's Sound and by Capes Diggs and Wostenholme—and the expedition got away from London in the bark "Discoverie" on April 17, 1610.

Purchas wrote a nearly contemporary account of this voyage: to which he added the fragments of Hudson's log, brought back by the mutineers; and also what he styled "A Larger Discourse of the Same Voyage," written by "one Abacucks Prickett, a servant of Sir Dudley Digges, whom the mutineers had saved in hope to procure his master to worke their pardon." Prickett's narrative—being essentially a bit of special pleading, intended to save his own neck and the necks of his companions—has been regarded with suspicion from Purchas's time downward. But it is the only record that we have of the whole voyage, and of Hudson's casting-out from the ship, written by one of the ship's company; and so we must take its facts, or its perversions of facts, as they stand.

In the ruling of that, his last, adventure all of Hudson's malign stars seem to have been in the ascendent. His evil genius, Juet, again sailed with him as mate; and out of sheer good-will, apparently, he took along with him in the "Discoverie" another villainous personage, one Henry Greene—who showed his gratitude for benefits conferred by joining eagerly with Juet in the mutiny that resulted in the murder of their common benefactor. All that we know of Greene's antecedents is the little that Prickett tells: "You shall understand that our master kept (in his house in London) a young man, named Henrie Greene, borne in Kent, of worshipfull parents, but by his leud life and conversation hee had lost the good will of all his friends, and had spent all that hee had. This man our master would have to

sea with him because he could write well."

Hudson, therefore, started on that dismal voyage with two firebrands in his ship's company—and ship's companies of those days, without help from firebrands, were like enough to explode into mutiny of their own accord. I must repeat that the sailormen of Hudson's time—and until long after Hudson's time—were little better than dangerous brutes; and the savage ferocity that was in them was kept in check only by meeting it with a more savage ferocity on the part of their superiors. From Prickett's rambling narrative we glean that by the time the ship had entered Hudson's Strait there had been several mutinous outbreaks; and that it was by argument, rather than by a judicious severity, that Hudson succeeded in pushing on—until, as Purchas puts it, he had come into "a spacious sea, wherein he sayled above a hundred leagues south, confidently proud that he had won the passage."

By his resolute determination to make absolutely sure that he had "won the passage" he was led straight to his death. As the short summer waned he still pressed onward; and so came to be ice-bound in James Bay—in the southeastern corner of Hudson's Bay—when the winter fell.

It has come to be a recognized fact that nerves go to pieces in the long-continued cold and gloom of an Arctic winter. Among prisoners of ice and darkness arise all manner of mean contentions and petty squabbings; whence presently come tragedies—as little ills are magnified into catastrophes, and little injuries into deadly wrongs. But of those conditions, naturally, came the increasingly bitter hatred of their commander and of another among the "Discoverie's" crew of half savages, as the winter wore on; and it is in keeping with the mean traditions of the Arctic that the point of departure of the final mutiny was a wrangle that arose among them for the possession of "a gray cloth gowne."

Prickett records that "about the middle of this moneth of November dyed John Williams, our gunner," and that his possessions, including the gray cloth gown, were brought to the mainmast to be sold to the highest bidder—in accordance with the sea custom of those and of later times. Greene "prayed the master to frind him

so much as to let him have it, paying for it as another would give. The master saith hee should, and thereupon he answered some, that sought to have it, that Greene should have it, and none else, and so it rested."

But it did not rest long. A little later Hudson had a falling out with the carpenter; and, on the day following the quarrel, the carpenter and Greene—seemingly without asking leave—went hunting on shore. "This did move the master so much the more against Henry Greene, that Robert Billot [promoted to be mate when Juet was disrated] must have the gowne, and had it delivered unto him; which, when Henry Greene saw, he challenged the masters promise to him. But the master did so raile on Greene, with so many words of disgrace, telling him that all his friends would not trust him with twenty shillings, and, therefore, why should he." To which Prickett adds: "You shall see how the devil out of this so wrought with Greene that he did the master what mischiefe he could in seeking to discredit him, and to thrust him and many other honest men out of the ship in the end."

X.

The end came in the spring-time. Through the winter the party had "such store of fowle," and later had for a while so good a supply of fish, that starvation was staved off. When the ice broke up, about the middle of June, Hudson sailed from his winter quarters and went out a little way into Hudson's Bay. There they were caught and held in the floating ice—with their stores almost exhausted, and with no more fowl or fish to be had. Then the nip of hunger came; and with it came openly the mutiny that secretly had been fermenting through those months of cold and gloom.

Prickett writes: "Being thus in the ice on Saturday, the one and twentieth of June, at night, Wilson the boat swayne, and Henry Greene, came to mee lying in my cabbin lame, and told mee that they and the rest of their associates would shift the company and turne the master and all the sicke men into the shallop, and let them shift for themselves." According to his own account, Prickett made answer

to this precious pair of scoundrels that for their families' sakes they should not commit so foul a thing in the sight of God and man as that; to which Greene replied that "he knew the worst, which was, to be hanged when hee came home, and therefore of the two he would rather be hanged at home than starved abroad." With that deliverance "Henry Greene went his way, and presently came Juet, who, because hee was an ancient man, I hoped to have found some reason in him. But hee was worse than Henry Greene, for he swore plainly that he would justify this deed when he came home."

More of the conspirators came to Prickett to urge him to join them in their intended crime. We have his weak word for it that he refused, and that he tried to stay them; to which he weakly adds: "I hoped that some one or other would give notice . . . to the master." That he did not try to give notice to the master himself is the blackest count against him. The just inference may be drawn from his narrative, as a whole, that he was a liar; and from this particular section of it the further inference may be drawn that he was a coward.

In the dawn of the Sunday morning the outbreak came. Prickett tells that it began by clapping the hatch over John King (one of the faithful men), who had gone down into the hold for water; and continues: "In the meane time Henrie Greene and another went to the carpenter [Philip Staffe] and held him in a talke till the master came out of his cabbin (which hee soone did); then came John Thomas and Bennet before him, while Wilson bound his armes behind him. He asked them what they meant. They told him he should know when he was in the shallop. Now Juet, while this was doing, came to John King in the hold, who was provided for him, for he had got a sword of his own, and kept him at a bay, and might have killed him, but others came to helpe him, and so he came up to the master. The master called to the carpenter, and told him that he was bound, but I heard no answere made. Now Arnold Lodlo and Michael Bute rayled at them, and told them their knaverie would show itselfe. Then was the shallop haled to the ships side, and the poore sicke and lame men were called

upon to get them . . . into the shallop.

"The master called to me, who came out of my cabbin as well as I could, to the hatch way to speake with him: where on my knees I besought them, for the love of God, to remember themselves, and to doe as they would be done unto. They bade me keepe myselfe well, and get me into my cabbin; not suffering the master to speake with me. . . . Now was the carpenter at libertie, who asked them if they would bee hanged when they came home: and, as for himselfe, hee said, hee would not stay in the ship unless they forced him. They bade him goe then, for they would not stay him. . . .

"Now were all the poore men in the shallop, whose names are as followeth: Henrie Hudson, John Hudson, Arnold Lodlo, Sidrack Faner, Philip Staffe, Thomas Woodhouse or Wydhouse, Adam Moore, Henrie [*sic*] King, Michael Bute. The carpenter got of them a peece, and powder, and shot, and some pikes, an iron pot, with some meale, and other things. They stood out of the ice, the shallop being fast to the sterne of the shippe, and so (when they were nigh out, for I cannot say they were cleane out) they cut her head fast from the sterne of our shin, then out with their top sayles, and toward the east they stood in a cleere sea.

"In the end they took in their top sayles, righted their helme, and lay under their fore sayle till they had rausacked and searched all places in the ship. . . . Now it was said that the shallop was come within sight. They let fall the main sayle, and out with their top sayles, and fly as from an enemy. Then I prayed them yet to remember themselves. But William Wilson (more than the rest) would heare of no such matter. Comming nigh the east shore they cast about, and stood to the west, and anchored. . . . Here we lay that night, and the best part of the next day, in all which time we saw not the shallop, or ever after."

That is the story of Hudson's murder as we get it from his murderers; and even from Prickett's biased narrative—of which I have quoted only a small part—so complete a case is made out against the mutineers that there is comfort in knowing that some of them, and the worst

of them, came quickly to their just reward.

While the ship lay in Hudson's Strait, taking in what fowl could be found there for food on the homeward passage, a party on shore was set upon by savages, and justice was done. Henry Greene was "slaine outright," and three others were so badly wounded that "they all died there that day, William Wilson swearing and cursing in a most fearefull manner." Prickett adds the pious reflection: "Thus you have heard the tragicall end of Henry Greene and his mates, whom they called captaine, these four being the only lustie men in all the ship." I am glad to add that Prickett himself received a "cruell wound" in the back from an arrow; and I should wish—but for the fact that we then should have lost his narrative—that that weak villain had been killed along with the rest. Juet's end came a little later, but was equally satisfactory. On the homeward voyage the whole company got to the very edge, and Juet passed beyond the edge, of starvation. When the ship was only sixty or seventy leagues from Ireland, where she made harbor, Prickett tells that he "dyed for meere want."

Upon the few survivors who eventually got back to England no exemplary punishment seems to have been inflicted. Hessel Gerritz wrote: "The crew were thrown into prison. . . . They are to be kept prisoners till their captain will have been found. In search of him three ships have been sent out this summer (1612)." If that search was made, nothing came of it. Of the prisoners, no further record has been preserved.

XI.

Hudson has no cause to quarrel with the rating that has been fixed for him in

the eternal balances. All that he lost (or seemed to lose) in life has been more than made good to him in the flowing of the years since he fought out with Fate his last losing round.

In his River and Strait and Bay he has such monuments set up before the whole world as have been awarded to no other navigator. And they are his justly. Before his time, those great waterways, and that great inland sea, were mere hazy geographaical concepts. After his time they were clearly defined geographical facts. He did—and those who had seen them before him did not—make them effectively known. Here, in this city of New York—which owes to him its being—he has a monument of a different and of a nobler sort. Here, assuredly, down through the coming ages, his memory will be honored actively, his name will be in men's mouths ceaselessly, so long as the city shall endure.

And I hold that Hudson's fame, as a most brave explorer and as a great discoverer, is not dimmed by the fact that up to a certain point he followed in other men's footsteps; nor do I think that his glory is lessened by his seeming predestination to go on fixed lines to a fixed end. On the contrary, I think that his fame is brightened by his willingness to follow that he might—as he did—surpass his predecessors; and that his glory is increased by the resolute firmness with which he played up to his destiny. Holding fast to his great purpose to find a passage to the East by the North, he compelled every one of Fate's deals against him—until that last deal—to turn in his favor; and even in that last deal he won a death so heroically woful that exalted pity for him, almost as much as admiration for his great achievements, has kept his fame through the centuries very splendidly alive.

THE END.

In 1909, New York will celebrate the three-hundredth anniversary of the arrival of Henry Hudson in the mouth of the river which bears his name. An organization has already been formed to inaugurate a celebration of this event commensurate with its historical importance: J. Pierpont Morgan, St. Clair McKelway, William Rockefeller, George Frederick Seward, Oswald G. Villard, Stuyvesant Fish, Hon. Thomas L. James, William F. King, George Foster Peabody, Robert C. Pruyn, Eben E. Olcott, Wm. Church Osborne, George W. Perkins, Amzi L. Barber, Rev. Lyman Abbott, William H. Baldwin, Jr., Col. Albert Chandler, Samuel L. Clemens, Thomas Ewing, Jr., John Englis, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, George G. DeWitt, John Kendrick Bangs, Hon. Charles S. Francis, Frederick DePeyster Foster, Thomas Powell Fowler, Samuel D. Coykendall, Charles A. Coffin, Col. John Jacob Astor, Ogden Mills, James Stillman, John Brisben Walker.



BY KATE PATCH.

I.

"UNCLE JACK, do you know anything about hearts?"

Uncle Jack raised his head from the arms on which it had been pillowed in that most despairing of all masculine attitudes, and looked down on the troubled face at his elbow.

"Do you know anything about hearts?" repeated the little boy, anxiously.

"Wish I did," growled Uncle Jack.

"What's the matter, youngster?"

"Does that look anything like a heart?"

A pair of scissors was clasped in one rough little hand and the other held up a three-cornered bit of paper, in the center of which had been pasted the head of a smiling lady.

Uncle Jack took the paper in his own hand and contemplated it thoughtfully.

"Well, well," he murmured, "I don't know that it looks like a heart—exactly—but it looks very much the way mine feels—all jagged around the edges and a girl's face in the center. What do you want it for, sonny?"

"It's a valentine for Celia," replied the little boy, leaning confidently against his uncle's knee. "I thought yesterday I wouldn't give her any—'cause I was mad then; so I didn't buy the pretty one in the window—the one I meant to buy for her, 'cause she choosed it every time when we looked at 'em on our way home from school. And now, to-day, you see, I am not mad, and I wish I'd got it 'cause she liked it so much."

"Bless his heart," growled Uncle Jack;

"does it begin so early?" and he lifted the small boy on his knee.

"And this is St. Valentine's Day?" he asked.

"Yes, and the stores are saut up 'cause it's Sunday, and I can't g and buy the pretty one; so you see I *must* make a valentine and take it round to her this afternoon."

"Of course," said Uncle Jack. "You wouldn't want her to keep on thinking you were 'mad.'"

"Oh, no, and—I hope she didn't cry."

"Do little girls cry when you are 'mad' with them?"

"Celia does."

"Celia? Is she Miss Burroughs' little niece?"

"Miss Burroughs is her aunty—our aunty, 'cause Celia's things are mine too—when—when we're not mad."

"Oh!" said Uncle Jack. "And are your things Celia's? Am I Celia's Uncle Jack?"

"Course," was the decided answer.

"Well, that's very nice, I'm sure. I'd rather have Celia for a niece than any little girl I know. You can tell her so if you like, Stuart."

Stuart took the valentine from Uncle Jack's hand and regarded it critically. "Couldn't you help me make a better one?" he asked, wistfully.

"Perhaps so," said Uncle Jack, opening a drawer in his desk. On the top lay a sheet of thick, creamy paper. Borrowing Stuart's scissors, Uncle Jack at last succeeded in cutting out a very presentable heart, and to the center of this the face of the smiling lady was transferred. Then

Stuart laboriously printed around the edges: "I love you. Be my Valentine. I am not mad any more."

"Why were you 'mad'?" asked Uncle Jack, musingly, as he watched the slow progress of the lettering.

"Oh, 'cause," said Stuart, shyly, "she forgot to keep a promise."

"That *was* bad," said Uncle Jack, sympathetically.

"I asked her to march with me in dancing-school and Billy Hart got there first and—and she took him."

"You shouldn't let Billy get there first," observed Uncle Jack, a little bitterly.

"But she ought to have waited," declared Stuart.

"Then why are you sending her a valentine?" went on his curious uncle.

"'Cause I can't stay mad," admitted the little boy; "it's—it's too gloomy."

"Just my case exactly," muttered Uncle Jack.

Stuart looked up quickly. It was his turn now. "Do you ever go to dancing-school?" he asked, searchingly.

"I go to dances sometimes," replied his victim.

"And did a little girl forget you?"

Uncle Jack nodded gloomily.

Stuart drew nearer, his big eyes very wide open.

"Has she got soft yellow hair and does she wear it curled when she goes to dancing-school?"

"Yes," said Uncle Jack.

"And are her eyes big and blue like Celia's?"

Again Uncle Jack nodded.

"Is she as pretty as Celia?"

"Prettier."

"Does she give you half her cookies?"

"No-o."

"Celia does!" with an air of triumph.

"Does she kiss you when you make up?"

"She won't let me kiss her."

"Is she mad?"

"I don't know," groaned Uncle Jack.

"Are you mad?"

"Not now."

"Do you have all her aunts and uncles and mothers and fathers and cousins for yours?"

"I wish to goodness I did!"

"Then"—Stuart drew nearer and looked

up in Uncle Jack's face—"then why don't you send her a valentine?" he asked.

Uncle Jack seemed to meditate on this advice.

"Do you think it would be a good idea?" he asked at length.

"Yes, we can cut out another heart and put a picture on it, and I'll make the letters for you if you like."

"Thanks awfully," said Uncle Jack, "but I wouldn't dare do that. I tell you the kind of valentine I'd like to send my little girl. I'd like to get a big bunch of violets; but it's Sunday, you see, and I can't."

Stuart was all attention. Uncle Jack had helped him make the heart for Celia; he had listened to his nephew's troubles and given manly sympathy, and he had not laughed. He had even exchanged confidences. Should Stuart prove the deserter now?

"You can get some violets," he declared eagerly. "I know the flower-man and he'll get 'em for me. I sometimes buy a little bunch for Celia or teacher. I'll go now. Got five cents?"

"Bless you, boy," cried Uncle Jack. "I want a bunch as big as your head!"

Stuart started. "That'll be more'n five cents," he objected.

"Can't help it. Bring the bill to me. A bunch as big as your head, remember."

Stuart was quite overcome by the magnificence of this order, but he still lingered.

"Say, Uncle Jack, don't you believe she'll be sorry when she sees 'em?"

"I hope so," said Uncle Jack, sighing.

"Say, will you go to take 'em to her when I go to Celia's? Does she live near Celia's?"

Uncle Jack hesitated a moment, then he laughed. "Yes, I'll go with you," he said. "Come, youngster, get a move on!"

II.

It was late in the afternoon when Uncle Jack and Stuart set out on their tender errand. Uncle Jack carried a violet box, and Stuart held carefully a large white envelope.

"Where does your little girl live?" was Stuart's first question.

Uncle Jack smiled. "That's a secret," he said. "I'll tell you by and by, though."



Drawn by Rose Cecil Nott.

"UNCLE JACK, DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HEARTS?"

There was a pleasant mystical flavor about this that pleased Stuart, but when they reached Celia's gate Uncle Jack turned in with him. "Are you going to wait for me?" asked the little boy.

"Of course," said Uncle Jack, with a pleasant air of comradeship.

Stuart rang the bell, and in the interval of waiting peered anxiously in at the side-lights. "I wonder if she'll come herself," he whispered, excitedly; but when the door was opened it was not Celia but Celia's aunty who stood before them.

She was a very pretty aunty, with blue eyes like Celia's and soft golden hair, and a happy face that "looked like it loved you," as Stuart and Celia had often agreed. She wore a soft blue gown, a little darker than her eyes, and she looked herself like a lady on a valentine as she stood framed in the white doorway.

Stuart was disappointed, but Uncle Jack did not seem to be.

"Why!" said Celia's aunty, as if she were surprised, and then her cheeks turned a soft rose-color. "Won't you come in?" she said, in a soft voice.

"I will," replied Stuart, promptly. "I

want to see Celia; and he said he'd wait for me—but you won't have time to stop, will you?" he added, turning to his uncle. In truth, Uncle Jack had intended merely to leave his valentine at the door, but the glimpse of Celia's aunty had made him change his mind.

"I think I can stop for a little while," he said, returning his nephew's confidential glance, so they followed Miss Burroughs into the dim, pleasant parlor.

There was a cheerful fire in the hearth, with comfortable chairs drawn up about it—a pleasant stopping-place on a February afternoon. Celia's aunty sank into one of the chairs and Uncle Jack took another, but Stuart looked about restlessly.

"Where's Celia?" he asked.

"In the nursery looking at her valentines," replied Celia's aunty. "But wait a minute, dear. What have you in that big envelope?"

She lifted Stuart on her knee and bent her pretty head close to his, for she knew that Uncle Jack was watching her and she did not want to look in his eyes.

Stuart displayed his treasure. "It isn't as pretty as the valentine in the window,"

he said, regretfully, "but I couldn't get that on Sunday. Do you think she'll like it?"

"Of course. Did you make it all yourself, Stuart?"

"No. Uncle Jack cut the heart out for me; he knows more about hearts than I do."

"Oh!"

"I made one first," went on Stuart, "but it wasn't just right. Uncle Jack said it looked like his heart, though."

pointing to the picture. "And see the printing! I did that, myself."

Celia's aunt read it carefully. "And why were you 'mad' with Celia?" she asked, gravely.

"Oh, 'cause she didn't dance with me when she'd promised."

"Really? I'm sorry," was the gentle reply. "I will tell Celia so. Now you'd better run and find her, and kiss and be friends again."

But Stuart lingered to look up in her



Drawn by Rose Cecil O'Neill.

"IT SEEMS MORE LIKE A VALENTINE THAN FLOWERS DO."

"Really! What does Uncle Jack's heart look like, Stuart?"

Celia's aunt was very rosy again, but she was looking straight at the little boy in her lap. Stuart thought she had forgotten that Uncle Jack was there.

"Oh, it was all crumpled and snipped up," he replied.

"And with a girl's face in it—don't forget that, youngster," said Uncle Jack, softly.

"Yes, I cut her out of an advertisement card. Isn't she pretty?" said Stuart,

face. Then suddenly his arms went about the pretty neck. "I wish you were my aunt *really*!" he exclaimed.

The lady drew him close with a gentle shake. "Oh, you foolish little boy!" she said, laughing.

Stuart was slipping from her lap to the floor, when he was seized with another inspiration.

"Uncle Jack," he said, "can I show her your valentine?"

"I don't mind," said Uncle Jack, carelessly. He was lounging back in the

easy-chair, his hands clasped behind his head, and his eyes twinkled.

Stuart took up the violet box and opened it with great care. "They're for the little girl Uncle Jack likes best," he explained. "Uncle Jack was mad with her, too, but he isn't any more and so he got these for a valentine. My! Aren't they sweet!"

"Very sweet," said the lady, softly.

"Don't you think she'll like them?"

"She ought to."

"Uncle Jack says she's an awful pretty little girl—prettier than Celia—but I don't believe that, do you?"

"No, indeed," said Celia's aunty, warmly. Then she lifted the great bunch of violets, and a paper heart was discovered on the bottom of the box. "What is this?" she asked, smiling.

"Hush!" exclaimed Stuart, in a stage whisper. "Uncle Jack doesn't know about that. I did it for him 'cause he was afraid to. I made it just like mine; only it isn't cut out so nice. But I guess she'll like it. It seems more like a valentine than flowers do."

"But I don't believe Uncle Jack wanted to say that in his valentine," whispered Celia's aunty.

Stuart nodded vigorously. "Yes, he did; he was just scared—but I'm not. That little card down there's the one he put in. Doesn't Uncle Jack write funny? I can't read it, can you?"

Evidently Celia's aunty could read it, for the pretty color rushed over her face again and she brushed the cool violets across it. Uncle Jack was leaning forward, one of his big hands on the arm of the

chair, his eyes full of tender beseeching.

Stuart looked from one to another; then the light of understanding dawned in his wondering eyes.

"Are big girls like you *little* girls to fellows Uncle Jack's size?" he questioned, solemnly.

Celia's aunty did not answer, but Stuart knew he was right. "Well, then," he said, philosophically, "if you're Uncle Jack's little girl, why don't you kiss and be friends again, like you told Celia and me to?"

Celia's aunty laughed and hid her face in the violets. "Big little girls don't 'make up' that way," she murmured.

Stuart looked at her a moment thoughtfully. "Uncle Jack said you wouldn't let him kiss you, but"—he touched her cheek caressingly with one small brown hand—"you'll kiss *me*, won't you?"

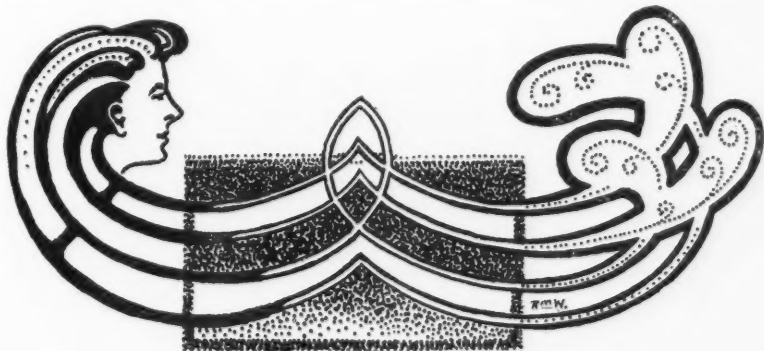
"Of course, you dear little goose!" exclaimed Celia's aunty, and she bent her pretty head and kissed him with her warm red lips.

Stuart received the kiss gravely. Then he slipped from her lap and turned to the young man opposite.

"Here, Uncle Jack," he said, "here's your kiss. I don't need it. Now you can be friends again. I guess she liked your valentine." This last in a satisfied whisper.

Uncle Jack stooped and kissed the upturned lips. Then he laid a gentle hand on Stuart's shoulder and turned him toward the door.

"Thanks, little fellow," he said. "Now you'd better run and find Celia."





BY KATE M. CLEARY.

ORDINARILY, Kelsie was not given to enthusiasms, nor was the expression of sentiment habitual to him. But as he leaned against the carriage-cushions and beheld the diminishing perspective of electric globes down the avenue, caught sight of the gray-clad police of the boulevard on their mettlesome steeds, recognized familiar edifices, heard the sound of feet walking with the rapid precision of those who daily tread the highways of a great city, observed through plate-glass windows the rose-flooded interior of a famous clubhouse, noted the shrill cry of a newsboy offering his wares, saw the long procession of carriages rolling northward to play and rout and ball, inhaled that distinctive metropolitan odor—a composite odor of perfume, cigar-smoke, flowers—and through it all was conscious of a recurrent sense of youth—of that entrancing, inspiring, stimulating exhilaration which in earliest winter sets the blood coursing in the veins, he felt his cheeks grow hot, and involuntarily the gloved fingers in the carriage-strap tightened their grip.

"Margaret," he said, half under his breath, "home is home when all's said. What are your Rome and Florence and Capri to a man who loves his native city? Good enough for a holiday, I grant you—beautiful enough for all time. But I could not live abroad—I couldn't! This city has been my home from infancy. Its sticks and stones have significance for me. Mind, I don't glorify Chicago—I don't idealize it. I see its blemishes—its downright ugliness in places. I do not deny its tawdriness—its vulgar affectations. I am never sur-

prised that foreigners should consider it inartistic. It is—at first glance. But, if I do not palliate, I do defend."

"I have always heard you Chicago men were dreadfully conceited," said a soft voice, out of the fragrant gloom—"about your city, I mean. But I had fancied it was a form of bravado. One is always valorous in the defensive when one knows he is in the wrong."

"Perhaps. But a man is not prompt to perceive the faults of his mother. Affection, long association, personal pride—these are the lenses through which he looks. And, after all, it is the soul of a city one seeks—as well as the soul of an individual. One of the dearest friends I ever had was a little blind hunchback. He saw such exquisite visions. And he helped me to see them. It was only his body that was crooked. It was only his eyes that were closed. His soul was stately as a lily—and just as white. That's the way I like to think of my native city. Only—only——"

His voice trailed off into a silence in which there was something of abashment. It had suddenly occurred to him that perhaps his appreciation, his conviction of existent beauty, his profound content, had not been suggested by the place of his beggared youth—by the metropolis of his struggling manhood—by the home of his successful age. If so, why was he now fluent on the subject for the first time? If so, why had he not earlier uttered his affectionate laudations? If so, why was it that the joy of living had pulsed through him in such a fine, fierce, mighty tide only since

the girl beside him had laid her cool hands in his and promised to be his true and loyal wife?

It may be that she divined something of his thought. There was a silken sound as she moved closer to him—a deeper odor of Parma violets, as though a breeze had blown over a bed of blossoms.

"You must not be sentimental," she insisted—"not even about—me. But did—did this city of your many deprivations and sacrifices ever—seem—so fair to you—before?"

The archness of her inquiry was delicious. Her voice had a soft huskiness that might have been affected. It was as natural as the bloom on a peach—and as charming.

"No," he answered, and squared around and faced her. "No!"

He put his arm around her and drew her to him. The deliberate trot of the horses, the dignified roll of the carriage-wheels, permitted conversation, but he did not speak further. Instead, he looked earnestly down on the face against his shoulder. Now, it was veiled in comparative shadow. Now, the electric lights shining in outlined it for him in all its radiant childish beauty. A little face, under a hat of rose-point and honeysuckle. A low forehead, with hair of reddish gold waving to the level black brows. Wide, questioning eyes, glowing like purple jewels in the uncertain light. A pale face—perhaps too thin for beauty. A curved scarlet mouth over a white, cleft chin.

"Margaret," said Cameron Kelsie, earnestly, "I thank God for you! I have thanked him every hour since I have won you. I wake in terror sometimes, fancying I have only dreamed that you are really mine. It was so a few nights ago. It was only when I put out my hand and touched your own that my heart ceased its wild plunging—that I once more drew a long, ecstatic breath. Lines in a poem the boy read to me once keep coming to me often now. I never was much of a fellow for poetry," laughing awkwardly, "but he was—and now I think of this—

"Ah, who am I that God hath saved
Me from the doom I did desire,
And crossed the lot myself had craved,
To set me higher?"

Then—save for the hoof-beats of speeding horses, the roll of carriage-wheels—there was silence. A laugh broke it—a little soft, fluting, airy laugh, like the liquid lilting of a meadow-lark's song.

"And what was the boon your heart did crave?" Her fingers crept into his palm, and nestled in its ardent pressure. "Confess—and be absolved!"

"An imperious command, Margaret!" he said. "I have nothing to confess about a woman—not even about other women, which is, I understand, the lesser folly in the eyes of a wife. I'm ashamed to say my ambition was wholly sordid. I've never had time to think of those things which come naturally into the lives of most men. I've told you what my childhood was. I was not even decently poor. I was degradingly poor. When I realized that only money could give me place and power, I toiled for money. A year ago, when a final fluke of fortune flung me millions with less hesitation than that which in the old days preceded my throwing a bone to a dog that was hungrier than I, and I realized my utter loneliness—then, I chanced on heaven—and you!"

The carriage rolled on. A lot of colored lanterns swung across a lawn proclaimed a celebration. The houses were not so close together. The sound of the lake came to them—murmurous and melancholy.

"I thought," ventured the bride, "there was the boy of whom you spoke to me once—the boy whom you—"

He finished the sentence. "Loved," he said. "Yes—there was the boy."

"It is sad he should have been ungrateful when you had done so much for him," she said. She looked at him with timid sympathy. Against the carriage-window his stern, clean-shaven profile was silhouetted—grim as granite. "You did everything for him, did you not? You educated him."

"I did nothing particularly creditable—nothing, at least, that was not his rightful due. His father, you must recollect, had literally picked me out of the gutter. He gave me a start in life. Later, when he found I had ability, he let me read law in his office. When I made my great success at the bar, it was he who was my most congratulatory auditor. The day of

his colossal failure in wheat—when at one sweep he lost all his material possessions, and completed the catastrophe by taking his life—I adopted his son. I vowed to do all for the lad that his father had done for me—and more if might be.”

“Yes,” she said, tentatively, “yes.”

He seemed to forget that he was holding her hand. But he went on talking, the dreaminess of retrospection creeping into his voice.

“He—became fond of me. I—I loved him. But we never met quite on an equality. He was an aristocrat—a thoroughbred. I—God—I—” His laugh was not pleasant to hear. “Well, the recognition of the fact did not embitter me. I should have had to go back many generations to be what he was. The manners of the lad were the kind one associates—however absurdly—with royal blood. His reserve, his gentleness, his courage, his courtesy, his astonishing power of self-effacement—in short, all the hall-marks of lineage, all hereditary evidences of blood and breeding, were exemplified in him as I have never seen them exhibited in any one else.”

Again she said “Yes” in that velvety voice, and again the man talked on.

“He made a splendid record at college. Although half my age, he was a mighty good companion to me. There was an enchanting cleanliness about the boy. It was a triple characteristic—physical, mental, moral. Still, he was anything but an ascetic. Life at its most passionate appealed to him. He loved music, poetry, the intensity of existence. His disdain of meanness, pretense, vulgarity, was superb. In reading,” went on the man, almost tenderly, “he had a way of remembering all that was loveliest and letting the rest go. He used to recite to me sometimes at night when we walked this very boulevard together. His joy in exquisite words was almost holy. He seemed to choose and treasure beautiful words as one selects rare gems from a golden casket.”

Again there was a silence. The head of the little bride leaned more heavily against her husband’s arm. But now she did not speak. She was waiting for him to go on.

“I wish I knew,” said the man at last, and more to himself than to her, it seemed

—“I wish to God I knew if I were right—or wrong.”

“You—you mean——”

“Oh, it was the old story. He fell in love. A nature like his must early find an outlet for emotion. As soon hope to fether a mountain torrent as a nature imperious and idealistic as his.”

“You did not—approve?”

“Approve!” He laughed harshly. “No—I didn’t approve. I’d heard of the woman. I knew her by her stage name.”

“Oh! An actress?”

“Yes—and writer, and artist, and all manner of erratic and clever individuals in one. She married a fellow I knew back East—a fine fellow. She broke his heart. He went to the devil. She was the worst kind of a bad woman, in as far as she gave one the impression that she was a good one. In the latter fact lay part of her influence over the boy. When I flared up in a rage at the sound of her name and told him what I had heard of her, his argument was that she had been sinned against. She! In his eyes she was all that was sweet and pure and womanly.”

“Beautiful? She was beautiful, I suppose,” said the woman, slowly.

“I don’t know about that. I have heard that she was—and again that she was insignificant of appearance. But no one denied her fascination. No one.”

“What,” she questioned, “was the outcome?”

“Oh, we had a stormy scene! Come to think of it, I it was who did the storming. Ours was the kind of an encounter that forces out brazen truths. Not that these seemed to have weight with him. Even the fact of her low birth, to which I referred, did not disturb him. He—patrician to the finger-tips—could afford to ignore a matter which others must make paramount. He was so sure of himself. He could lift her up. She could not lower him. It was a foregone conclusion that his wife could only be all that was admirable.”

“Well?” as he paused. She was looking out at the blue splendor of the frosty night. “Well?”

He did not reply at once. When he did it was with an effort.

“You shall have the whole truth,



Drawn by Will Greff.

"YOU WILL STAY!"

Margaret. I lost my temper—brutally. I called him an ingrate—and other things. Oh, my peasant coarseness spoke then. My mongrel breed asserted itself. That's where your blue blood tells—in a critical moment. He heard me through, stone-still, stone-white. Then he said—quite calmly—that I was mistaken. The woman who had honored him with her affection would wait until he could claim her. Then—while thanking me with gentle courtliness for many kindnesses—he declined to receive further favors at my hands. I have not," he ended, hoarsely—"I have not seen him since." Once more silence came between them like a tangible thing. The rush of the waters had a sinister sound.

"What made you say," she asked at length, "that you wondered whether you had been right—or wrong?"

He turned on her with sudden passion. "You!" he cried. "You—beloved!" He caught her savagely to his breast. His grim brown visage bent down to hers. "Not until I met you did I question the infallibility of my own judgment. With 'love and knowledge of you' came humility."

"I don't understand," she said, a little faintly. She released herself, but like a rose resting against a mask of bronze her soft cheek touched his own. "I don't—quite—understand."

"I find myself wondering," he went on more quietly, "what prompted my opposition to the boy's love-affair. Was it sprung from low and selfish jealousy? Did I dread losing out of my life that rare personality which embodied all that is most attractive in manhood, but did not lack the one subtle and essential touch of femininity? Did I dread for his own sake that he might make a mesalliance in his youth? Or was my stubborn attitude inspired by a hitherto unsuspected resentment of his superiority, which gloried in a domineering antagonism? Which, Margaret?"

"Your motive," answered "the voice of slow music" steadily, "was, I am sure, the noblest—the most disinterested."

He kissed her—almost with reverence. "You have answered yourself, Margaret. Only such a woman as you could be so generous. And perhaps—if he loved

her——" The carriage stopped. There was a clanking of harness. The door was opened—held obsequiously wide. "Home! Welcome home, my wife!" said Kelsie.

Then, the perfume of her violets intensified by the frosty air, she passed, with a rustling sweep of silken garments, into her new dominion.

She dressed in eager haste. Coming down into the splendid space of the great hall, she paused, undecided. A door to the left stood ajar. She saw the leaping light on tiers and tiers of books. That glow of rosy warmth tempted her. She crossed the room to the hearth. She sank into the tall, thronelike chair that stood beside the fire—a chair that had once been Richelieu's. She looked slowly around the great apartment. Its every detail was plain in the flooding glow. The expanse of black, polished floor was like a gloomy lake. What flickering red reflections the fire set dancing in its duskiness! And those serried rows of books—battalions of them! And——

"Yes, sir. He has to-night returned from abroad, sir. Will you please to wait, sir?"

"You needn't mention my name, Carter."

"Very well, Mr. Richard."

Then the door was closed with decorous deliberation.

Cameron Kelsie's wife rose from her chair. The man coming forward—a man young and stalwart, and somewhat roughly clad—stood still.

"I—I beg your pardon!" he stammered. "I did not know any one was here."

Something familiar in the pose of that girlish figure in the pale, glistening gown, struck him. He hesitated—then took a stride forward.

"Margaret," he cried, sharply. He caught his breath. "Is—is it—Margaret?"

She flung her hand backward with a groping gesture. She grasped the high back of the Cardinal's chair. Her rings flashed and sparkled in the firelight.

"Dick," she cried, "who would have dreamed——" He did not seem to hear her. He was beside her—had drawn her into his passionate embrace.

"Dearest!" he said. "Dearest! And I fancying you four thousand miles away!"

His voice shook with joy. "Why, I have my ticket bought to go in search of you! I was to have crossed the Atlantic next week. See!" His deep laugh of happiness sounded down the room. He took an envelope from an inner pocket and tossed it into the grate. "There goes my journey over the seas in quest of my sweetheart! May all our bad luck go with it, love! Now, say Amen!"

But she did not speak one word, only fell to trembling as though with sudden cold.

"Margaret—my Margaret!" The arms around her tightened. "I don't know how it is you come to be here—I don't ask. This moment is enough for me!"

"Dick! Let me go!"

"Never!" in despotic power of possession. "Never again!"

Save for the crackle of the fire in the room, there was silence.

"Dick! I am not jesting! Let me go! For God's sake let me go! But—kiss me first!"

His hold loosened, but he did not release her. He looked straight down into her eyes—a dawning doubt growing and darkening in his own. He did not speak. But she read the question in those eyes—and answered.

"I am Cameron Kelsie's wife," she said, faintly.

In that instant she knew how Judas felt. She flung herself free. But the next instant she was close to him—a suppliant.

"Dick!" The smoldering fire in his eyes blazed at the entreaty. "Dick—kiss me—and kill me!"

Then he was holding her once more as though he indeed would never let her go. The old seductive magnetism swayed him. The old resistless charm enthralled him. He remembered how he had compared her to a damask-rose—that snowy flower dashed with carmine. Emblem of purity and passion! Their eyes met. In that lingering look soul was merged in soul, desire in desire!

"No!" he cried suddenly, and let her go, and lifted himself to his full stature. "Kelsie is my friend."

Again her hand lay like a lily against the black wood of the Cardinal's chair. And again the jewels flashed in the fire-

shine. A wind was rising. It set a twig tapping at the window-pane.

"Hark!" she breathed. "Listen!"

A step came along the hall. In evening dress, his gray hair silvery in the firelight, the master of the house crossed the room.

"Richard!" He had stopped short with a cry of incredulous delight. "Richard!"

Richard Derrick stiffened with a jerk—his head flung backward.

"It is really you! Carter did not tell me!" Kelsie stood before him, his hands outstretched. "Dear boy, you have forgiven me—you have come home! Dear—old—boy!"

The younger man hesitated. Then with sudden, impulsive grace his brown hand closed over the fingers of the elder.

"I came for some papers that are in my desk. I—I had not intended to remain."

"Not remain! Oh, you won't go away now—when it's all to be so different! I see that you and Margaret have been making friends already. You heard of my marriage, of course?"

"I had not heard, sir."

"No? Well, our courtship was a short one." He laughed in happy embarrassment. "I met Margaret abroad, where she was living with an absurd old duenna—and studying art, I believe. At least, it was in a gallery where she was copying a picture that we met first. And—well, I wouldn't come home without her! And that's all there is to the story, except that we are going to live happily ever after—eh, Margaret?"

She did not speak. She wished he would not laugh. She noticed for the first time that he cackled when he laughed.

"Let me get a good look at you!" rattled on Kelsie. He touched the electric button and a flood of pearly brilliance inundated the room. "Good Heaven!" he cried, "but you've changed!"

"Have I?" His lips smiled stiffly. He looked oddly white under his travel tan.

"Yes," repeated the other, in a shocked voice, "you have changed. But then you've seen a deal of life, lad—the real thing. But you've made a rattling success as a war correspondent. Now that you're here, I've nothing more to wish for. Your old room has been kept ready for you. Never mind any other clothes. We dine

en famille. Margaret will excuse you."

"I cannot stay," said Richard Derrick. He shot a glance at the little figure in the Cardinal's chair. "It is imperative that I leave the city to-night."

Cameron Kelsie broke into impetuous protestations.

"Nonsense, boy! There's a storm coming up—not that the weather would daunt you, of course. Your desk shall be forwarded. There!" The first rush of rain was clattering at the glass.

"Margaret! Come here, dearest! Ask Richard to stay for your sake, if not for mine. Then he can't refuse."

"You will stay!" urged Margaret Kelsie. She moved forward, her gown trailing in serpentine undulance over the dark floor. She was very pale but her eyes were full of streaming brilliance. "You will stay—for my sake!"

"I cannot stay," he said.

A sudden scarlet stained her cheek.

"Then you will come—again?"

"No. There is work to be done across the ocean. I've a fancy to do it."

She knew what it meant when his lips met in that stubborn line—when that red gleam lay level in his eyes. And how fit he looked in his magnificent youth to do the world's work!

"You are cruel," she said, and her voice was unsteady.

He bowed gravely.

"Only," he answered between set teeth, "only—wise."

She was standing in the same place when Cameron Kelsie came back from the front door. How he shuffled as he walked! She had thought only very old men shuffled.

"You are disappointed in him, Margaret? But he has changed—Lord, how he has changed! I never remember seeing in his eyes the look that was there to-night!"

"He had the grace to divine"—that lovely laugh of hers breaking upon the silence—"that he might be de trop——"

She eluded his arms—but not the smoldering passion of his gaze.

"You mean that—Margaret! It seems incredible that you should care for me—like this! Incredible—and divine!"

THE HAUNTS OF YOUTH.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

DOUBTER, say, wouldst thou behold
Essence that is never old?
Wouldst thou gaze and dwell upon
Energies that sing and run
Ever vital, true and tense
In their vernal innocence?
From thy dullard dreamery
Rise thou, then, and come with me
Where the forest shadows fall!—
There is youth perpetual.

Never burn the fires so low
Underneath the shroud of snow
That they are not swift to leap
Lissom from the trance of sleep;
E'en behind the deepest moan
Hides a hint of virile tone;
In the darkest shades withdrawn
Waits the golden lily—dawn!
Youth, the forest's fairest thrall,
Youth abides perpetual.



FORMOSAN BUILDING.

JAPAN'S WONDERFUL PROGRESS

AS SHOWN BY THE WORLD'S FAIR AT OSAKA.

BY COUNT HIROKICHI MUTSU.

JUST as, a few years ago during the Chinese campaign, the Japanese army and navy were manifesting their prowess to the world, so at the present time the commerce and industry of the empire, with less glamour but nevertheless with equally far-reaching effects, have been demonstrated at the Exposition just held at Osaka.

Osaka, the scene of the Fifth National Industrial Exposition, is one of the three most important cities in Japan, with a population of over eight hundred and twenty thousand, and is situated in the central part of the country within an hour or two's reach by rail both from Kioto, the former capital, and also from Kobe, the greatest port but one in Japan. On account of its importance as a commercial and manufacturing center, the city has often been called the Japanese Manchester. However, in spite of this prosaic title, the visitor must not lose sight of its picturesque aspect, in-

tersected as it is by numerous rivers and canals and spanned by hundreds of bridges. In fact, the numerous waterways have led the foreigner to bestow upon it a no less complimentary name than that of the Oriental Venice.

The first of the National Industrial Expositions, in fact the first important exhibition of any kind in Japan, was held in 1877 at Tokio; the second and third taking place in the same city in 1881 and 1890 respectively, while Kioto was the scene of the fourth Exposition in 1895. It was the original intention of the authorities concerned to organize a similar exhibition every fifth year, but circumstances prevented such a regular mode of procedure, although they were held on an average at about the same rate.

It is an interesting coincidence that three of the above four Expositions were held in years made memorable by some of the

most important events in the modern history of Japan. The year of the first Exposition, 1877, was signalized by the greatest civil war of recent times, the celebrated rebellion of General Saigo. The year 1890 witnessed the promulgation of our constitution, which transformed Japan from an absolute monarchy into the more advanced form of constitutional government; while the fourth of the national Expositions was held under the auspices of a victorious war over our neighboring empire, which succeeded in restoring the peace of the Orient. Thus, in the midst of a national strife, both

closed on the last day of July. The area of its grounds comprises a space of about one hundred and five thousand tsubo, or about eighty-six acres; that of the various buildings covering some thirteen thousand tsubo, or over ten acres. The total expenditure of the Exposition amounts to about eight hundred and fifty thousand yen, or in American money four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, the number of articles exhibited including over three hundred and ten thousand pieces. These figures about double those of the previous Exposition, and may be taken as



GENERAL MACHINERY BUILDING.

at home and abroad, Japan was still able to turn her thoughts into a more tranquil direction from the arts of war to the arts of peace, for the improvement and progress of her industries. Again, while the history of nations is full of instances of the constitution being granted only as the result of fire and bloodshed, it may be said to be a proud distinction for the people of Japan that it was bestowed on them by her enlightened sovereign when the nation was celebrating the fête of an exposition.

The doors of the present and greatest Exposition ever held in Japan were opened on the first day of March last, and were

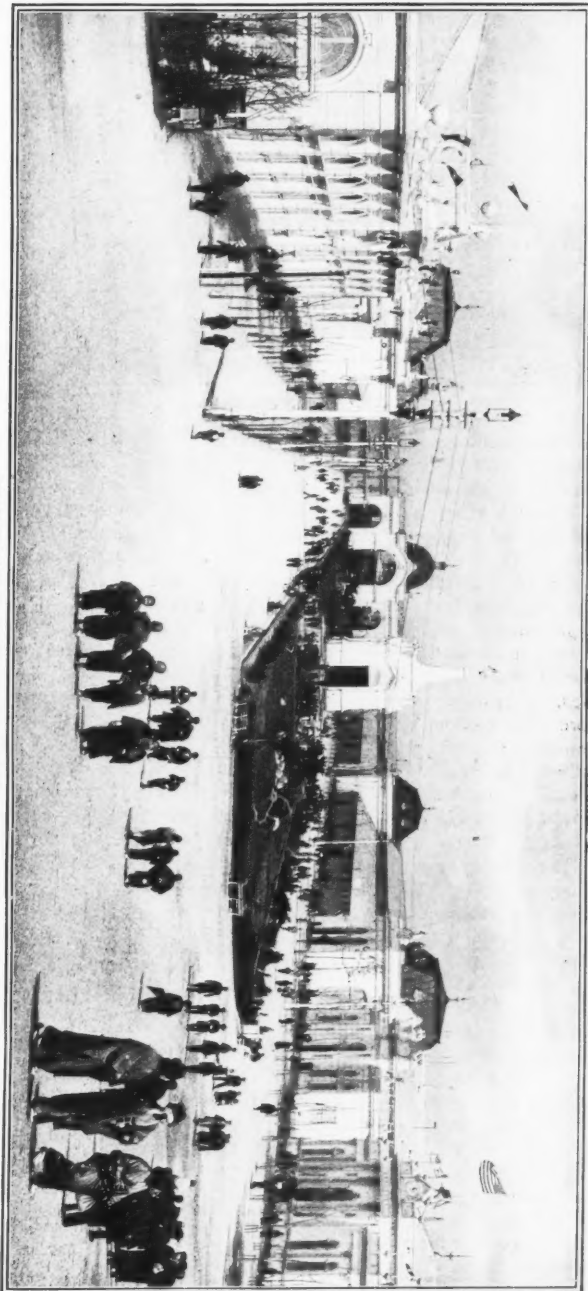
an indication that the industrial ambition of the nation has made a conspicuous stride within the nine years that have elapsed since the post-bellum Exposition of Kioto.

A description in detail of the present Exposition is not possible within the limited space of a magazine article, but a few words regarding its chief features may not be out of place here. To begin with, there is the Agricultural Building. As Japan has been from time immemorial, and still is to a great extent, essentially an agricultural country, this building naturally is one of the most important. You will

find here not only horticultural and agricultural products of all kinds, but also all varieties of implements necessary for tillers of the soil, as well as for the growers of fruits and flowers. An extensive collection of the animals and insects respectively useful or injurious to agriculture is also found in this building. Hundreds of samples of rice, silkcocoons, tea, sugar, et cetera, are likewise on view in this section, an attractive exhibit being some forty specimens of beautiful apples sent by the local government of Hokkaido, where they have been recently introduced with success.

The building devoted to manufactures is the largest in the Exposition, covering a large proportion of the whole building area. Here one finds silk and cotton goods of all kinds, minerals, porcelains, china, lacquer, bronzes, silverwork, carving, et cetera, as well as beautiful specimens of the dyeing and textile industries. The government also presents some fine

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ONE OF THE AVENUES.





HALL FOR AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.

exhibits, including models of battle-ships constructed by the navy-yards, guns, swords, and other products of its arsenals.

The Fine Arts Building is a very attractive one, and enjoys a commanding situation on the top of a hill, from which a panoramic view of the Exposition may be obtained. In front of this building is a large fountain decorated with a statue of Kwannon about thirty feet in height, a work of the College of Fine Arts. Drawings, paintings, carvings, embroideries, porcelain, cloisonné, and various other branches of fine arts are herein represented; Kawashima, Namikawa, Gaho, Kwatei, Giyokusho, Kwason, Shohin, Kozan, Rokubei, and other well-known artists all having their respective places.

The Fishery Building, containing over thirty thousand exhibits, constitutes another attraction. Japan, with its five hundred islands and a sea-line of about seventeen thousand five hundred miles, naturally possesses very rich marine resources. Several hundreds of different species of fish are found in her waters, the value of the principal marine products amounting to nearly eighty million yen per annum.

The Zoological Building has a good collection of animals, especially horses, both native and cross-breeds;

while the Forestry Building shows innumerable families of plants for which the forests of Japan are famous, as well as specimens of the beautiful furs and feathers of the animals inhabiting them.

Whatever progress Japan has achieved since the Reformation of thirty-six years ago, she owes a great deal to the change in her educational system. A chart of statistics in the Educational Building shows that there are at present thirty thousand educational institutions of various kinds, with a total number

of pupils amounting to five million three hundred thousand. Many of these universities, colleges and schools have taken part in the Exposition, and all branches of education are represented in some way or another—whether in the form of gruesome models of diseases sent from the medical university, or beautiful specimens of delicate handiwork executed by the fair pupils of female colleges. The musically inclined may find interest in a collection of instruments including pianos and organs all “made in Japan” but considered by connoisseurs well worthy of comparison with those of Western manufacture.

The principal exhibits of the Transportation Building naturally represent the various methods of communication over land and sea. The Nippon Yusen Kaisha (owners



AMERICAN MACHINERY BUILDING.



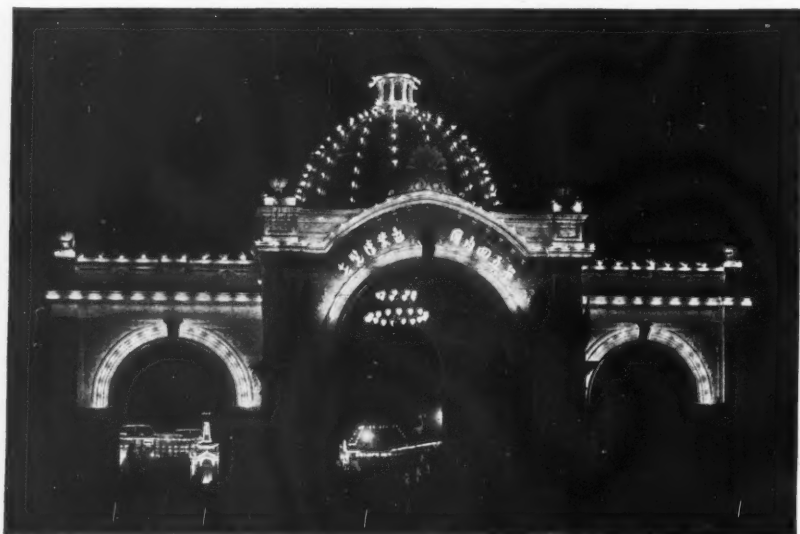
MAIN ENTRANCE AND GENERAL VIEW.

of seventy-six vessels with a total tonnage of two hundred and forty thousand), the Osaka Shosen Kaisha and the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, the three principal steamship companies, as well as various government and private railway lines, all have their respective exhibits; some of the models of vessels constructed by the Mitsubishi, Kawasaki and other shipbuilding concerns being most attractive. The Department of Communication illustrates by models the various stages of development we have passed through in order to reach the present system of postal and telegraphic organization, showing at the same time the present methods of communication, whether by means of sledges through the frozen tracts of ice and snow in the northern parts of the empire, or through the tropical jungles of Formosa on the shoulders of the semi-savage aborigines.

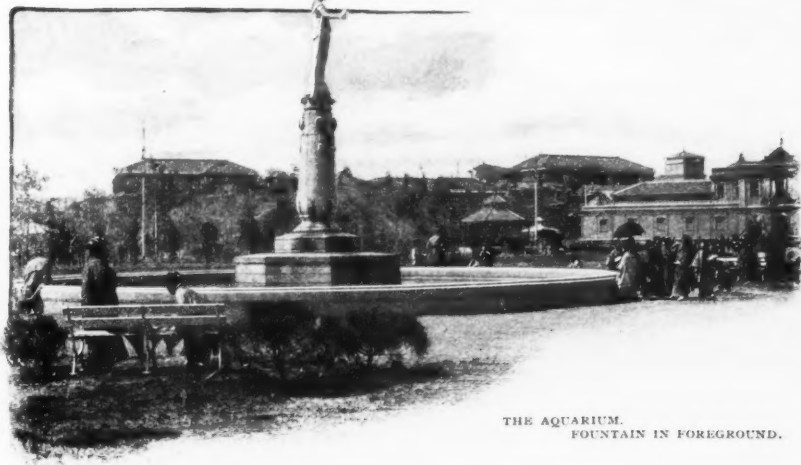
Writing about the Machinery Building, Mr. S. S. Lyon, the United States Consul at Kobé, says, "When one considers that but some thirty years ago not only was there no such institution as a factory in Japan, but that iron foundries and mechanics' workshops as now understood were unknown, while engineering was an alien art, the display beneath the roof of the Machinery Building is little short of mar-

velous." Motors and engines of all descriptions, silk-weaving and dyeing machines, tea-refining and rice-cleaning machines, cigarette-making and soap-making appliances, are among the exhibits, many of them being in working order. The fact that the exhibits in this section have increased by several thousands since the Exposition of 1895, shows what an advance has been made in this line of industry during the intervening eight years. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that there is still great room for improvement and progress and much that can be learned from the workshops of this country and Europe.

Among the novel features of the present Exposition is a special building devoted to samples of articles produced or manufactured in foreign lands. The Foreign Samples Building, as it is officially named, together with several minor buildings of a similar nature, is a new departure from the previous Expositions and gives to the present one almost an international aspect. It is also considered a very useful preliminary for a World's Fair on a large scale, which Japan hopes to organize before long. The primary object of the present enterprise is to afford Japanese manufacturers an opportunity to benefit their own endeavors by studying the latest achievements of



THE EXPOSITION BY NIGHT.



THE AQUARIUM.
FOUNTAIN IN FOREGROUND.

Western invention, at the same time giving foreign manufacturers a good chance of exploiting the rapidly developing markets of the Orient. The latter, therefore, have availed themselves of the invitation of the imperial government and of the various facilities offered. The United States, Great Britain, France, Austria, Germany, and several other nations of Europe, as well as China and Korea, have all taken part. Some of the foreign countries thus represented have manifested a very keen interest. Canada, for example, has a separate building of her own, and her Secretary of Agriculture crossed the Pacific especially to inspect the Exposition.

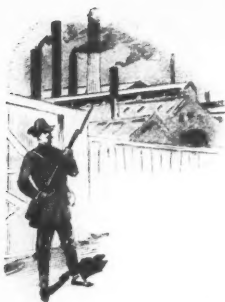
The island of Formosa, with the Pescadores group, came into our possession as a result of the Chinese war. The Formosan Building, therefore, is another novel feature and is attracting a great deal of attention. Dainty maidens of that beautiful island, attired in their picturesque native costume and speaking but little of our own language, serve the visitor a cup of the celebrated oolong tea at the very moderate charge of two and a half cents.

The Aquarium, with its some thirty tanks of wonders of the deep, constitutes a part of the fair but is situated in the public gardens on the beach of Sakai, a charming seaside summer-resort six miles distant.

Apart from the main features of the Exposition, there are, of course, various kinds of side-shows. For instance, the Red Cross

Society of Japan, an association honored with the patronage and personal interest of her Majesty the Empress, has a hall of its own containing exhibits which are both interesting and instructive. There is also a section containing an extensive collection of trademarks. In the way of amusements, the visitor has his choice of various dancing performances, for which the maidens of Kioto and Osaka are famed, selections of Japanese and foreign music, an observation tower, a palais de l'optique, or even a merry-go-round and water-chute. If he should desire refreshment, he can enjoy a "tiffin" à la Française at one of the so-called Occidental Cafés, or can satisfy his curiosity, if not his appetite, by ordering native dishes at the Formosan restaurant.

The Pacific is the Mediterranean of the twentieth century. Japan and the United States, having their shores washed by the waters of that vast ocean, are destined to be the leaders of its yet young, but fast developing, trade and commerce. Expositions such as the present one at Osaka, or the more important one which will shortly be held in the United States, undoubtedly afford the strongest encouragement and impetus to such trade and commerce. That the coming function at the city of St. Louis may achieve the greatest possible success is the sincere hope, not only of the citizens of this great Republic, but equally of her faithful friends on the other side of the Pacific.



THE STORY OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST CORPORATION.

BY JAMES H. BRIDGE.



REVIEWED BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

IN estimating Mr. Carnegie, we have eight factors to consider:—

First: The dominant note of his character—energy.

Second: A mental grasp far-reaching in its bird's-eye view—minute in its attention to detail.

Third: A brilliant imagination flashing a line of expedients—resourcefulness.

Fourth: Command over the men about him—not so often by conciliation as by impetus.

Fifth: Ability to make clear business analyses, and to give to those under him a comprehension of the results of these analyses.

Sixth: A lack of nicety, a bluntness of perception, as to the equities of the public and individuals when it came to the execution of business plans.

Seventh: A vision with reference to those public matters in which his own personal interests were not wrapped up,

that was so clear as to be almost prophetic.

Lastly, force, force, force—always force.

This is not Mr. Bridge's definition of Mr. Carnegie. It is rather the writer's own, taken from a personal acquaintance and a reading of Mr. Carnegie's books and a study of Mr. Bridge's book.

My first acquaintance with Mr. Carnegie was made on a pleasant spring day in Washington—the late Mr. Blaine having invited Mr. Carnegie and myself to lunch in order that I might make Mr. Carnegie's acquaintance. I had purposely arrived some time before the hour appointed. Mr. Blaine was in unusually good form, and I had been listening to his brilliant conversation on the events of the day, interspersed with occasional stories. One of these had been of a daughter making the round of Rome under the charge of a kindly priest; finally she came to the chains which supposedly had bound St. Peter. "Father Schmidt, are these really the chains which bound St.

After the presses had begun to print the November COSMOPOLITAN, the following letter was received from Mr. Miller, one of the original partners of Mr. Carnegie:—

"MR. JOHN BRISBEN WALKER,

"PITTSBURGH, Sept. 26th, 1903.

"Dear Sir.—I brought home last evening THE COSMOPOLITAN, with other magazines, little thinking it contained a review of the Bridge book. I brought home also one of our evening papers with an article by myself on Mr. Bridge's work. I fancy I take the same line of criticism that you do yourself, only I restrict mine and yours is general. I think your review eminently just. As to the ethical conditions of the sixties, I made no effort to hide my part in the history; I was a clerk, under a superintending superintendent, who was really the purchaser of supplies; I invested the little capital that I had, and asked no consideration, and took the risk. As soon as the business grew important, I resigned from the railroad with the best wishes of my superiors, and their continued patronage.

"The railways of those days did not encourage ethical conditions; most of them went bankrupt, and did not pay employees. On my own road I got no salary for four months and finally had to take a third mortgage bond for what was due me, and I still have the scrip for 89 cents balance signed by the now celebrated firm of Winslow, Lanier & Co., 'payable in third mortgage bonds.' . . . I am glad you do fair justice to my friend Carnegie.

Very truly yours,

THOS. N. MILLER."

Peter?" the young lady asked. "Miss Margaret, I give you my personal guarantay," had been the reply. Later on, the conversation turned to Mr. Carnegie's book, "Coaching in England," if I remember the title rightly.

"Did Mr. Carnegie really write that book?" I asked Mr. Blaine.

"I give you my personal guarantay," was the quick rejoinder, with the result of leaving my mind just a trifle confused. A little later, Mr. Carnegie arrived. The conversation turned to the development of the steel industry. Happening to look up at a beam stretching between two columns in the old house which had been reconstructed to suit Mr. Blaine's ideals—"I built that beam," he remarked. "It cost me a million dollars to put in the mill to roll that beam. Before any other firm had put in so large a set of rolls, I had taken a million dollars'

profit out of the product and was able to hold the cream of the business." The words impressed me. They were my first insight into the methods which have made Mr. Carnegie so successful.

Undoubtedly, as Mr. Bridge in his "History of the Carnegie Steel Company" intimates, there were many contributors of ideas in the forming of the Carnegie Steel Company. So there are

in every company in every place. But there must be a master mind which can arrange these, dissect them, form them into harmony with the whole and proceed with their development from the insignificant to the important.

In Mr. Frick, Mr. Carnegie found a mind of the broadest business caliber, and it is also true that for long periods the progress at Braddock and Homestead was

made largely as the result of his studies. Henry C. Frick had received his experiences in a hard school. The writer passed up the Youghiogheny Valley on one of the first trains ever sent through Pittsburg to Baltimore, and is familiar with its development.

A class of workmen largely foreign was employed in the coke-ovens. When Mr. Frick first began to build, advantage had been taken by the operator and counter-advantage sought by the employee. Ideals of the relation



DRAWING THE FINISHED PRODUCT FROM COKE-OVENS.

between capital and labor were extremely crude, and I have little doubt that Mr. Frick became hardened in dealing with men who were ever ready to take advantage. "Beware," says Carlyle, "how thou suppresses an injustice by another injustice of thine own." The history of the coke-ovens of the Youghiogheny is not one to look back upon with pleasure. Doubtless Mr. Frick himself,



NOT AN IDEALIST.

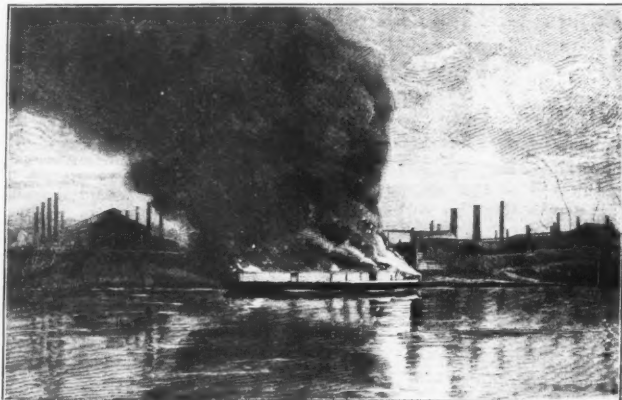
with that greater wisdom that comes from age, would to-day handle with ease and pleasure difficulties which assumed a fierce appearance in their time.

Understanding this, we come to the period of the Homestead riots. "Superficially," says Mr. Bridge, "this contest was a commonplace struggle between capital and labor concerning the equitable division of the results of their joint efforts. But behind this were certain moral causes, growing out of the conflict between the idealistic platform-theories of Andrew Carnegie and the unsentimental exigencies of business. A brief glance at the attitude toward labor of Carnegie the manufacturer, as contrasted with the academic utterances of Carnegie the philanthropist, is necessary to an understanding of the remoter and more obscure causes of this titanic struggle, which, marked as it was with all the ferocity of civil war, caused a shudder to run

through the civilized world. Incidentally such a retrospect will also show that no successful business can be built on philanthropic aphorisms."

It is surprising that Mr. Bridge, in 1903, should attempt to show that no successful business can be built on philanthropic aphorisms. On the contrary, if I were called upon to express an opinion, covering an experience of nearly a quarter of a century as an employer of labor and manufacturer, I should say that no permanently successful business can to-day be built on any other than a just equation between capital and labor. It is a profound subject, which the young man who aspires to conduct affairs must study profoundly. I should say that of two men who went into business, one with a deep sympathy for the ills of his less fortunate fellow men and one of the hard and fast, grasping variety, the first would, in the long run, attain the higher success, taken purely from a monetary point of view. For years the writer has been visiting great industrial plants and studying methods of organization. And what has impressed him most has been that in those establishments where the head is in close sympathy with the employee, there prevails a superior organization, finer intelligence and better product, because willing work must always produce better results than driven labor.

In 1887, it was determined to disestablish the eight-hour rule which, with a view to ameliorating the condition of the men, Captain Jones had some time before put into operation at Braddock. A strike



THE BURNING BARGES ON THE EVENING OF THE SURRENDER.

resulted, lasting from December in 1887 to May in 1888, when the men were obliged to give in. Among themselves they well knew the Carnegie Company was making enormous profits. Their leaders had interviewed Mr. Carnegie in New York, and he had placed in the hands of each a copy of his "Forum" essay which read:—

"I would have the public give due consideration to the terrible temptation to which the workingman on a strike is sometimes subjected. To expect that one dependent upon his daily wage for the necessities of life will stand by peaceably and see a new man employed in his stead is to expect much. This poor man may have a wife and children dependent upon his labor.

Whether medicine for a sick child, or even nourishing food for a delicate wife, is procurable, depends upon his steady employment. In all but a very few departments of labor it is unnecessary and I think improper to

subject men to such an ordeal. . . . There is an unwritten law among the best workmen: 'Thou shalt not take thy neighbor's job.' "

Yet, in May, 1888, the workmen of the Edgar Thomson works found themselves driven into subjection, and, as Mr. Bridge expresses it, "the eight-hour day ended in a night of sorrow and suffering."

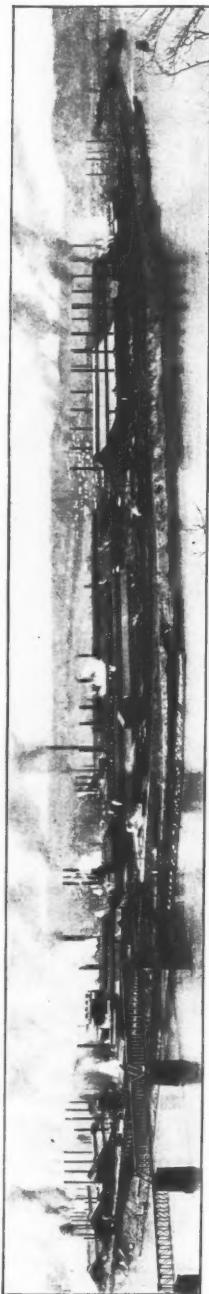
It left in its wake a feeling of disquiet, of injustice perpetrated. "Why, when these mills are so enormously profitable," the workmen asked, "should the eight-hour scale be changed to ten hours of the severe ordeal to which so many of us are subjected in this business of making steel?" It was a logical inquiry, and one that the admirer of Mr. Carnegie must seek in vain for a reasonable answer to. On the side of labor

there was likewise an injustice. Under the politics of the unions, a few men had grown to receive extraordinarily high wages. While advancing themselves to ten, fifteen and even twenty dollars a day, they had permitted the wages of the average employee to remain so low that they placed within his reach the bare necessities of life. The proposal of the Carnegie Company to lessen the wages of the class so extraordinarily well paid was as just, as the increase from eight to ten hours for the average man had been unjust. It is not to be expected that good should have come from this second injustice, or that the outcome of the two should not have been still further injustice. We must bear in mind that this is 1892



SUPERINTENDENTS OF THE CARNEGIE DEPARTMENTS AT LUNCH.

of which we are now speaking. Conceptions of business right and wrong were still crude. The general public had not been educated up to labor questions. The subject had received no full discussion. The press gave a great deal of the side of the employers and very little of that of labor. The public mind had a confused notion of Molly Maguirism when it talked of labor strikes. Mr. Frick and Mr. Carnegie, seeing the injustice in the argument of the fifteen-dollar-a-day men, and forgetting their own injustices, grew determined. In a little while there was a strike. The workmen took possession of the plants, though protecting them from harm. Then Mr. Frick organized an army of private detectives, fitted up a gunboat and in the night moved up to Homestead. The



THE HOMESTEAD STEEL WORKS, MUNHALL, PENNSYLVANIA.

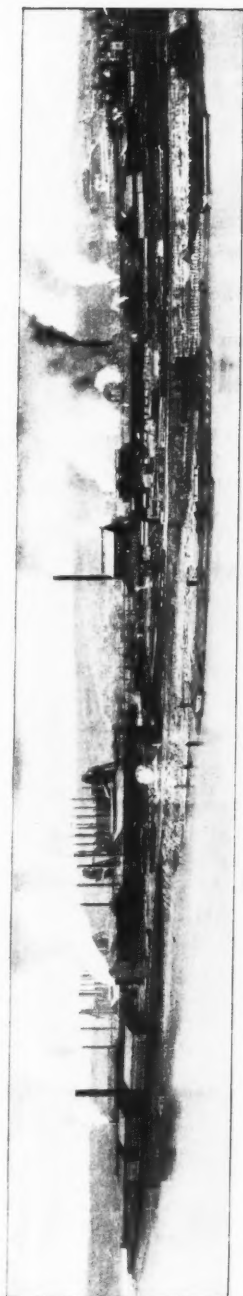
workmen had become acute. Their pickets covered the river. They knew of the departure of the Pinkerton army, and before its arrival had rallied promptly in large numbers for defense. The Pinkertons fired on the mob. The workmen, behind breastworks of pig-iron, returned the fire. Ingenious plans were formed to float kerosene oil down the river and burn up the float. Workmen advanced with recklessness and threw sticks of dynamite on the roofs of the barges which contained the Pinkerton army. All night long, the most dramatic scenes occurred. Finally, the militia and sheriffs failing to succor the Pinkerton force, it was compelled to surrender ignominiously and was marched through the town amidst the most humiliating and merciless treatment on the part of the enraged women of Homestead.

The next morning, almost the entire National Guard of Pennsylvania was rushing toward this battle-field, which had been the scene of one of the most dramatic events of our earlier wars. Then an English force under General Braddock, advancing against Fort Duquesne, had been ambushed on this very ground and after half a dozen charges, during which Braddock himself was mortally wounded, the remnant had been saved only by the coolness of Washington, then serving on Braddock's staff. The retreat had been made up the Youghiogheny over the ground now occupied by the coke-ovens to which reference has already been made.

Within a few days after the Pinkerton fight, the hills above the Monongahela glistened with the white tents of the state troops. The excitement began to quiet down. After a time, a few workmen were induced to resume operations; then others; and finally the half-starved families, in fear of losing their day's bread at the hards



THE EDGAR THOMSON STEEL WORKS, BRADDOCK, PENNSYLVANIA.



THE DUQUESNE STEEL WORKS, DUQUESNE, PENNSYLVANIA.

of workmen brought from abroad, hastened back to their posts, and the strike was over. The consequences were momentous, and the election for president turned upon them, Mr. Cleveland going into the presidency.

Mr. Bridge intimates that Mr. Carnegie was cowardly in keeping out of view in a remote and untraveled part of Scotland, leaving Mr. Frick to bear the brunt of the public indignation.

The historian follows the progress of the Steel Company in its ever-accumulating power, up to the time when Mr. Carnegie felt strong enough to dictate the policies not only of rival manufacturers but of transportation companies. "You charge too high a tariff," he declared to the Pennsylvania Railway. That company was not accustomed to criticism of rates. Its control seemed complete. The reply was in negation.

"Very well, I will build a road of my own to the lakes," replied Mr. Carnegie, and set about acquiring a town site and rail rights of way.

"You have been a buyer of our ingots: I learn you are preparing to build furnaces," he

wrote to the steel tube mills. "If you have determined to make your own raw product, I shall be compelled to turn over my surplus into steel tubes."

And it was easily possible for a company with some tens of millions a year to carry out any policy it might formulate.

It is possible that both of these announcements by Mr. Carnegie were in the nature of bluffs, to the extent that they were expected to work the desired results without the necessity of putting the threats into execution. Undoubtedly, however, if they had failed, the Carnegie Company would have been compelled to proceed upon lines quite as bold as those indicated. But the policy outlined by



CAPT. WILLIAM R. JONES,
TO WHOSE GENIUS WERE PRINCIPALLY DUE THE
FIRST SUCCESSSES OF THE EDGAR THOMSON
STEEL WORKS.



CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

Mr. Carnegie was one so easily comprehensible by all concerned that it did not require much time to create a real uneasiness. If the earnings alone of the Carnegie Company, to say nothing of its immense credit, should be applied annually to the creation of those industries which would work up the raw materials of Brad-dock and Homestead, not many years would elapse before the competition in steel tubes, wire, et cetera, would be such as to jeopardize the trade of the recently organized trusts in those materials.

When these ideas first began to be discussed, a suggestion was made that Mr. Carnegie sell his interests to Mr. Frick and others. An agreement was entered into and \$1,170,000 was paid as a bonus for the option. The price to be paid was \$157,950,000.

A sudden depression in Wall Street made it impossible to finance a deal requiring so large an amount of ready money—the con-

tract providing that one hundred millions was to be paid within ninety days—and so the deal fell through, engendering a good deal of sharp feeling between those who had advanced the large bonus and Mr. Carnegie, who, by refusing to grant any extension of the option, swept into his coffers the million and odd dollars of his acquaintances. The correspondence produced is sharp and positive, and shows as little compunction as an ordinary person would feel in requiring the payment of a loan of ten dollars.

Mr. Bridge produces a facsimile of Mr. Carnegie's letter of agreement. Written across the margin

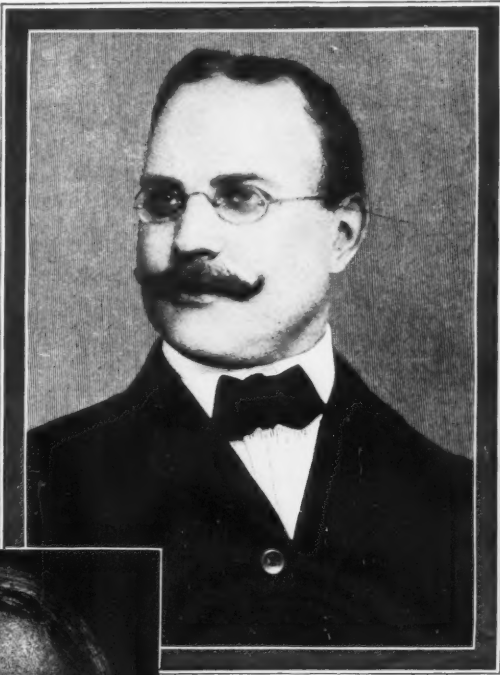
of this are the following words: "Of course any part paid by my partners I shall refund." Mr. Bridge claims that this sum was \$170,000 and that Mr. Carnegie had refused to pay back this sum.

There had been a dispute going on with reference to the price of coke, the partners in the Carnegie Steel Company having quite different interests in the Frick Coke Company. The feeling between Mr. Frick and Mr. Carnegie gradually increased in intensity, until finally the latter arrived at the determination to secure the "ejection" of Mr. Frick. The story of the inside workings which finally resulted in Mr. Frick's being obliged to retire from the company, is mainly interesting as showing the operation of the so-called ironclad agreement of the partners.

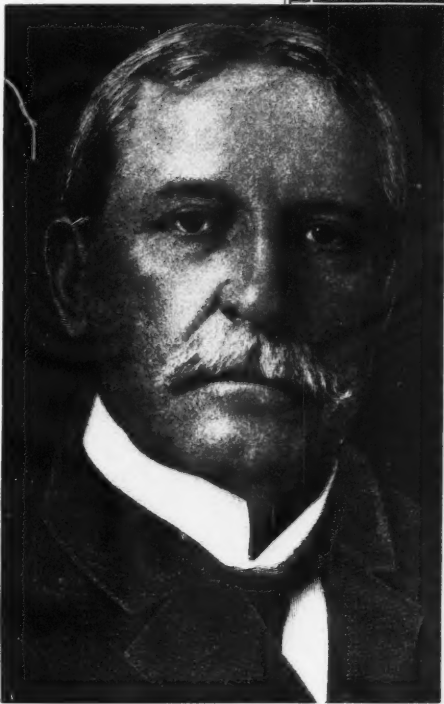
The general public still has the recollection of the suit brought by Mr. Frick and the gossip which followed the filing of the papers. At last the public was to

obtain an accurate knowledge of the inside workings of this great company, and there were many predictions as to what would be brought out when witnesses were put on the stand. Mr. Carnegie, himself, evidently did not relish the presentation to the daily press of all the facts connected with his enterprise; or, perhaps, he tired in advance of the endless labor which would be involved in fighting such a case in the courts.

The compromise which was made was understood to be to Mr. Frick's advantage. He appears in the list of the stock- and bondholders organized after the settlement of the suit as owning \$15,484,000 par value of stock and \$15,800,-



W. E. COREY.



HENRY W. OLIVER.

000 of the bonds of the company organized at that time with a capital of \$160,000,000 of stock and \$160,000,000 of bonds, Mr. Carnegie holding \$86,382,000 stock and \$88,147,000 bonds.

The extraordinary story of this great corporation would not be complete without mention of another dramatic incident, the attempted assassination of Mr. Frick in his offices at Pittsburg. Shot down at his desk without the least premonition, he kept his head and displayed a wonderful nerve which undoubtedly saved his life. Despaired of at first, in a few weeks he was back at his desk. The almost universal condemnation heaped upon him for moving his army of Pinkertons on Homestead was forgotten, and its place taken by sympathy for the victim of a crazy man.

The figures representing the stock and bonds were now truly immense

—\$160,000,000 of stock and \$160,000,000 of bonds, in all \$320,000,000. They were large enough to appeal to the wildest imagination; but they were soon to become insignificant beside others which had been forming in the mind of Mr. J. P. Morgan.

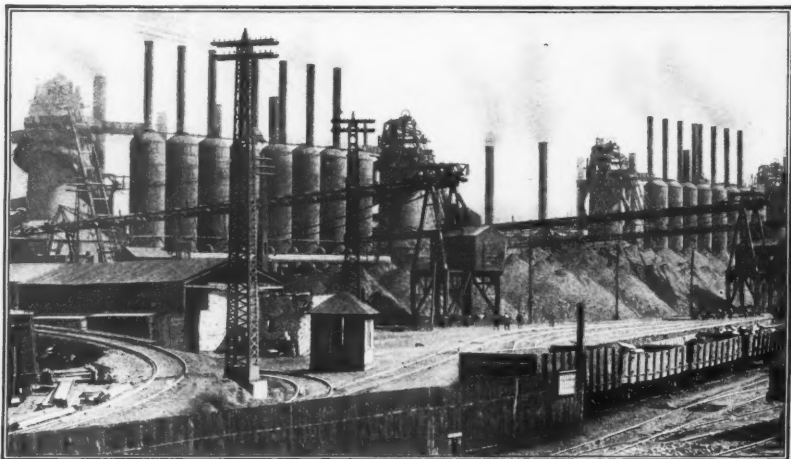
Much blame was given to Mr. Morgan during the recent sensational fall in prices in Wall Street; but undoubtedly his conception of a uniting of the various interests in the steel industry was a correct one. Under the old conditions there would have been fierce competitive war which would have resulted disastrously to the companies and to the public. Disorganization of large industries must in the end react upon the general prosperity. Everything which counts for improvement in organization and consequent improvement of production, is in the right direction. The financing of great corporations and the placing of extraordinary power in the hands of a few men are quite other questions. They must be dealt with separately from the general proposition concerning perfected organization. With reference to the finances, there remain to be overcome the difficulties of protecting values so large that it is out of the power of any bank or set of men to deal effectively with them. A similar difficulty will come up if, through bad crops, or hard times produced by other causes, there should be brought about the minimum production of iron. There is

also the danger—the greatest of all—of a vast corporation such as this proving a field for unscrupulous management ready to wreck for the sake of private ends.

These are matters which time alone can demonstrate and regulate. If Mr. Morgan had not made his combination, there would have been industrial war of the fiercest character speedily set on foot. Probably the combination itself could never have been made except by dealing in figures as large as those which made up the eventual sum total of the United States Steel's stocks, common and preferred, and bonds.

As these closing words are being written, the most dramatic of all the scenes connected with Carnegie Steel is being enacted. The common stock had gone steadily down until it had reached a point below one-fifth of its original market price. Eighty-odd thousand stockholders have watched fortunes, big and little, disappearing. Reputations are being attacked. In these critical hours it will require clean-cut thought in guiding this colossus of corporations. The high prices of steel have tended to discourage its use in construction. If, however, a wise policy of furnishing the public with steel at so low a price as to encourage every form of use shall be decided upon, it is possible for the United States Steel Company to be a blessing, however many the untoward events which have marked its inception.

THE END.



DUQUESNE FURNACES.

